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HISTORY.

HISTORIA vero testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magistra vitæ, nuntia vetustatis, qua voce alia, nisi Oratoris, immortalitati commendatur. CICERO DE ORATORE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE war of the press, which now took place between the opposers of government and its agents and advocates, was waged with great inferiority on the part of the latter; since whatever the quality of their writings in composition might have been, the scantiness of their numbers, the injustice of their cause, and the predispositions of the general mass of the people, were against them; while the multiplicity of the whig writers, the animating influence of a just cause, and the consequent boldness and energy with which they were inspired, essentials in which their adversaries were lamentably deficient, and the general affections of the country, gave them a decided superiority. The patronage of government being exceedingly small, it was out of the power of its creatures to enlist, under the banners of the court, a force sufficient to resist the impetuous assault of the provincial writers. They were few in number, and even that few found it always difficult, frequently impossible, to get a hearing, to obtain the

aid of the press to circulate their writings, or to communicate their sentiments to the public. The cause they espoused became every day more hated, and themselves more neglected and despised; while their opponents rose hourly in reputation, and became more rooted in the hearts of the people. Applause increased their zeal, and operating as an inducement to the patriots to step forward, brought an immense accession of strength to the popular prints.

And now the mass of the people having taken a decisive and determinate part (the majority in opposition to the measures of government) a scanty portion in vindication and support of the crown—a distinction in name followed as a natural consequence of the difference in their views and principles; and the old appellations of whig and tory were adopted, though there subsisted scarcely any analogy between the antiquated disputes of those parties and that between Great Britain and her colonies; and these terms continued to be the vehicles of as much calumny, rancour and animosity in the new world, as they were in the days of queen ANNE in the old. But however objectionable, such names may be held as instruments of political malice, they have their uses, and enable the speaker or the historian to convey in a single word ideas, which without them would require a periphrasis which in repetition would become tedious and disgusting. In tracing the progress of the revolutionary spirit, and in detailing the nature of the opposition which it experienced in the several provinces, they will be of great advantage, and for that reason, and not from any purpose to perpetuate the evil dispositions which accompanied them, will be adopted in this history.

Following the revolutionary spirit in its march throughout the colonies, geographical order is declined in favour of that arrangement which will link the circumstances more naturally together: and Virginia here claims notice next to Boston. When intelligence of the passing of the Boston port bill arrived in that province, the burgesses who were then

sitting in session, appointed the very day on which the provisions of that bill were to be carried into effect (the first of June) to be set apart as a day of fasting, prayer and humiliation, to implore the Divine Interposition to avert the heavy calamity which threatened destruction to their civil rights, and the evils of civil war; and to give one heart and one mind to the people, firmly to oppose every invasion of their liberties. The solemnities of religion in every part of the country, were called in to sanction and encourage the spirit of opposition, and the eloquence of the pulpit aided to inspire the people with abhorrence of the authors of the evils with which they were threatened, and of the injuries they had already sustained. Pursuing the same system of unconstitutional violence which had been before adopted by the governor of Massachusetts, lord DUNMORE, the governor of Virginia, dissolved the assembly; and this step gave rise to an association, who sat in deliberation on the affairs of the province, and firmly declared, that an attack on any one province to compel submission to arbitrary taxes, was an attack upon all, and threatened ruin to the rights of the colonies, unless the united wisdom of the whole should be called up to repel it; and they proposed that a congress appointed by all the provinces should meet, to watch over and concert measures for their common safety. This measure had been already agreed to by New York, where the number of tories was supposed to be nearly equal to that of the whigs; and in Pennsylvania, where on many accounts they were more tardy to break with Great Britain, the patriots with matchless dexterity managed the public so as to bring them over, after some time, to the same measure. By the zeal and indefatigable industry of the patriots in all the colonies, plans were concerted for their keeping up a continual uninterrupted communication with each other. Thus the sagacity of this people at once devised means, which enabled them to co-operate with each other with certainty and effect, and disarmed government of its most effective engine of policy; that engine which had, in all

similar cases antecedent to this, been successfully used by tyrants and conquerors—division. Acting under the direction of a perfect and compact union of counsels, their proceedings were uniform, co-operative and comprehensive of the interests of the whole—no clashing of interests, no mistakes from want of concert, no counter-play interrupted or frustrated the execution of their general design. Had they wanted this union, the provinces would have been taken separately, and with very little difficulty subdued by detail. This confederacy soon included the whole of the continent from New Hampshire to South Carolina, both inclusive. Indeed such were the spirit, zeal and dispatch, with which the patriotic colonists laboured in the cause of liberty, that within much less than two months after the first intelligence had arrived of the Boston port bill passing, the flame of resentment and opposition had spread over the whole face of the colonies, and fired almost every bosom in that wide extended country.

In the mean time, general GAGE arrived in Boston, with orders to assume the reins of government in the place of governor HUTCHINSON. It is creditable to the Bostonians, that though they were at the time oppressed with the most melancholy apprehensions, and inflamed with great and just indignation for their wrongs, they received the new governor with all those marks of respect which ancient usages had shewn to his predecessors. And now things began to assume a more serious aspect. The storm which was only heard from afar, and discerned only by an augmented rippling on the tide as it flowed from the east, now blew fresher, and began to lash the shores of America with a heavier surge.

No sooner had general GAGE assumed the office of governor, than he promulgated the sovereign's command, that the place for holding the general court should be removed from Boston to Salem, and that the next session should be opened in the latter place after the succeeding first of June. It hap-

pened that this was the very day on which the operation of the Boston port bill was to commence. In order to frustrate the purpose of this removal, so far as concerned what they had in hand, the assembly did every thing they could to hasten on the business, and bring it to full completion before that day ; but the governor, who was not at all at a loss to discern their object, suddenly adjourned them to the seventh of June, ordering them to assemble at Salem in conformity to the king's instructions.

Nothing could exceed the distress which shutting the port brought upon the people of Boston; nothing the universal sympathy and depression, which were felt by every other part of the colonies for their distress, which was now considered by all as a general calamity. Philadelphia distinguished itself upon the occasion ; the inhabitants of that city shut up their houses, and an awful deadly silence marked the solemnity of their sorrow. Nor was this unnatural, considering the ruin which such a measure brought upon innumerable people, who derived either directly or circuitously their whole subsistence from commerce. Scarcely was there a town of the size of it in the old world better accommodated, not only with all the necessaries, but the elegant comforts and even luxuries of life, than Boston was on the day before its port was shut. Prosperous and relatively opulent, the citizens possessed every enjoyment which could enable them to live to honour, to nature, and to happiness; and no part of the earth was more justly celebrated for its hospitality, and natural politeness. The greater part lived by the direct profits of commerce; others by the rents of the houses and wharves which were occupied by the merchants; the labouring part of the community, artizans, &c. derived their whole occupation and its wages from trade. All those were at one stroke deprived of their means of existence. In a word, it is to be doubted whether there ever had been an act of despotism, which left so few of a community exempt from the general calamity, as this misadvised and wicked measure of a guilty administra-

tion. Yet did their fortitude never flinch; they stood under it with inflexible firmness. Two regiments of foot with a train of artillery, were immediately after the general's arrival stationed at Boston, and soon afterwards reinforced by considerable bodies of troops from different parts of America, and from Ireland; but these neither altered the purpose of the patriots, nor intimidated the spirits of the inhabitants in general. They continued to make every arrangement they could devise, for keeping up a short and easy communication with every part of the continent. The legislature continued to pass such resolutions as would promote unanimity of counsel among the different provinces: they recommended to the inhabitants of Massachusetts a total disuse of teas, and as far as possible, of all goods imported from the East Indies and Great Britain; and to give encouragement to American manufactures.

These proceedings neither passed without the knowledge of the governor, nor failed to excite his jealousy and sharpen his vigilance. The day on which the resolutions were reported by the committee, he sent his secretary to dissolve the assembly. The assembly ordered the doors to be shut; the secretary demanded admittance, but was peremptorily refused. Finding it impossible to get in, he read the governor's orders for dissolving them, aloud on the stair-case.

While these things were passing in Boston, the inhabitants of Salem convened a meeting, in which they resolved to present an address to the governor. By the order for removing the legislature, Salem was now become the metropolis of the province. But the inhabitants were little disposed to plume themselves upon an advantage gained by wrongs done to their fellow citizens of Boston, or to profit by the ruin of that town. Their proceedings will ever do them honour. Looking upon themselves now, not as the mere inhabitants of a small town, but as Americans in general, they penned the following address to the governor:

"We are deeply afflicted with the sense of our public cala-
"mities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening
"on our brethren in the capital of the province, greatly
"excite our commiseration: and we hope your excellency
"will use your endeavours to prevent a further accumulation
"of evils on that already sorely distressed people. By shut-
"ting up the port of Boston, some imagine that the course
"of trade might be turned hither, and to our benefit; but
"nature in the formation of our harbour, forbids our becom-
"ing rivals in commerce with that convenient mart. And
"were it otherwise, we must be dead to every idea of justice,
"and lost to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge one
"thought to seize on wealth and raise our fortunes on the
"ruin of our suffering neighbours."

This address, which sufficiently demonstrates the sense they entertained of the danger which hung over the whole country, and marks the generous disregard of their own particular interest with which that sense inspired them, was presented to the governor the very day after he had dissolved the assembly at Boston. While they were in this temper, so well fitted for the reception of any new thing which could increase the combustible matter collecting in the state, drafts arrived of the three bills, which followed that for shutting the port of Boston. The circulation of these through the continent served to gain those who before were doubtful, and to give firmness and decision to those who hitherto had hesitated. The British parliament became the object of every American's execration; while the people of all parts sincerely sympathised with the inhabitants of Boston, raised contributions for their support and relief, applauded their conduct, exhorted them to perseverance and encouraged them to hope and fortitude. These testimonies of a determined support from the neighbouring provinces, coming along with the fresh encroachments and oppressive acts of parliament which followed each other in an uninterrupted succession from England, excited a still stronger spirit of opposition. And now the whole peo-

ple seemed to be animated by one common spirit, under the controul of one common mind, with respect to the great general object of their rights and liberties. The most moderate became violent—the violent furious, and it seemed now as if no object was too high for their aim, no enterprize too hazardous to be attempted. In this temper, the committee of correspondence at Boston, formed an agreement to which they gave the name of a solemn league and covenant, and in which they bound themselves in the most sacred manner, and in the presence of God, to suspend all commercial intercourse with Great Britain, from the last day of the ensuing month of August, until the port of Boston should be opened, and the act of parliament for closing it, and the subsequent offensive acts, should be repealed. They also bound themselves not to consume or purchase any goods whatever, which should arrive after the specified time, and to hold no commercial intercourse with any who did, or with those who should import such goods. They renounced all connexion, friendship and intercourse with any who should refuse to subscribe to that covenant, or to bind themselves by some such agreement, and they resolved to publish to the world, the names of all who should so refuse, and give themselves and their means to the preservation of the rights and interests of their country.

In the fluctuations attendant upon such a state of things, opinions, though they may have one general end, will differ in the modes, in the degrees of exertion to be applied, and in the particular detail of means to accomplish it. At the period of the history on which we are now employed, there were three classes of political opinion in America, but all were kept, by the fear of popular indignation, true to the cause of their country. And indeed it is reasonable to suppose, that on the successful event of the revolution, many persons got credit for patriotism, who owed more of it to accident or to their apprehensions, than to their virtue. There were on one hand, some who disliked the conduct of the Bostonians from strong

and sincere predilections in favour of royal prerogative, and a persuasion in principle, that the colonies were bound to submit to their parent state. Motives of a more corrupt kind influenced others. Those who on the one hand were continually opposed to popular measures, now found it necessery to prepare safety from popular resentment, by affecting neutrality and remaining quiet. In the other extreme were those who wished to urge things at once into hostility, and with rash precipitation to run headlong into civil war, and not even to wait till a congress, which was proposed, should meet. A third set took a middle course. Those deprecated the adoption of violent measures till circumstances rendered them absolutely necessary; earnestly recommended that cool and rational investigation, and a clear statement of their grievances, their rights and their claims, should be made, before they entered and took steps which must necessarily end either in their own complete enslavement, or in the total disruption of the colony from the mother country. But all those parties speciously acquiescing in the general spirited principles and ultimate views of the patriots, gave to the whole body an appearance of unanimity.

No sooner did "the solemn league and covenant" make its appearance in public, than the governor issued a violent proclamation against it, calling it "an unlawful, hostile and traiterous combination, contrary to the allegiance due to the king, destructive of the legal authority of parliament, and of the peace, good order and safety of the community," warning all persons against incurring the pains and penalties due to such dangerous offences; and enjoining all magistrates to apprehend and secure for trial all such as should in any manner be guilty of them. It now began to appear how weak sovereignty was, when itrested on authority alone, and had lost its essential principle of power—the will of the people. The proclamation of the governor produced no more effect than so much waste paper. The penalties which the people had the power of inflicting, through the medium of their com-

mittees, were more feared than the threats of the king's magistrate; and nothing was produced by the proclamation, but literary contests and newspaper discussions, respecting the law of treason, and the application of them to the framers of the solemn league and covenant. It will readily be conceived that the patriotic writers had the victory in this warfare.

And now the sense of the people began more manifestly to appear, in the general unanimity and concord with which they acted. Thirty six new counsellors were appointed by the government at home in a manner not provided by the charter. When these offices were offered to the persons appointed, they were refused by several of them, and those who accepted them were every where declared to be enemies to their country. When the newly appointed judges attempted to do their official duty they found it impossible; the juries refused to be sworn, or to act with them. In some places the court houses and avenues to them were taken possession of by multitudes of people, so that the judges could not get entrance, and when the sheriff interposed and endeavoured to make way for them, the people peremptorily refused to obey, saying that they knew no court independent of the ancient laws of their coustry, and to none other would they submit."

Through the whole of the provinces the same spirit animated the people, that filled the bosoms of those of Boston. Legislative bodies, delegates assembled in convention, and commitees, all concurred in expressing in a greater or less degree their resentment at the conduct of the British government, and in declaring the cause of Boston to be the cause of all British America; that the late acts respecting that town were unjust, tyrannical and unconstitutional; that the opposition to these measures ought to be universally and perseveringly maintained; that all intercourse with Great Britain ought to be suspended, and domestic manufactures encouraged; and that a general congress should be formed for the purpose of uniting and guiding the councils, and directing

the efforts of North America. The city of Philadelphia was selected for the meeting-place of the congress, where the several delegates were to appear at the beginning of the September following, to open that council which was to lay the foundation of a new independent nation, and of a change in the political affairs of mankind, not to be parallelled in the annals of the world.

It was on the fourth of September, 1774, that the delegates from eleven provinces appeared at Philadelphia, and next day assembled at the Carpenter's Hall, and unanimously chose for their president PEYTON RANDOLPH, lately speaker of the house of burgesses of Virginia. Having then determined that each colony should have only one vote, whatever might be the number of its deputies, they entered on the awful duties, for the discharge of which they were assembled, deliberating with closed doors, and determinations of inviolable secrecy. Committees were appointed to state the rights claimed by the colonies to petition to the king, and to frame addresses to the people of Great Britain, to those of the province of Quebec, and to those of the colonies, represented in congress.

Meantime, violent ferments took place in Massachusets. The proceedings of the people denoted their intentions too plainly, to escape the notice of the governor. Military preparations which were making through the province, pointed out the expediency of adopting strong measures to meet them, and general GAGE accordingly fortified the neck of land which joins Boston to the continent, and seized upon all the powder which was in the arsenal at Charlestown. This set the people in a flame. They collected in multitudes at Cambridge, and were with difficulty restrained from marching to Boston, there to demand a restitution of the powder, and if necessary by an attack upon the king's forces quartered there, to take it back by force. They compelled lieutenant-governor OLIVER and several of the new counsellors to resign, and to declare that they would no longer act under the

late made laws. At this crisis, while all was tumult and confusion, a report was raised, that the kings ships and troops were firing upon Boston. This seems to have been an experiment to ascertain what might be expected from the country in any emergency. It succeeded in a manner to gratify the most sanguine patriot; for in less than twenty four hours, there were no less than thirty thousand men assembled in arms and on their march to Boston. In other places insurrections of the same kind took place, so that the new counsellors, the commissioners of the customs, all the king's officers, and all who had taken an active part in favour of government, were compelled to take refuge in Boston. A meeting of delegates for the county of Suffolk entered into several spirited resolutions, which they directly sent off to the congress at Philadelphia; very justly concluding that they would be able to collect from the decision of congress, upon their proceedings, what support Massachusets might expect from the other colonies. They were not disappointed; congress more than fulfilled their most sanguine hopes; for, having taken the Suffolk resolution into consideration, they unanimously came to the following resolution: "That this assembly deeply feels the suffering of their "countrymen in Msssachusets bay, under the operation of "the late unjust, cruel and oppressive acts of the British "parliament; that they most thoroughly approve the wisdom "and fortitude with which opposition to those wicked mini-"sterial measures has hitherto been conducted, and they "earnestly recommend to their brethren a perseverance in "the same firm and temperate conduct as expressed in the "resolutions determined upon at a meeting of the delegates "for the county of Suffolk, on Tuesday the sixth instant; "trusting that the effect of the united efforts of North Ame-"rica in their behalf will carry such conviction to the Bri-"tish nation, of the unwise, unjust and ruinous policy of the "present administration, as quickly to introduce better men "and wiser measures." It was also resolved unanimously,

"That contributions from all the colonies, for supplying the "necessities, and alleviating the distresses of our brethren "at Boston, ought to be continued in such manner, and so "long as their occasion may require." Thus were the people of Massachusets bay encouraged in their opposition to England, not only by the approbation and applause of the other colonies, but by a positive promise of support. These resolutions were followed up by a variety of others, no less wise and spirited. The merchants of the colonies were desired not to send to Great Britain any orders for goods, and to order all former orders not already executed to be stopped. In a short time after, the importation of goods from Great Britain and Ireland was suspended; and all exports to them or their dependencies in the West Indies, were ordered to cease on the 10th of September, 1775, unless American grievances should be redressed before that time. An association, corresponding with these resolutions, was then formed, and signed by every member present. It will be for ever recorded to the honour of the colonists, that the resolves of congress were as completely and cheerfully obeyed, as any that ever were made by the oldest and most lawfully established legislative body in the world.

The violent proceedings of the colonists in Massachusets bay induced governor GAGE to counteract, by proclamation, the writs he had issued for holding a general assembly at Salem. The legality of this act was denied, and in defiance thereof ninety of the newly elected members met at the time and place appointed, resolved themselves into a provincial congress, and adjourned to the town of Concord, where they chose Mr. HANCOCK, president, and proceeded to business. From this body a committee waited on the governor with a remonstrance, complaining of the grievances, and requesting that he would desist from fortifying the neck, and restore it to its natural state, as such hostile preparations filled them with the most serious apprehensions for the lives, liberties and property of the people. The governer manifested much indignation at the

supposition that the lives, liberty or property of any people, except enemies, could be in danger from British troops. He told them that it was themselves who were subverting their charter, and he warned them to desist from their illegal proceedings. Not at all satisfied with this answer, and unaltered in their determinations, they proceeded to consider of a proper plan for the defence of the province. They resolved to enlist a number of persons, who were to bind themselves to be ready to turn out with arms at a minute's warning—those were called minute men, and were, with the militia placed under the command of three general officers, PRIBBLE, WARD and POMEROY, to be ready for action if called out. To give effect to this force a committee of safety was appointed, invested with authority to assemble the militia; and a committee of supply, to apply and manage the finances for their support. They then laid in a quantity of stores, some at Concord, some at Worcester. Soon after, they met again, and resolved to get in readiness twelve thousand men to act on any given emergency, and to enlist a fourth part of the militia into the body of minute men, and give them regular pay. Deputies were sent to New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut, to request their co-operation. Committees of all these provinces met in congress, settled their plans, and fixed to oppose the troops of government whenever they should march out with the baggage, ammunition and artillery.

The alienation from government, and the abhorrence of the people to the army, had now been exhibited on so many occasions, and in so many unqualified shapes, that the most sanguine could scarcely hope for a restoration of confidence and tranquillity, until some conciliatory measures should be adopted by the cabinet of St. James', and the ministers who composed it either retraced their steps again, or were put out of office. Sensible of this, and of the danger of letting the two parties come in contact with each other, general GAGE resolved to keep his troops entirely detached from the people, and to that end, on the approach of winter ordered

barracks to be built for them, rather than allow them to be quartered in the town. This afforded fresh cause for offence; and gave the people occasion for a new demonstration of their hatred to the soldiery. The patriots resolved that the barracks should not be built, and the select men and committees compelled the workmen to desist. Carpenters were sent for by the governor to New York, but few or none could be had, and it was not without the utmost difficulty he could erect a temporary shelter for the troops. Nor was this the only proof which they gave of their determination to yield up every other consideration, and even sacrifice their pecuniary interests, at the shrine of liberty. Not one merchant in New York could be prevailed upon to furnish cloathing to the troops for the winter, which was advancing with all its rigours, but openly declared that they would not supply men, who were employed to deprive them of all that was dear to them, their freedom and independence, with any thing for their comfort or support. Every method which ingenuity could contrive, without touching upon inhumanity, was put in practice to harrass and diminish the number of the troops. A system was universally adopted of preventing them from obtaining any supplies more than mere necessary provisions. The farmers were prevented from furnishing them with their produce; or if they were by chance or effort able to obtain them, they were destroyed in the passage, sometimes burnt, sometimes sunk with the boats which conveyed them, and sometimes overturned in the roads with the carts or waggons which carried them. In vain did the agents of government exert themselves to prevent these proceedings, which occuring at that season of the year, threatened to the king's troops the most alarming consequences. Their zeal and care in the discharge of their duty were greatly overmatched by the activity and invincible enthusiasm of the people. The spirit of liberty was awakened, and marching with a firm step towards the splendid prize before it, set at nought every obstacle which attempted to impede its progress.

HISTORY OF THE PASSING TIMES.

NINTH CONGRESS.

[Continued from page 360.]

THE most important business which has occupied congress for this session is that of the disputes with foreign nations. The violations of the flag of America by the ships of the belligerent powers, demanded the first consideration, and had the greatest share of discussion in the national councils.

In the house of representatives on the sixth of January, the speaker laid before the house, a letter received by him from David Ramsay, stating, that his son, though possessed of a protection, had been impressed by the British, and that notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions he was unable to obtain his release. The letter (the speaker said) was couched in unpolished, but pathetic terms, and concluded in the following manner:

"I lost an estate by lending money to carry on the revolu-
"tionary war; and I suffered every thing but death by being
"a prisoner among the British in Canada. I lay fifteen
"months in close confinement, when I bore the rank of a
"full captain; and if this is all the liberty I have gained, to
"be bereaved of my children in that form, and they made
"slaves, I had rather be without it: I hope that congress
"will take some speedy method to relieve our poor dis-
"tressed children from under their wretched hands, whose
"tenderest mercy is cruelty."

Mr. Crowninshield observed, that at the last session there had been a return made to the house, of the American seamen who had been impressed by British vessels, which had not been acted upon. Since that period those impressments had increased in a most alarming degree. It was a fact, he said, that from 2500 to 3000 of our best seamen were detained

by the British. "We want (said Mr. Crowninshield) the services of that useful class of men." In order that the attention of the house might be drawn to the subject and that proper measures might be taken, he presented the following resolution:

"Resolved, that the secretary of state be directed to lay "before this house a return of the number of American sea- "men who have been impressed or detained by the ships of "war or privateers of Great Britain, whose names have been "reported to the department of state, since the statement "was made to the house at the last session of congress, men- "tioning the names of the persons impressed, with the "names of the ships and vessels by which they were im- "pressed, and the time of the impressment, together with "any facts and circumstances in relation to the same, which "may have been reported to him; stating also the whole "number of American seamen impressed from the com- "mencement of the present war in Europe, and including in "a separate column the number of passengers, if any, who "may have been taken out of American vessels coming to "the United States from Europe."

This motion received the approbation of the house and was agreed to unanimously. On the 16th of January, in the senate, Mr. Wright moved for and obtained leave to bring in *a bill for the protection and indemnification of American seamen*, which was read and passed to a second reading, as follows:

"Whereas, by the treaty of amity, commerce and navigation, made between his Britannic majesty and the United States, at London, on the nineteenth day of November, one thousand seven hundred and ninety four, by the first article of said treaty, it is agreed, "That there shall be a firm, inviolable and universal peace, and a true and sincere friendship between his Britannic majesty, his heirs and successors and the United States of America; and between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns, and people of every degree, without exception of persons or places. And

whereas, in direct violation of said treaty, his Britannic majesty has caused to be impressed out of the ships of the United States, sailing on the high seas, divers citizens of said United States; and has compelled them to serve on board the ships of war of his said Britannic majesty, in violation of their liberty, and at the hazard of their lives; and in despite of the remonstances of the government of said United States, continues said unjust practice; and the seamen of the United States so impressed by force, retains in his service. And whereas, the United States are solemnly bound to protect all those who are bound in allegiance to said United States: therefore,

"*Be it enacted*, by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That from and after the day of next, any person or persons, who shall impress any seamen on board any vessel bearing the flag of the United States, upon the high seas, or in any river, haven, bason or bay, under pretext or colour of a commission from any foreign power, shall for every such offence, be adjudged a pirate and felon; and on conviction shall suffer death. And a trial in any such case may be had where the offender is apprehended or may be first brought.

"SECTION II. *And be it further enacted*, That it shall be lawful for any American seamen, sailing under the flag of the United States, on any person or persons attempting to impress him by force from on board any vessel of the United States, upon the high seas, or in any river, haven bason or bay, to repel such force by shooting, or otherwise killing and destroying the person or persons so attempting to impress him; and shall, as an encouragement to resist, be entitled to a bounty of two hundred dollars, to be paid to him or his order, or legal representatives, out of any money in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated.

"SECTION III. *And be it further enacted*, That on information being given to the president of the United States, prov-

ing satisfactorily to him, that any citizen of the United States, who shall have been impressed or forced by violence or threats, to enter on board any foreign vessel shall have suffered death, or any other corporeal punishment by the authority of such foreign power; it shall be lawful for the president of the United States, to cause the most rigorous and exact retaliation on any subject of that government, whom he is hereby authorised to seize and take for that purpose.

"SECTION IV. *And be it further enacted*, That every American seamen, heretofore or hereafter impressed and compelled to serve on board any foreign ship or vessel, shall be entitled to receive as an indemnification for his slavery and hardships on board the ship in which he has been, or shall be compelled to serve, from the day of his impressment, the sum of sixty dollars per month, for every month he has, or shall serve, on board said ship or ships; and that the said seaman his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, shall be entitled to recover the same in the district court of the state in in which the port lies, from which the vessel cleared, for the voyage in which he was taken, by attachment of any private debt due from any citizen of the United States, to any subject of that government, by whose subjects he had been impressed; and that any sums of money so attached out of the hands of any debtor, shall be a payment of so much of said debt, and may be pleaded in payment or discount to the amount of the said sum so attached, and all the costs of said attachment, which shall be allowed as a payment of that amount in any suit for said debt. And that so much of the treaty of London of the nineteenth November, one thousand seven hundred and ninety four, as secures the inviolability of such debts, as will be infringed by the attachments or recoveries, hereby authorised, shall not (so far as is necessary in the execution of this act only) be regarded as legally obligatory on the government or citizens of the United States."

The following MESSAGE from the president, respecting the violation of neutral rights; the depredations on the colonial trade; and the impressments of American seamen, was then read:

"*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.*

"In my message to both houses of congress, at the opening of their present session, I submitted to their attention, among other subjects, the oppression of our commerce and navigation by the irregular practices of armed vessels, public and private, and by the introduction of new principles, derogatory of the rights of neutrals, and unacknowledged by the usage of nations.

"The memorials of several bodies of merchants of the United States, are now communicated, and will develope these principles and practices, which are producing the most ruinous effects on our lawful commerce and navigation.

"The right of a neutral to carry on commercial intercourse with every part of the dominions of a belligerent, permitted by the laws of the country (with the the exception of blockaded ports, and contraband of war) was believed to have been decided between Great Britain and the United States, by the sentence of their commissioners, mutually appointed to decide on that, and other questions of difference between the two nations; and by the actual payment of the damages awarded by them against Great Britain, for the infraction of that right. When, therefore, it was perceived that the same principle was revived, with others more novel, and extending the injury, instructions were given to the minister plenipotentiary of the United States at the court of London, and remonstrances duly made by him, on this subject, as will appear by documents transmitted herewith. These were followed by a partial and temporary suspension only, without any disavowal of the principle. He has, therefore, been instructed to urge this subject anew, to bring it more fully to the bar of reason, and to insist on rights too evident, and too important to be surrendered. In the mean time, the evil is

proceeding under adjudications founded on the principle which is denied. Under these circumstances, the subject presents itself for the consideration of congress.

" On the impressment of our seamen, our remonstrances have never been intermitted. A hope existed at one moment, of an arrangement which might have been submitted to, but it soon passed away, and the practice, though relaxed at times in the distant seas, has been constantly pursued in those of our neighbourhood. The grounds on which the reclamations on this subject have been urged, will appear in an extract from instructions to our minister at London, now communicated.

THOMAS JEFFERSON."

On the 29th of January, the house of representatives entered into the further consideration of so much of the president's message, as relates to the invasion of neutral rights, by some of the belligerent powers. A member (Mr. Gregg) said, that he considered the insults offered to our government, and the injuries done to our citizens by some of the belligerent nations, to be of such a nature as to demand the interposition of government to obtain redress. It appeared, he said, from the memorials and remonstrances of the merchants of New York, Philadelphia, and other of our sea-port towns, now on our table, as well as from executive communications, that vessels, the bona fide property of citizens of the United States, had been seized by their cruisers, and they and their cargoes condemned, contrary to our rights as a neutral nation, and to what has long been considered as the law of nations on this subject. Great numbers of Americans had been impressed, and notwithstanding repeated remonstrances, were cruelly retained in bondage, and compelled to act in a service, perhaps very abhorent to their feelings, far from their country and their friends. " To these insults and injuries (said the honourable member) we can no longer submit; unless we are willing to surrender that independence which has been, and I trust always will be our

boast." So great were those injuries and aggressions (he said) and so unremittingly were they persevered in, that he doubted whether they were not a sufficient cause on which to ground a declaration of war. That, however, he avowed, was not his object; he deprecated war, and would not agree to resort to it till other means were tried in vain. He thought the nation possessed means which, if properly used, could not fail of accomplishing the object—to these he hoped the house would not resort, and for the purpose of bringing them into view he submitted a resolution in the following words:

"Whereas Great Britain impresses citizens of the United States, and compels them to serve on board her ships of war; and also seizes and condemns vessels belonging to the citizens of the United States, and their cargoes, being the *bona fide* property of American citizens, not contraband of war, and not proceeding to places besieged or blockaded, under the pretext of their being engaged in time of war, in a trade with her enemies, which was not allowed in time of peace:

"And whereas the government of the United States has repeatedly remonstrated to the British government against these injuries, and demanded satisfaction therefor, but without effect:

"*Therefore resolved*, That until equitable and satisfactory arrangements on these points shall be made between the two governments, it is expedient, that from and after the day of next, no goods, wares, or merchandize, of the growth, product, or manufacture of Great Britain, or of any of the colonies or dependencies thereof, ought to be imported into the United States: provided, however, that whenever arrangements, deemed necessary by the president of the United States, shall take place, it shall be lawful for him, by proclamation, to fix a day on which the prohibition aforesaid shall cease."

Upon reading this, some said that they wished the resolution had gone further, and interdicted all commercial inter-

course with that nation, until she should cease to commit depredations on our commerce; impress our citizens on the high seas into her service; and abandon the new principles which she had lately interpolated into the maritime code, and which were as unjust as they were unauthorised by the acknowledged law of nations. For the sake of unanimity however, the resolution was ordered to be printed, and referred to a committee of the whole house.

On the 31st of January, a MESSAGE was read from the president, couched in the following terms:

"*To the Senate of the United States.*

"According to the desire of the Senate, expressed in their resolution of the 10th instant, I now communicate to them a report of the secretary of state, with its documents, stating certain new principles attempted to be introduced on the subject of neutral rights, injurious to the rights and interests of the United States. These, with my message to both houses of the 16th instant, and the documents accompanying it, fulfil the desires of the senate, as far as can be done by any information in my possession which is authentic and publicly known.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

The secretary of state, to whom the president has been pleased to refer the resolution of the senate, dated on the 10th instant, has the honor to make the following REPORT:

"The most important of the principles interpolated into the law of nations, is that which appears to be maintained by the British government and its prize courts, that a trade open to neutrals by a nation at war, on account of the war, is unlawful.

"The principle has been relaxed, from time to time, by orders, allowing, as favours to neutrals, particular branches of trade, disallowed by the general principle; which orders have also, in some instances, extended the modifications of the principle beyond its avowed import.

"In like manner, the last of these orders, bearing date the 24th of June, 1803, has incorporated with the relaxations, a collateral principle, which is itself an interpolation, namely, that a vessel on a return voyage is liable to capture by the circumstances of her having, on the outward voyage, conveyed contraband articles to any enemy's port. How far a like penalty attached by the same order to the circumstance of a previous communication with a blockaded port, would likewise be an interpolation, may depend upon the construction, under which that part of the order has been, or is to be carried into execution.

"The general principle first above stated, as lately applied to re-exportation of articles, imported into neutral countries from hostile colonies, or vice-versa, by considering the re-exportation in many cases, as a continuation of the original voyage, forms another interpolation, deeply affecting the trade of neutrals. For a fuller view of this, and some other interpolations, reference may be had to the documents communicated with the message to congress of the 17th instant.

"The British principle, which makes a notification to foreign governments of an intended blockade, equivalent to the notice required by the law of nations, before the penalty can be incurred; and that which subjects to capture vessels arriving at a port, in the interval between a removal and return of a blockading force, are other important deviations from the code of public law.

"Another unjustifiable measure is the mode of search practised by British ships, which instead of remaining at a proper distance from the vessel to be searched, and sending their own boat, with a few men for the purpose, compel the vessel to send her papers in her own boat, and sometimes with great danger from the condition of the boat, and the state of the weather.

[*To be continued.*]

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW

AND

LITERARY MISCELLANY

OF

THE UNITED STATES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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CHARLESTON, S. C.

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ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

The Editors of 'THE MONTHLY REGISTER' take this opportunity of expressing to the public their just sense of the liberal support which has conducted this work, through various difficulties, to the completion of its first volume. From Mr. Carpenter the most heartfelt acknowledgments are due: but he would fail in the attempt to explain the nature and warmth of his feelings. He cannot better prove the sincerity of his gratitude to his patrons, than by his strenuous exertions to deserve a continuance of their favour.

In an advertisement prefixed to the seventh number, the causes are explained which have induced the editors to undertake in future the joint management of this publication. Of the plan which they mean to pursue, they now beg leave to say a few words. In the history no variation whatever will take place; and of the manner in which the literary and miscellaneous part is intended to be conducted, the last four or five numbers are respectfully submitted as specimens.

Some arrangements which Mr. Carpenter is endeavouring to effect, and which are essential to this work, may occasion a few days of delay in the appearance of the first number of the second volume; but the public are assured, that no pains shall be spared to insure punctuality, and to give every possible improvement, to the future numbers of 'THE REGISTER.'

And now, feeling the full weight of their various obligations, the editors earnestly solicit for their labours the continued patronage of their friends, and the indulgence of a generous public. Hitherto they cannot boast much of literary assistance. To the lovers of Science and the Muse they have cast many a wishful eye; but they perceive the opening of a brighter prospect, and animated with the hope of success, they feel a degree of courage of which they did not think themselves possessed.

In their endeavours to obtain a share of public approbation, and a moderate recompence for the labour, time and expence, which they mean to bestow on the execution of their work, they will honestly and strenuously exert all that their abilities and resources can command. But, for the attainment of these objects they will stoop to no unworthy means. In the pages of 'THE REGISTER' the discussion of political subjects will

find no place; and the editors will invariably exclude from their columns, all those personalities, and heated effusions of the spirit of party, which inflame and corrupt the heart, and poison the sweetest cordials in the cup of life. If, without such auxiliaries, this work cannot rise to strength and maturity, they are content to let it fall. But, they are now more properly delineating with precision the line which they intend to pursue, than expressing any doubt of the practicability of continuing in it with the same firm and undeviating step with which they commence their journey.

Their first and great aim is to contribute to the happiness of their fellow citizens, by a vigorous defence of the principles of truth and morality, and by rallying with all their forces, round the sacred ALTARS OF CHRISTIANITY: yet, it will be their endeavour to improve the manners, while they correct the heart; and to strengthen the understanding, while they amuse the imagination and refine the taste. In no page of their work, they pledge themselves, shall there be found

"One line which dying they would wish to blot."

They hope that the scholar and the gentleman may occasionally discover in 'THE REGISTER,' something to compensate the time employed in its perusal. To the ladies they look with confidence for their support of a work devoted to the interests of delicacy, morality and piety; and they cannot doubt of the approbation of every good man, when they know that it will be their unceasing study, "by all the enchantment of fancy, and "all the cogency of argument, to restore virtue to its dignity, "and to teach innocence not to be ashamed."

N. B. An appendix to the first volume, which Mr. Carpenter promised in some of the numbers of 'THE REGISTER,' will be ready in a short time, and shall be forwarded as soon as possible to the subscribers.

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Gabriel M. Bounetheau, print.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

CHAPTER I.

THE improvement of the intellectual powers of man, has occupied more of the business of life in this, than in any former age. As nations advance in political freedom, the individuals who compose them, advance with equal pace in literature; and since the study of eloquence and composition, constitutes so large a share in the great series of that improvement, it is no wonder that criticism, which helps us to discern what is excellent or bad, to relish beauties, to detect faults, and to mark out just objects for esteem and censure, should greatly engage the attention of the reading world, and occupy so much as it does of the time and labours of the learned.

The advantages of a just judgment and refined taste, in matters of literature, are more extensive and numerous than is generally imagined. Criticism, from the study and exercise of which those are obtained, not only improves the understanding, but amends the heart, and therefore, as a rational science, has always been considered by liberal scholars, as one of the most important and advantageous branches of literature. It imparts a thorough acquaintance with the principles of knowledge, and at the same time redoubles the delight they afford. It moderates the selfish affections, by sweetening and harmonizing the temper; and helps to subdue the turbulent desires, and divert

the mind from unworthy pursuits. The hateful passions of the soul have no greater enemies than a descerning judgment, and a delicate taste, which give the possessor an interest in the virtues and perfections of others, and prompt him to admire, to cherish, and to make them known to the world. In every department of social life, the influence of critical knowledge is felt. It furnishes elegant subjects for conversation, and enables us to act with dignity and decorum. There is this great advantage too in criticism, when cultivated as a regular science, that it not only enlarges the scope, but extends the duration of our intellectual enjoyments. The pleasures which, through mere sentiment or feeling, we derive from the fine arts, can be but transient, if they be not aided by the interposition of the judgment, without which poetry, music or painting, afford but temporary pastime. In the morning and early part of life, when objects receive so many brilliant hues from the sunshine of novelty, and from the ardour of imagination, the fine arts are indeed delightful; in proportion as their novelty wears off, however, our pleasure becomes impaired; as we advance in life, the relish for them ceases; and we gradually neglect them for occupations of more seeming importance: But when they are made the subject of Criticism, as a science, they continue to exercise the mind, and to be a favorite entertainment in our declining years; affording as keen a relish in old age, as they did in the morning of life.

Exercising the mind in any one science, greatly invigorates, sharpens, and fits it for the contemplation of every other; as constantly striking with the sledge and hammer, nerves the arm for the javelin or bow. The habit of analyzing works of literature, and philosophically sifting the principles of science and the fine arts, inures the mind to close investigation, and quickens and facilitates the progress of its operations. By the practice of reasoning upon subjects agreeable and alluring, we gradually gain intellectual strength and from habit insensibly acquire the power, and often a

strong propensity also, to reason upon subjects of the most abstract and difficult nature. Our reasoning upon all those subjects, whether of a lighter or weightier quality, being of the same kind as those which regulate our general conduct in life, every advantage gained by arguing upon the one, is communicated to our conduct in all the others; and our minds, morals, and manners receive co-ordinate improvement.

Uninformed men, if they do not absolutely boast of their ignorance, are much disposed to soothe themselves with the hope, that intellectual attainments are useless and unimportant; and to "lay the flattering unction to their souls," that in wanting learning, they want only a mere external embellishment, a superficial frippery, which may perhaps serve to set off, but cannot improve the virtues, or increase the sum of human happiness. It would be well, if those who entertain such absurd notions, could be prevailed upon, and at the same time enabled to take a just view of the subject, and to correct their extravagant opinions, by observation upon mankind. They would soon perceive that he who is void of taste, is rarely free from bad, malignant dispositions; that he upon whom the most striking beauties make but a slight impression, can have no pleasure in what is excellent, and will therefore, probably, feel joy in the gratification of mean and hateful passions; that envy, the inseparable companion of pride unconscious of worth, is the canker of the ignorant, who gratify their base feelings by discovering the faults, and descanting upon the errors and blemishes of their fellow creatures. In a word, that a refined taste disposes the mind, to set in the strongest light every virtue it can but slightly discern in a neighbour or companion; while a total want of it, disposes men to live in opposition to others, and to derive more pleasure from the bad, than from the good qualities of those about them.

To sum up the whole, a refined and well cultivated taste improves the social, while it diminishes the selfish affections, and greatly influences and supports morality. It heightens

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to its just and salutary standard our sensibility of pain and pleasure, and increases our sympathy, that great source of all the social passions, causing a mutual communication of joys and sorrows, and thereby producing mutual good will and affection among men. He who has acquired a fine taste for what is beautiful, proper, elegant and ornamental, in writing, painting, gardening, or architecture, will be most likely to have an equal relish for the same qualities in moral conduct: every action that is wrong, improper, or deformed, fills him with disgust; every action that is correct and excellent, inspires him with pleasure, and fills him with the laudable ambition to emulate the virtues of those by whom they are performed.

It is an ingenious observation, that which was made by the famous lord BACON, that "men of letters require inventories of their knowledge, as rich men have schedules of their estates." With a view to the diffusion of knowledge, and the inculcation of critical tase, therefore, a literary register may not only in some degree answer the purposes of men of letters, as an occasional remembrancer, but will be a continual resource to those whom long disuse, early habits of indolence, necessary avocations, or the narrowness of domestic circumstances may have early forbidden to acquire a knowledge of letters through the medium of diligent study. A series of *excerpta*, well chosen, from light, from serious, from amusing, and from those interesting works, which in a successive train, every year, fill libraries with countless volumes, if mixed with critical disquisitions, will more than any thing contribute to the convenience of one and improvement of the other.

The principal object of those who make books, it ought to be either by original composition of their own invention, or by compilation from other and better writers, to lead their readers to the *study of man*, to lash vice, to expose the villainous frauds of hypocrisy and fanaticism, and to scourge the profligacy of the libertine; to mend the heart by calling in

the aid of the understanding, and to fructify the understanding with the overflowings of the heart; in a word, to bring the head and the bosom into a joint league, offensive and defensive, in the cause of virtue. With this object in view, we think it is right to select first for animadversion, those literary productions which are most apt to captivate the minds and feelings of the young and more susceptible, and to lay hold on their imaginations; and before entering upon the merits or defects of particulars to offer a few hints upon the general utility or mischievousness of the classes to which they respectively belong. In doing this, it is our intention, as well as our duty, to be sincere; and we hope that by being so, we shall not incur the censure, or moult our feather in the opinion of our readers.

The business of novel reading has been carried to an excess, which calls loudly for the consideration and interference of all those who value the happiness of themselves or their offspring. That nineteen in twenty of the books so called are positively mischievous, is a proposition which could easily be demonstrated; that there are many of them possitively salutary, except under certain restrictions, may be very much doubted; or to speak nearer the truth, rather disbelieved. As it is likely that this opinion will be called in question, it may not be amiss to establish it upon firm grounds of fact and reasoning.

If a novel be so perfectly natural as to give a true picture of life, it does no more than is already done to our hands in the ordinary incidents of every day that passes. It can afford no greater attraction, and very little, if any, more instruction than our usual commerce with the world will supply. If, on the other hand, it present an untrue picture of life, it imparts false and exaggerated notions, which are sure to mislead the understanding, and possibly corrupt the heart. One of the prominent evils of this kind of writing is, that it actually does fill young minds with fancies, wishes, hopes and expectations, which can never in

the natural course of things be gratified or accomplished. It excites fears where there are no dangers, hopes without possibility of fruition, and wishes without end, because without any object in existence. It presents a double picture of human condition; one a paradise, the other a hell; and when the person who has been early trained to draw his stock of ideas of mankind from such descriptions, comes into the world, and looks at men as they really are, he sees no such beings as those he has been accustomed to expect. He cannot find among the worst such fiends, or among the best such angels as those of whom he has been reading. He perceives the business of life going on in its natural way, with few incidents capable of deeply interesting his feelings, agitating his soul, heating his imagination, or violently affecting his heart. All then, is disappointment; disgust succeeds; and, to the deep novel reader, this world and its uses "seem weary, flat, stale and unprofitable." In a word, all relish for the attainable enjoyments of life is lost in idle visions, and illusionary expectations of what cannot be found in existence.

The novel of *Tom Jones* may be fairly considered as the most natural extant; that is to say, as containing characters and incidents, which, less than those of any other, violate probability or depart from the track of real life, and bid fairer for being found in the course of social intercourse. Now let it be considered, what the consequences of indulging in the reading it may be to a simple inexperienced mind. The character of Jones is one which, as much as any we know of, in these volumes of fictitious history, a young lady of virtuous sensibility would be apt to take up in her imagination as the model of a perfect husband. With a handsome face, and a person at once elegant, vigorous and manly, the author has bestowed upon him courage, generosity, tenderness, benevolence, and in a word, every qualification of temper, mind and body, but prudence; a virtue, the last in rank, if indeed it hold any rank at all, in the esti-

mation of a youthful fancy. On the other hand, he has given him none of those vices or foibles which degrade the human character, or lower it in the general opinion of the world, and particularly of the young and inconsiderate. He has, it is true, qualified him a dash of youthful frailty; but he has, at the same time, contrived to make it spring rather from the goodness of his heart, than from moral defectiveness or turpitude. In a word, taking that youth altogether, he is drawn a picture, of which we venture to affirm, not one woman in ten thousand will find an original in real life. Whenever the young reader perceives a flaw in his character or conduct, her imagination helps her to patch it up in the picture which she forms to herself, of him who is to be blessed with her affections.—Possibly there is already some youth of about her own age, upon whom her imagination has been busy, and in whose person her mind's eye sees Tom Jones identified; if not, she is very likely to connect her idea of that captivating character with the first person who in manners, temper, disposition, or any accidental circumstance, happens to bear a resemblance to the compound image already pourtrayed by the pen of FIELDING in her fancy. The more simple, sensible, and amiable her nature, the more strong will be her tendency to become enamoured of this amiable object. She marries him; and now comes the sad reverse. He who perhaps would far exceed in every virtue, and every accomplishment, the sober expectations of a lady that had formed hers, not upon romance, but on real life, to our amiable, self-deceived, brings nothing but sad disappointment: she finds, that a mere mortal man, just such as those who are usually born of woman, has fallen to her share. Discontent and chagrin succeed; or at least disappointment sufficient to diminish the sober comforts, which, but for giving the rein to her simple overweening fancy, she might have enjoyed. The same will happen of course to those young men, who,

looking for nothing less than a Sophia Western, find a something, not at all resembling her.

As novels present to the mind pictures too exaggerated and over coloured to convey just ideas of any thing in real life, the habits of thinking and estimating mankind, acquired from early reading them, are consequently unjust, so that the persons who read them much, can very seldom judge of their fellow creatures correctly, till they have had their erroneous imaginations (generally, too late) checked and rectified by experience. The novel reader stands a chance of being violently attracted to some new fledged acquaintance, or without cause disgusted with some inoffensive stranger. "That is a kind, worthy creature," says he, "it is easy to see by his very looks, that there is much virtue in him; and then, his manners are irrisistable;" and that, thinks he of another, "that is a person to be avoided, he has something about him that tells one he ought not to be trusted." Thus judgment and cool experiment are completely excluded, till when too late he repentantly finds that he has lost a good friend by his rash decision, or has formed an intimacy, the ruinous effects of which, it is probable, time itself cannot entirely cure but with the help of the grave.

One of the greatest dangers attending the too much reading of this kind of books, is the effect it has upon our sensibilities, those nice and delicate perceptions, by which we receive pleasure from beauty, and pain from deformity; those handmaids of taste, and, when under due regulation, those springs as well as balances of our best virtues; those quick feelings which alarm the mind of the possessor, at every deviation from rectitude, to which the man, who, though irreproachable in morals, has reflected but little, and received but few and shallow impressions of the principles of virtue and decorum, remains wholly insensible. These sensibilities, however, in order to be useful, must be well regulated, for if over exercised and stretched to an extreme, they are

among the surest and worst enemies of happiness. Behaviour, harmless in itself, hurts the man of over-strained sensibility; he is as much disgusted with the coarse manners of an honest clown, as other men are at the turpitude of a wicked man; few things are good enough to satisfy his taste; in every dress there is something to hurt his eye, in every musical performance, something to jar upon his ear. He is so angry with the frailties, foibles and vices of his fellow creatures, that he at last gets angry with and hates themselves. In writing, the style which rises not to the standard of perfection previously fixed in his mind, though in other respects excellent, disgusts him; and to come to matters of much greater consequence, that sensibility which, when raised only to its proper height, makes us feel for the miseries of others, and impels us to relieve their distress, when exerted to extreme, becomes so morbidly exquisite, as to make us shun the sight of misery; by this means counteracting the very end for which it is implanted in our nature, and while it deprives ourselves of happiness, preventing us from contributing to the good of others. Indeed, there are abundant reasons to fear that it often serves as an apology to the person who labours under it, for not examining into the condition of the unhappy, and for withholding from them the relief which it is in his power to bestow.

The truth is, that the frequent perusal of pathetic compositions gradually diminishes the uneasiness which they are at first fitted to excite. The repetition of fictitious scenes of misery renders the heart callous to real distress, and to the comparatively trivial sufferings, which occur in the ordinary course of human affairs; and the over-refined morbid delicacy which results from those fictitious histories of elegant misery, and dignified distress, turns with disgust from the mean and loathsome circumstances concomitant on poverty and wretchedness as they are generally found in life.

It is a fact established by the concurrent testimony of those who have most deeply studied human nature as a science, that the indulgence of our passive perceptions, prevents the full exercise of our active habits; and that while the former grow weaker by repetition, the latter acquire daily strength. Fictitious history gives no exercise whatsoever to our active habits: the scenes represented in it differ from those of real life in this essential point, that in the latter we proceed directly from the passive impression to those exertions which it is intended to produce, whereas in the former, that is, in the contemplation of imaginary sufferings, we stop short at the impression, and there being no opportunity of carrying our benevolent feelings into effect, the uneasiness which we feel at the sight of distress, and which should prompt us to relieve it, is diminished, and along with it the habit of active beneficence, without which such dispositions are useless.

What is here said, is by no means intended to aim at the intire rejection of such works; but merely to point out the necessity of prescribing bounds to the use of them. The reader perhaps will smile when he is told, that the time of life when the reading of them is most likely to be noxious, is that in which they are read, or rather devoured with greatest avidity; and that the time at which only they can be entirely innoxious, is that period at which the relish for them, if it can be supposed to exist at all, is but moderate. When matured age, and sufficient intercourse with the world, have given correctness and stability to our judgment and opinions; when experience has measured out the limits to which the mind may venture to carry its hopes, wishes and expectations, with a reasonable prospect of fruition; and when the picture of what man really is, is so deeply traced in the judgment that it cannot be wiped away by the illusory descriptions, which are found in fictitious narratives, and which are generally those of what men ought to be, but seldom or never that of what they real-

ly are, then the perusal of such works may be attended with advantage, as they may serve to soothe the mind, to afford a temporory relief from those sorrows which as certainly "as the spark flies upward," will mix with the happiest condition of man, to beguile the heart out of grief, distress and discontent, and yield it up to a tender, pleasing melancholy. If they are read even by the young, under the auspicious instruction of persons interested in their welfare, and qualified to point out their just application, they may be useful, being not a little conducive to elevation of mind, and to the cultivation of taste, and tending to invigorate and quicken the powers of moral perception. The point is, not to let an apetite for such works be carried too far, nor to misapply them so grossly as to take them in lieu of experience, or to consider the incidents or characters they contain, as things to be met with in real life.

But the most formidable objection to these works of fancy remains yet to be stated, and is of a nature so extremely important, that one would think it cannot fail, if once adverted to, of making an indelible impression upon the mind of every thinking parent. Not only our divine religion, but the naked and necessitous condition of "our shivering nature," teaches us, that when we come into life, we enter upon a state of trial, toil and labour, which is only to end in the grave; and that that trial is the basis of a final sentence which will be passed upon us, to the alternative of either eternal felicity or eternal sadness. Our education is a part of this trial, in which our progress and proceedings in the after part of it are arranged to more or less advantage, and on which our final success will greatly depend. It is therefore of the highest importance, not only to waste no time upon, but to form no taste for any acquisitions which may not be converted to higher purposes than those of mere amusement. To make our trial the more difficult, nature has given us a reluctance to great exertions of mind, as well as of body, and

above all, a dislike to dry uninteresting instruction. Hence arises a fondness for works of fiction, which delight the fancy, while they hold out treacherous, delusive hopes, and presume to be vehicles of instruction, without, in the smallest degree taxing the mind with industry or labour. But let it be recollected that by indulging our natural reluctance to labour, we greatly increase its power, till its dominion over us becomes so complete, that those efforts, through the medium of which only, every thing that is worthy, and substantially salutary can be obtained, become so wearisome as not to be endured, and in fact, often at last impracticable; while, on the other hand, the most laborious efforts become habitual to us by constant use, and so pleasant, as not to be relinquished without uneasiness. The study of the law, for instance, is a hard bit in the mouth of him who has early acquired a high relish for poetry, works of fancy, and nothing else. To transfer his taste from SHAKESPEARE to COKE, or even BLACKSTONE, is a task of greater difficulty than the generality of mankind are equal to; yet we find, that early habit, when uninterrupted by the seductive charms of those works of mere amusement, makes it, not merely a tolerable, but a delightful object of study. If then, to inure the mind to useful habits be conducive to the happy progress of our trial here, and to its issue hereafter, the reading of books merely pleasing to the fancy, ought, at least, to be postponed till the habits of dry, industrious, intellectual labour shall have confirmed the mind in a taste for it, and made all that follows easy and pleasant. The truth is (a melancholy truth indeed) that the multitude of those frivolous books with which the literature of the day is encumbered, have so completely extinguished a taste for truly valuable reading, so vitiated the judgment, and so betrayed the mind to frivolity and helpless vanity, that a book of real utility is seldom seen in the hands of young ladies, or (unfortunately, it may in too many cases be said) of young gentlemen either, who will yet pester you

with a display of their great skill in language and style, and hold forth with confidence upon moral distinctions which they have never perceived, or sentiments which they have never felt, and upon which men of severe study and matured judgments would touch with reluctance, diffidence and hesitation. Some who now live, and are not old, must remember the time when the number of novels being so few, that they were quickly exhausted, history, excellent poetry, and the lighter ethics, afforded the customary relaxtion to our females in their leisure hours; and the window seat, the table, and the mantlepiece, where now the worthless novel holds an undisputed throne, were covered with those admirable works, the *Spectator*, *Tatler* and *Guardian*, and others not less laudable. The attractions of young ladies then, were not confined to their personal charms, heightened by frivolous external accomplishments, and by those artful embellishments which dress, or the want of dress is supposed to bestow; nor to the recital of some incident, piteous and unnatural as weakness and sensibility, degenerated into distraction, can make it, taken from some fulsome novel; nor to the miserable imitation of some flippancy or folly, some leer, some languish, some soft and tender sigh, some pretty pet or pout, or some pert titter, adopted from some imaginary countess, or other favorite character; their knowledge was considerable, in some cases extensive, in most, abundantly adequate to all laudable and useful purposes; their moral sense and decorum were correspondent; and all was natural and consistent; neither affected, nor overstrained. Without their being aware of it, a thousand loves lay in ambush behind their lips. Wise and good men became at once, their slaves and protectors; the soul and the intellectual sense took the lead of the animal, and the idea of a sacred indissoluble union preceded personal wish. Even those whom age, infirmity, or prior union forbad to hope, could not help combining with such subjects the highest idea of matrimonial

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bliss, and exclaiming, "heavens what a wife will she make! how blest will be the man who obtains her hand."

There is another, but it must be confessed, when compared with those, rather an inferior consideration; though it is not without its importance. It is, that of those novels ninety-nine in a hundred tend to deprave the style of those who study them as models, which too many do. In fact, what can be conceived more mischievous in literature, than false notions conveyed in vicious language; than things which have no existence, nor resemblance to any thing that has existance, described in inflated bombast, and swelled into a marvellous size, with bloated fulsome expressions, destitute of grammatical correctness, destitute of syntactical connection.

With all those sins upon their heads, however, novels will be read. Long before the time of life arrives when such works cease to be michievous, the control of parents over their children is in general gradually resigned; and if they were willing, which we fear is not very often the case, they would not be able to direct them effectually to a proper use of their time, or a proper selection of books. For this reason, it will certainly be beneficial to society to mark out those novels as they come from the press, which may, reasonably, be judged least noxious, and most conducive to such advantages as can be derived from that species of composition. Perhaps truth and candour will justify us in making a few exceptions to the above observations; one is, the novel of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, that unrivalled work of the inimitable GOLDSMITH, which at this moment is brought to our consideration by accounts given in most of the British reviews of a novel published in London, and entitled

VILLAGE ANECDOTES, OR THE JOURNAL OF A YEAR. 3 v. duo.

By Mrs. LE NOIR.

The reviewers who have given descriptive accounts of this publication, all concur in applauding it very highly, and comparing it with GOLDSMITH'S *Vicar of Wakefield*,

which it resembles, not only in the construction of the fable, but in the conduct of the narrative. Though inferior in general to that immortal work, it is free from the defects of it, particularly in the catastrophe, which is much more rational and probable than that of the Vicar. It must be remembered, in excuse for that author, that it appears likely from a circumstance mentioned by BOSWELL, as having been related to him by Doctor JOHNSON, that poor GOLDSMITH finished that novel very hastily, to meet a debt, for which he was unexpectedly arrested. Indeed it is little likely that the author of such a work could have been insensible to the inconsistency and improbability of the conclusion of it, or contrived such a *denouement*, but under the pressure of circumstances unpropitious to mental exertion.

Village Anecdotes is at once elegant and interesting, and, what seldom happens to works of this kind, is so discreet and judicious, as to bid defiance to the censure of the moral critic. To the heart that is alive to that just sensibility which draws its best delights from the beauty and immensity of God's works, as displayed in the face of creation in the country, nothing can afford more pure satisfaction that the contemplation of rural manners, a picture of which is found in this novel, so accurate, faithful and genuine, as to furnish criticism with occasion to wish that every rank and order of civilized life was pourtrayed with the same truth and exactness; and to aver that if they were, young people would be furnished with a manual, which would in a considerable degree supply the deficiency of age and experience.

This novel has given so much pleasure to the reviewers, that they have printed copious extracts from it, accompanied with a brief sketch of the plan, and some few of a considerable number of beautiful and original poems with which it is interspersed. The nature of our plan forbids our giving extracts so long, we cannot however refrain from offering the following to our readers:

PARTING

WITHOUT BIDDING FAREWELL.

" And was it then my grief to spare,
That sullen and reserv'd you were,
That thus unkind you stole away,
Nor hinted 'twas the parting day?
Alas! you far my heart mistake,
If thus you left me, for it's sake.

" When friendship joins each kindred heart,
It is a cruel task to part;
Yet if, by fates severe decree,
Such torture must inflicted be;
Better to wound in this respect,
By tenderness, than by neglect.

"To me the tender starting tear,
The sigh that heaves the breast sincere;
Gentle complaints, reproaches kind,
Hands severing, hearts more closely join'd;
The last embrace, the parting prayer,
Sweet in their sadness, soothing are.

" While fancy dwells on such a scene,
The pangs of absence feel less keen;
Each word, each look is ponder'd o'er,
As misers prize their treasur'd store;
The heart will swell, the eyes may flow,
But 'tis with " luxury of woe."

" But oh, without one parting look,
Inhumanly to be forsook,
Deprives my heart of all relief,
And gives new bitterness to grief;
And should we never meet again,
Will heighten to despair my pain."

Upon the whole, it must be allowed, that this is a tale of great elegance, sweetness and simplicity; and it derives some interest from its author, who is a daughter of CHRISTOPHER SMART, so favored by Doctor JOHNSON, and not less remarkable for his ingenuity, than for his misfortunes.

From fictitious we come to true history, under which head we find several late publications that deserve to be recommended to particular notice. And first,

TYTLER'S ELEMENTS OF GENERAL HISTORY. 2 vols. 8vo.

The outline of this very valuable work was contained in a series of lectures, delivered in the university of Edinburgh, by the author, ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER. It contain the philosophy of those leading events of general history, which have affected the rise, the progress, and the fall of nations. The author "rejects the common method of arranging general history according to epochs and æras," and attends to "the connection of the subject, rather than to that of time." The Jewish history, as belonging to a different department of academical education is left untouched; and the Grecian is the first taken up, as being the most authenticated, and belonging to a people who first made a distinguished figure. The author pursues the history of Greece till it runs into that of Rome, which having made by conquest a province of the former, becomes the leading object of attention. The Roman history he pursues from its origin, through all revolutions, down to its decline, to the conquest of Italy by the Gothic nations, and to the extinction of the western empire. Thence, as next in order, he adverts to the Saracens and their conquests in the east, while a new empire is formed in the west by CHARLEMAGNE. The author then proceeds to the rise and progress of the Frankish monarchy, the origin of the feudal system, and the state of European manners, with an account of the governments, arts, science and literature of those periods, taking a survey at the same time, as collateral objects, of the remains of the Roman empire in the east, the foundation of the Papal dominion, and the conquest of Spain by the Saracens.

Next solicits attention the conquest of England by the Normans, with a retrospective view of the Anglo Saxon

government, and the history of Britain, which he conducts along, connected with the conquest of Ireland, and the history of that country down to the present time. The whole is accompanied with apposite political reflections, with descriptions of the manners, genius, laws, arts and sciences, and altogether presents a view of universal history, not less interesting than useful and instructive to those who are desirous to read history for its best purposes, and who wish to trace the intimate connections between it and the human heart and conduct. To us it seems particularly worthy of attention, as furnishing a clue of a new kind to the history of man, and enabling those who are ambitious of the reputation, or have a taste for political and historical science, with an excellent guide and instructor. It is written on a principle similar to the Abbe MILLOT's work, designed for the instruction of the Prince of Parma, and which is at present the historical manual of Europe, but considerably surpasses it in the judgment with which the matter is selected, and the proportions in which it has been arranged.

ADOLPHUS' HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

From the accession of GEORGE *the III. to the peace of* 1783.

Though we essentially differ from Mr. ADOLPHUS, in some of his general principles, we should consider it a great injustice not to mention this history with respect. It seems to have been written rather with a view to present effect than to future consideration: the prejudices in favor of Toryism which distinctly pervade it, are the prejudices of an immense majority of England, impressed by the particular situation of the times, and resulting naturally enough from the dangerous progress which a principle of an opposite tendency has been long making in Europe.—His preference of lord BUTE as minister, to the immortal WILLIAM PITT however, is scarcely less unaccountable than censurable, and is certainly irreconcileable to the

characters of the two men, and to the ultimate effects of their conduct. His censure of the meetings of freeholders in the counties and cities of the kingdom, held for the purpose of voting petitions to the House of Commons, representing the circumstances and evil consequences of the American war, and calling for a reform of the abuses arising from this war in its progress, savours more of the political partizan, than the philosophical historian.—The circumstances of that day did not afford, as perhaps they may since have done, topics of defence for Tory principles, as a counterbalance to an excessive spirit of unlimitted democracy. The event of that war stands a recorded proof of the weakness and improbity of the the ministers whose evil councils occasioned it, and of the justice and truth of the matters contained in the petitions. Besides the words of those petitions became the almost unanimous voice of the nation, or at least of those not connected with or depending upon the court. No evil ensued, no intemperance or seditious appearances arose from them, all was done with peacefulness, temper, moderation, harmony and wisdom, and therefore the petitioners succeeded in their object. To censure them at this day, is a hardy experiment for an historian; who should rather look upon such patriotic meetings as symptoms of the greatest and most glorious energies and wisdom in a people; as a diagnostic of a vigorous national spirit, obedient to the full extent that obedience can be wholesome; averse to disorder and misrule, but determined to check the progress of corruption when it trespassed upon national patience. This is the view in which it ought to have been held by Mr. Adolphus, who we are sorry and surprised to think, does not seem to have been aware of the truth of the logical rule, which says, that he who proves too much proves nothing, but rather does worse than nothing, and that by defending the vicious cabinet of that day, he cripples his credit as a political historian, renders

it suspected, and so far disables his defence of Toryism, at a time and in circumstances under which it might, perhaps, bear some face of argument in its defence.

Notwithstanding these obvious defects, this history (provision being first made against those principles) will be read with pleasure and advantage. The execution of it entitles the author to considerable praise. Some characters, particularly those of Mr. BURKE and Mr. Fox are pourtrayed with extraordinary felicity and truth; to adopt the words of an excellent critic "the arrangement is natural, the relative extent of narration assigned to different events is wisely proportioned;" and to us the style appears pure and perspicuous; in some places vigorous, and in all free from tumour or affectation.

General estimate of the natural endowments and acquired talents of MASTER BETTY, *surnamed*

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

[Taken from the best and most authentic English publications.]

THIS young gentleman has no natural deficiencies, but such as necessarily arise from his very early age, and the circumstances in which he is placed. A person endowed with such an affluence of natural gifts for the theatric art, is indeed a phœnomenon of such rare emergence, that several centuries may again escape without producing such another.

His face, though not exactly beautiful, is as much so, as can be wished for all the purposes of the drama, and for the complete gratification of the eye. In a state of quiescence, it is not marked by any particular expression; but when his features are lighted up by internal emotion, they exhibit in turn, every movement of the soul, with all the vivacity of genuine passion. His eye is not naturally very animated, but partakes something of the general languor

of his countenance. In his person there is no defect, but such as will be removed by the progress of time. He possesses, in a degree, almost unparalelled, that ease and gracefulness of action and deportment, which is one of the most difficult accomplishments of the art, and which in most others it is the labour of a life to acquire. Not only every attitude, but every transition from one attitude to another, as well as every line described by the movements of his body or limbs, are such specimens of elegance and beauty, as leave nothing to be wished for, by the most refined imagination. And this unrivalled grace and propriety, appear in every change of situation, and in every vicissitude of passion.

There is greater diversity of accounts respecting his voice, than any other of his wonderful requisites. At his outset in Belfast, and afterwards in Glasgow and Edinburgh, it is said to have possessed a tone of such clearness, strength and silvery sweetness, that the audience and actors were equally struck with it, and concurred in thinking, that in it consisted his first excellence. In the country parts of England, and for some time after his appearance in London, his voice was considered as not demanding the same unqualified praise; it was acknowledged on all hands to be of a superior order, but it was observed to be in a slight degree husky and hoarse; not so much as to be disagreeable to the ear, but hurtful as it conveyed the idea of his labouring under a cold. It was supposed, that partly from the constant and violent exertion of his lungs, and perhaps not a little from the break, which at that time of life begins to take place in the human voice, the change might have been occasioned. It soon however appeared that it was owing to indisposition, for which he wore a pitch plaister upon his breast, and was obliged to retire for a few weeks from the stage and keep within doors, during which time the neighbourhood where he lived, was continually full of people coming to enquire about his health, till at length recourse was of necessity

had to a bulletin, which, as during the indisposition of the king, was published every morning to gratify the curiosity and relieve the anxiety of the public. His voice is now spoken of as it was in Belfast and Scotland, in one uniform strain of wonder and panegyric; powerful, deep and expressive, perhaps beyond any other on the English stage: so piercing and articulate as to be heard distinctly in the most remote part of the house; and yet so sweet, soft and flexible, as to be capable of expressing the tender passions with the most affecting pathos.

Such are in their nature his external requisites for the stage, in which it is by all allowed that there are no defects but those which may be suposed essential to, and inseparable from his early age.

In respect to his mental qualifications the satisfaction is still more unmixed.* On a deliberate review of his performances, a variety of excellencies press their claim with equal force on the attention; but nothing is so remarkable as the chaste correctness with which he delineates the character he has undertaken to personate. He appears to possess, like Shakespeare, an intuitive sense of fitness and propriety, which at once supercedes and transcends all that can be effected by meditation and study. This is what more particularly astonishes every reflecting spectator, because it is exactly the reverse of what might have been expected. The performances of young persons, if they possess talents and genius, are generally distinguished by much vigour and little judgment. Occasionally the audience are struck with a felicitous conception, or a powerful effusion of nature; but every one of common experience and sense expects to be offended with the perpetual recurrence of affectation, extravagance and false taste. On the stage par-

* Note by one of his most elegant biographers and criticisers.

Ergo ille corporis motu, amorem sibi conciliarat a nobis omnibus: nos animorum incredibiles motus, celeritatemque ingeniorum negligemus.

ticularly this has been constantly the case. But it is very different with the subject of this essay. If on certain occasions he fall short of the mark, and it is seldom he does so, he is sure never to overshoot it: so far is he from overstepping the modesty of nature, that of the two extremes, he takes care to incline rather to tameness than extravagance. He is never impassioned where he ought to be calm, never frigid where he ought to be energetic.* He is never guilty of vain attempts to give importance to a passage in itself insignificant, or to elicit applause from the audience by unreasonable rant or violence; no unnatural distortion of body or of countenance to catch the vulgar eye. "Even in the very whirlwind of his passion there is a temperance which gives it smoothness."

[*To be continued.*]

CRITICISM ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

LE MARI CORRUPTEUR.

A MORAL TALE: By Madame DE GENLIS.

THE immoral publications of Madame DE STAEL, and Madame COTTIN (twenty thousand copies of a novel written by the former of whom, have not yet satisfied the literary curiosity of Europe) have kindled the virtuous displeasure of Madame DE GENLIS. Brought up under the eye, formed by the counsel, and improved by the writings and corrections of LA HARPE in his best days, she has assumed among female authors, the sceptre of the lesser literature, and has justly assumed the character of the QUINTILIAN of novel writers. In this temper and disposition, and with such qualifications Madame DE GENLIS has written *Le Mari Corrupteur*, the moral object of which cannot be too much applauded. Her design is to expose the misery to which a young woman may be led, even by her husband,

* Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.

when he instills into her mind the principles of fashionable philosophy; and, having rendered ineffectual the religious education of her infant years, stamps the character of free-thinker on her, from the time she enters upon what is called the world. The plan and fable of this novel, in which not only the works of D'Alembert, Marmontel, Diderot, Helvetius, Raynal, Condorcet, Voltaire, and Madame De Staël, but those philosophers themselves, furnish the author with materials and characters.

It is not easy to overrate the merit of Madame De Genlis, or to measure the gratitude owing to her by mankind for the publication of this admirable satire, in the form of a novel. We hope it may contribute to deliver this branch of literature, from the *harpies* that infest it.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS.

OBSERVATIONS ON PASSION.

BY A FRENCH AUTHOR.

In every country in the world, mankind are more or less subject to passion, and its effects vary according to the climate and custom of the people. At Japan, for instance, a man rips open his own belly in the presence of his adversary, who is obliged to do the same, on the pain of being looked upon as a coward. In Italy, a man poniards his enemy; this is much more convenient. In Spain, they plunge their swords into each other, with a degree of gravity enough to make one expire with laughter. In France, they mount a coach together, exchange mutual civilities on the way, then alight in the "Bois de Boulogne," and with the utmost pleasantry imaginable, give one another the choice of having their throats cut, or their brains blown out.

In England, they lay their hat, wig and clothes in the middle of the street, and bruise each other with their fists till they are tired. This effect of rage, the least silly of all of them, inasmuch as it is least dangerous, has its particular rules, from which the combatants must never deviate, and which, besides, the spectators always take care shall be observed. The combatants are forbidden to strike each other any where below the waist-band. They must not pull one another's hair, if they happen to have any; nor must either strike his antagonist while he is down. They may kill one another if they can, by blows on the head and breast, and the victor is carried off in triumph by the enraptured multitude.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH WOMEN.

An English woman, unless she posseses strength of mind, a good understanding, a right idea of honour and virtue, and is likewise under the influence of a man of sense, who knows the world, and moreover how to govern the actions of his wife, will return home from the continent of Europe a coxcomb, both in dress and manners, and at least her *morals* corrupted, if not her *person*.

English women in endeavouring to imitate French and Italian women, have in general overshot their mark.* We see now very little of the amiable bashfulness which was

* Should the superiority of the MORALS of the English women be questioned, certainly their superiority in decency of manners are indisputable, and this superiority is more conspicuous in women of a CERTAIN AGE, than in the younger part of the SEX. Englishmen have a sort of national regard for propriety, which deters a female from lingering on the confines of gallantry, when age has warned her to withdraw. But in France, antique dowagers, and faded spinsters, are all gay, laughing, ROUGED and indecent: so that, abaiting the subtraction of teeth, and admission of wrinkles, the disparity between ONE score and FOUR, is not so great.

Gay rainbow silks their mellow charms enfold,
Nought of these beauties, but themselves, is old.

formerly their distinguishing characteristic. They do not consider that a French woman can use those freedoms with impunity, in *her own* country, which would stamp *even her* as a *courtezan*, if she was guilty of the same indecencies in England. Then how much worse does it appear in the *naturally* reserved English women, who throw off that native diffidence and modesty, for which they once were thought superior to the females of every other nation under the sun, and were admired by all foreigners. The truth is, a French woman knows *how far* to go, and the English woman knows *no where* to stop. The only reason that can be assigned for this difference is, the former will indulge herself with going great lengths in gallantry without at all endangering her heart; as for the most part, the French females are as much strangers to the finer feelings, as they are to sentiment; but the generality of the latter, who, on the contrary, possess exquisite sensibility, are always in danger of falling, whenever they venture to permit *too far*, even those sort of innocent freedoms which are liable to make an impression on their heart. The person of an English woman is never in danger unless her heart is.

A FRAGMENT FOUNDED IN FACT.

* * * * * * So Rachel and I sat down on the bank:—And wherefore, said I, hast thou gathered that bunch of rosemary?

Alas, said she, it is to strew William's grave—I sat there last night, and I thought I saw his hand come through the turf—that hand which had so often grasped mine; but I could not touch it—perhaps it was the sickly dream of my fancy, which is sometimes strangely disordered.

And what my child has brought this misfortune upon you?

That sheep, said she, which now crops the herbage at my feet, was then a lamb—I had taken it from the ewe, and it followed me about wherever I went—William loved the

lamb, for it loved me, and was mine—We were walking together by the mill, and it fell into the stream—William plunged into the water to save it, but the lamb got somehow to the bank, and William was carried by the eddy to the mill—the horrid wheel crushed him as he passed, and he spoke no more: but I could not even chide the lamb, for it licked his hand as he lay dead upon the grass.

As Rachel spoke, I felt a tear upon my cheek, she saw it and taking a handkerchief from her pocket, gently wiped it away.

Ah, continued she, strangers weep for me, and I cannot weep for myself—the gush of sorrow would relieve me, but heaven has locked up the source of my tears, though my heart would be refreshed by them.

And how do you employ your time my fair Rachel? you might surely amuse your sadness with the occupations of your past life, whatever they have been.

My friends, sir, said she, are very good to me—they have done every thing in their power to soothe my sorrow; but finding that their efforts have been vain, they now leave me to myself, to wander about with my sheep, who never forsakes me—the villagers all know and respect my sorrows—they are kind, and molest neither me nor my sheep—sometimes, indeed, I spin a little flax at the wheel, and sometimes I fetch the kine from the moor—and that is all—but if I stay, William's grave will want its offering, and I must not omit the dues I shall daily pay it, till heaven shall please to make it my own.

So saying, Rachel walked gently away, and I remained ruminating on the bank.

FEELING AND FORTITUDE.

The man blessed with a feeling heart, yet deprived of a firm mind, like the precious, but pliant, full-eared corn, bends at every pressure, is the sport of every breath: the callous hearted man, whatever be his mental powers, re-

sembles the colossal marble column; we admire its strength and shape; but from its cold touch and shelterless capital we turn to the leafy bower, and to the warm cottage. He alone is perfect in his nature, whose energies of mind are tempered by the softer feelings; he then receives uncorrupted, the sun of prosperity; and though often exposed to, is never borne down by the blasts of adverse fortune: he bears about him for himself, and for others, every flower that sweetens the path of life—every fruit that invigorates him cheerfully.

VARIOUS DENIALS OF CHRIST.

Does the intemperate man suppose that by merely professing himself a Christian, he acknowledges Christ? If he does he is ruinously mistaken. Every act of intemperance cries out in a louder language than Saint Peter's, "*I know not the man.*" Does the blasphemer, the common swearer, or the sabbath breaker, imagine that because he is born in a Christian country, he has any connection with Christ? If he does he is fatally wrong. Every time he blasphemes, or curses, or breaks the sabbath, he cries out in louder language than St. Peter's, "*I know not the man.*" Or does he who cheats or defrauds his neighbour, cherishes malicious designs against him, and intends if he can, to do him a private mischief, suppose that he has any connection with Christ?—All his thoughts, all his actions are continually crying out, "*What is Christ to me?—I know not the man.*"

THE CRIMINAL.

Talk not to him of better days!! Can all the drops of heaven restore to vegetation a withered tree? Can the shrouded corpse feel pride in the gay trappings of the living? The hollow moanings of the wind, the thickest glooms of night are more congenial to the miserable.—Rejoice ye light hearted; because innocent, rejoice!—The

flowery way, the sunny path, the smilingly inviting perspective is yours—But the remorse struck, broken hearted criminal can only view about him the pall, the winding sheet, the coffin, and the grave.

PERFECTION.

WHERE is the man, says the world, that can pretend to perfection? The world should first tell us what is the perfection of man. Is it to have conquered the degrading passions? To be void of avarice, envy, revenge and pride? To be brave. faithful, benevolent and aspiring? To exalt the rational faculty to a knowledge of the Deity? To trace divinity in the precepts of Christianity?—Then let the world scoff at pretensions as it may, I will not think so ill of mankind as not to believe that there are many entitled to the praise of attaining to the perfection of their nature.

BETS AND OATHS.

EVERY man has his own way of giving force and weight to what he wishes should make an impression.—Some fancy they do it by offering a bet—others, too many others, by uttering an oath:—They are equally bad; and are seldom called into action, but to support what does not deserve credit, and would not otherwise be believed. If the bet therefore were often taken, both the wager and the oath would be extremely expensive; the first in this world, the latter in the next.

POETRY.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * Maria! said I, in a kindly accent—Maria, my love! pour out the tea. Maria poured out the tea; it was good; and I drank it. What have you got there papa? said she, darting a glance across the table—a small volume of verses Maria! said I. Verses! verses! poetry, said my girl, half affirmitively, half interrogatively—oh, give me them!—I gave, and she took them exultingly, and began to read—my eye watched every motion, which the feelings of her soul gave to her countenance. It changed—the tears began to fall—the drops were trickling from her cheeks on the book. What is it makes you grieve, my Maria? said I. Oh! O! O!—the glorious being! the hero, and the christian, said she, seemingly unconscious of what she said. Tell me, my dear, said I, with tender importunity, tell me what it is that affects you so?—it is a fragment! she uttered with difficulty—this she read as if half smothered:

Soldier! soldier! stop the bier!
Halt and leave the body here,
Here in holy earth, let's lay
ABERCROMBIE's mortal clay;
Sound the dirge, and o'er the grave,
Let his conquering banner wave.

Ah! Sons of Erin, injur'd land,
Oft sav'd from murder, by his hand,*
Come here the dew of anguish shed,
Upon your benefactor's head;
And pray for glory to his soul,
When called to the LAST MUSTER ROLL.

* This immortalized soldier and best of men, when commander in chief in Ireland did every thing to save the people from the sword and the military gibbet. And to shield them from military oppression. Finding, at last, that his merciful disposition was unfitted for the duty he was sent upon, he desired to be recalled.

TABLEAU DE L'ANGLETERRE.

Extrait du Poëme iné dit du Malheur et la Pitié.

PAR L'ABBE DELILLE.

——— Soyez bénis, vous, peuples magnanimes,
Qui, de nos oppresseurs réparates les crimes!
Toi surtout brave Anglois, libre ami de tes Rois.
Qui mettant ton bonheur sous la garde des lois:
Des partis dans ton sein vois expirer la rage:
Ainsi que sur tes bords vient se briser l'orage!
Ce ne sont plus ici ces asiles cruels,
Où des brigands cachés à l'ombre des autels,
Où l'assassin souillé du sang de sa victime.
Demandoient aux lieux saints l'impunité du crime.
Contre le vil brigand et l'infame assassin,
Albion au malheur ouvre aujourd'hui son sein.
Là viennent respirer de leur longue souffrance
Ces dignes magistrats, oraclés de la France;
Là, ces guerriers fameux embrassent leurs rivaux;
Là, ces ministres saints échappés aux bourreaux,
Protégés par la loi, gardent leur culte antique:
Sion dan son exil chante le saint cantique.
Et l'nne et l'autre église abjurent leurs combats,
Et la fille à sa mère ouvre, en pleurant, les bras.
Pour corriger encor la fortune ennemie,
Du vénérable Oxford l'antique académie
Multiplia pour vous ce volume divin,
Que l'homme infortuné ne lit jamais en vain;
Qui du double évangile ancien dépositaire,
Nous transmit de la foi le culte héréditaire;
Vous montre un avenir, fait, des palais du ciel
Dans vos humbles réduits, descendre l'Eternel;
Console votre exil, charme votre souffrance,
Nourrit la foi, l'amour, la celeste espérance;
Présent plus précieux, et plus cher mille fois,
Que les trésors du monde, et les bienefaits des Rois?
Plus de rivalité, de haine, ni d'envie;
Au banquet fraternel Albion nons convie;
Son sein s'ouvre pour tous, et ne distingue plus
Les fils qu'elle adopta de ceux qu'elle a concus.

Telle, un terre heureuse à tous les plants du monde
Se montre hospitaliére; et sa sève féconde
Nourrit des mèmes sucs l'arbre qu'elle enfanta,
Et le germe etranger que l'orage y porta.
Poursuis, fière Albion, fais bénir ta puissance!
Tous les honneurs unis forment ta gloire immense:
Le monde tributaire entretient ton trésor;
Le nord nourrit tes mâts, l'onde mûrit ton or;
Le France avec ses vins te verse l'allégresse;
Tes lois sont la raison; tes mœurs la sagesse,
Tes femmes la beauté, leur discours la candeur,
Leur maintien la décence, et leur teint la pudeur.
Tu joins les fruits des arts aux dons de la fortune,
Le tonerre de Mars au trident de Neptune.
Tantôt, foulant aux pieds l'athée audacieux,
C'est Minerve s'armant pour la cause des Dieux;
Tantôt, fille des mers, belle, fraîche et fêconde,
C'est Venus s'élevant de l'empire de l'onde.
Jouis, fière Albion; mais dans ta noble ardeur,
Mets un frein à ta force, une terme à ta grandeur.
Carthage, attaquant Rome, expia cet outrage;
Rome hata sa chute en renversant Carthage.
Les Indes, les deux mers, tout a subi ta loi,
Il ne te reste plus qu'à triompher de toi!

☞ *A translation of these very elegant lines is requested, and will be thankfully received.*

TO HOPE.

Come Hope, thou little cheating sprite,
And let us set this quarrel right:
Come though to me,
Or I to thee,
No matter, so we but agree.

You told me Phillis would be true,
I trusted her, I trusted you;
She prov'd a jade,
I was betray'd,
And this was one sly trick you play'd.

You promis'd me to launch a dart
At Parthenissa's stubborn heart;
You swore 'twould hit,
The deuce a bit;
It miss'd—you told a second tit.

You said, base imp, that I should find,
Belinda best of woman kind;
The knot was ty'd,
She was my bride;
She was my plague—again you ly'd.

A thousand fibs you 've vow'd and swore,
And fibb'd and flatter'd o'er and o'er:
Though all was vain,
It lull'd my pain;
Then come—and cheat me o'er again.

THE RATIONAL LOVER.

ARDOR EDENDI!!

My darling Nell, though thee I love,
All other women far above,
And you yourself must know it;
I do not seek by high flown lies,
About your face, your nose and eyes,
To prove myself a poet.

I'll not in Della Crusca phrase,
Your roseate cheeks, or red lips praise;
And on false charms descant;
Since I am sure, that you possess,
My only love! nor more or less,
Than any man must want.

And faith you would not seem so fair,
With odours dropping from your hair,
In many a pearly tear:
To me, as now you seem divine,
All as you brew the home-made wine,
Or bottle up the beer.

I know my wife, though lov'd and young,
Distills no honey from her tongue;
Of no gay wits the toast:
I know though, with what careful toil,
Exact she puts the pot to boil,
Or lays the joint to roast.

She fires no gazing crouds with love,
But fires each morn the kitchen stove
With wood—not with her eye:
She causes death to no fond man,
But puts the bacon in the pan,
And causes it to fry.

Let Damon rave, and sigh, and start,
And swear he loves with all his heart,
Yet I more love my Nelly:
His love but feeds his bosom's heat,
Mine feeds me all the day with meat;
I love with all my belly!

His flame, soon as in hope of bliss,
The priest has given him leave to kiss
May perish, though the strongest.
My Hydra love—that 's appetite,
Returns; is fed each day and night,
Pray which will last the longest.

Then, Nelly, come; I 'll buy the meat,
Which you shall dress, and as we eat,
Our love shall gain new life.
My ANGEL!—Psha! fond nonsense hence,
From one who loves with so much sense,
I'll call you, hence, MY WIFE.

IMPROMPTU,

ON GATHERING SOME VIOLETS FOR A LADY.

BENEATH their silken lashes, shade
Those "eyes of dewy light,"
Nor let the envious violets fade,
To find their tints less bright.

JUVENILE SORROW.

As I wander'd one day through yon wood-cover'd valley,
To pluck the wild thyme, and the blossoms of May,
I look'd round in vain for my sweet little Sally,
Whose prattle would sometimes enliven the way.

At length on a stile, by a walnut-tree shaded,
I found her in tears: a dead bird in her lap;
The joy of her once smiling face was now faded,
While she throbbing related her cruel mishap.

Alas! she exclaimed, see my little tame Robin,
The naughty cat kill'd it: and then she caress'd,
And kiss'd the poor victim, and tenderly sobbing,
Let fall a few tears on his blood sprinkl'd breast.

I sigh'd, as I said to myself 'tis with reason
That sages declare all is sorrow below,
For even in childhood's delightfulest season,
How quickly is pleasure succeeded by woe.

The neat turn of thought in the following ALLEGORICAL VERSES, *recommends it to notice.*

In yonder bower lies Pleasure sleeping,
And near him mourns a blooming maid,
He will not wake, and she sits weeping;
When lo! a stranger proffers aid.

His hurried step, his glance of fire,
The God of wishes loud declare,
Wake, Pleasure, wake! exclaims Desire,
And Pleasure wakes to bless the fair.

But soon the maid, in endless hour,
Desire asleep, is doom'd to view;
Try, Pleasure, try, she cried, your power,
And wake Desire as he woke you.

Fond maid thy wish exceeds all measure,
Distinct his province each must keep,
Desire shall ever wait on Pleasure,
And Pleasure lull Desire to sleep.

EPITAPH

ON A YOUNG LADY, WHO DIED IN A CONSUMPTION, IN 1796.

Here, in the cold embrace of death,
What once was elegance and beauty lies,
Mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
And quench'd the radiance of her sparkling eyes.

A prey to ling'ring malady she fell,
E'er yet her form had lost its vernal bloom,
Her virtue, Misery oft reliev'd may tell,
The rest let silent Charity entomb.

Nor suffer busy, unrelenting zeal,
E'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue;
Let Envy turn from what it cannot feel,
And Malice rev'rence what it never knew.

But should the justice of the good and wise,
Condemn her faults with judgment too severe,
Let mild ey'd Pity from the heart arise,
And blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

SONG.

When scorn was couch'd in Chloe's eye,
I pin'd and drew the pensive sigh;
When Chloe frown'd, I sigh'd again,
No respite found I to my pain:
At length determin'd to be free,
I smil'd.... And Chloe sigh'd for me.

USEFUL INVENTION.

To that respectable citizen and able philologist, Mr. HERBEMONT, teacher of the French and English languages, we are indebted for the following translation from a French periodical work upon œconomies. Mr. HERBEMONT in a letter to the Editor, which accompanied it, speaking of the simple machine described, says:

"I last week shewed it to a very ingenious mechanic, MR. DELETT, a mill wright, in Georgetown, who gave me as his opinion, that this machine might answer very well for every sort of grain but rice; for this reason, that the ear of rice hangs on a very slender stem, which is very apt to break off, and that such action of the instrument as could separate the grain from that part of the stem which might be broken off with it, would break the rice to pieces, and injure it very much. But he was of opinion, that it would answer better than any thing heretofore tried, to separate Indian corn from the cob, which is generally done by the hand, and takes the time of a great many people, and is a very tedious kind of work."

DESCRIPTION

Of an instrument of a very simple structure, for threshing pease, wheat and oats, and which may be adapted to the threshing of rice, and particularly separating Indian corn from the cob.

IT is needless to say how long, painful, and consequently expensive, is the old method of threshing with the common flail. One must be absolutely inaccessible to pity, to see without pain men and even women undergoing for months together, a species of labour so hard, that the most robust men sometimes sink under it with extreme fatigue, even in the forepart of the day; besides which, be the care taken what it may, the flail always leaves in the straw, a considerable number of ears untouched or broken off which contain more or less grain. The length of time necessary for threshing with the flail, necessarily subjects the stalks of

corn to rot in wet seasons: hence proceeds a loss that varies it is true, according to circumstances; but sometimes exceeding one half.

These important considerations, have for a long time, suggested to many persons the idea of threshing by means of machines; but, although, among the great number of experiments made for that purpose, some may have succeeded tolerably well, they are of so expensive a nature, that very few can afford, or are willing to purchase them, particularly if it happens, that the success is uncertain.

An instrument the most simple and suitable for our purpose has been in use for ages in Italy. We would probably have been ignorant of its existence for ages to come, if it had not been for one of those unforeseen events which sometimes result from, and serve to compensate, the greatest evils.

The history of the discovery, as well as of the first experiments made in France, would be useless and unnecessarily prolix: suffice it to say, that the instrument has answered beyond the most sanguine hopes in its operations and experiments, as directed by the Agricultural Society of the department of the Haute Gardenne, in Ventose, Year XII.

The machine consists of a round piece of hard wood, about four feet in length, and one foot in diameter, on which are fastened, with wooden pins, eight pieces of timber, of the same length, and about four inches square, so as to make a roller, resembling in some measure a piece of a deeply fluted column. Exactly in the central point of each end of this roller, are strong iron pins driven in about one foot (they may also be made fast with a cross sunk deep into the ends.) These serve for the axis on which are fixed a pair of shafts. Or to render the *draught* easier, a frame may be made, the two sides of which are bent upwards, and a single-tree fastened to the fore tail, by which means the line of draught is raised so as to be nearly horizontal.

To use this instrument, lay the sheaves flat upon the threshing ground, loosen and spread them, as if to make use of the common flail, with this difference, that they must be laid much thicker and in a spiral form; the roller is drawn by one horse, beginning at the outermost edge, and continuing till you get to the centre, and then in the same direction to the outer edge again, and thence round till you get again the centre, and so on till the straw ought to be turned over; but that does not require much precaution; then the machine is moved round again until the whole is sufficiently threshed.

According to the report made by the persons appointed by the Agricultural Society above-mentioned, a single horse can thresh perfectly well to the amount of about 10 *setiers* (about 120 bushels) in a day, working only five hours. Six persons are sufficient to spread, turn over and carry away the straw, &c. And by the unanimous opinion of the persons that saw the instrument in operation, the straw was much better cleared of grain, than when threshed with a common flail. The effect of the instrument on the straw is to squeeze, flatten, and smooth it, so that it is thereby rendered better food for cattle.

PRESERVING ANIMAL SUBSTANCES.

Monsieur Chassier employs, for preserving Animal Matters from putrefaction, a solution of oxygenated muriate of Mercury, kept constantly in a state of saturation. The preparations remain immersed in it for a certain number of days; and after they are thoroughly impregnated with it, may be dried by exposure to light and air. After the process they are no longer susceptible of being easily discomposed: they preserve their form, become possessed of a great degree of hardiness, and are not subject to the attacks of insects.

A NEW SPECIES OF INOCULATION.

Accounts have been received from one of the travellers in Africa (Hornemaun, we believe is the name) stating, that in a district which he had visited, he found a kind of Inoculation practised, which answers the same end respecting SYPHILIS, that the vaccine pock does respecting the Small Pox—exempting the patient from the possibility of infection.

INOCULATIGN FOR THE VACCINE AND THE PLAGUE.

Doctor Valli, who inoculated himself with the plague, in order to try whether the vaccine is a preventative of that disease, has, it appears, at length taken the plague. But it is expected he will recover.

VACCINATION.

Doctor Valentin, of Paris, has adopted the following method of inoculating with the Cow-pock. He collects a quantity of the dried vaccine pustules, or incrustations, which he reduces to powder, and forms into a kind of paste with water. With this substance, he inoculates his subjects, by means of a lancet in the usual way.

ERRATA.

In the Preface, page iii. 23d line, for 'superior understanding,' read, 'superior understandings.' 25th line, for 'his understandings, read, 'his understanding.'

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

CHAPTER II.

CRITICISM ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

LETTERS FROM LONDON,

Written during the years 1802 and 1803, by WILLIAM AUSTIN.

IN these letters are discernable much genius, some erudition, but a great want of that discriminating power, which is necessary to the understanding, and pourtraying of national and individual character. The author says, that "it is the misfortune of America to have been visited by those, who, far from being philosophers, estimated the United States agreeably to the views of Europeans." The remark is just: We are afraid that it has been too much the case with America, and we wish Mr. AUSTIN himself had profited by his own observation; so far from doing so, however, he returns the compliment in kind, for he has estimated England (of the society of which he has seen scarcely any part but that of London) agreeably to American views. The American constitution, American customs, and his own crude juvenile notions of politics, are made the standard, by which he measures every thing in England. The time immemorial customs of that old country; those which have gradually accrued from the rising necessities of multiplied society, from their wealth, from their circumstances, and from the ordinary operations of the human mind under those cir-

cumstances, whether growing out of the laws of the land, or out of the prevalence of habits and fashions, all being different from those of America, are subjects of our author's sneers or censures. The city-watch, which he calls an army in time of profound quiet; the high brick-walls which fence in the gardens round London, and those which separate houses in town from each other; the double locks, the chains and the bolts with which the doors are fastened; (for security from the nightly thieves) the king's-guards; the tower; the mode of burying the dead, or performing funerals, together with the plumes and ornaments of the hearses, in which the body is carried, and which he wittily calls waggons; nay even the number of taps which those who have occasion to knock at doors, customarily give, furnish this gentlemen with topics for the exercise of his genius. Viewing every thing through the medium of his own preconceived ideas of fitness (ideas made up on a life, as we hear, very short, and on the plain field of America, where, fortunately, there is yet and for a long time can be, but little diversity of human character) he presents most things in a distorted attitude. Here and there some observations occur which are not without truth and force, but they want novelty. His language too is rendered inelegant, by affectation, and is sometimes incorrect. Not to mention the impropriety of appropriating to prose, language exclusively poetical (the word *disport* for instance) and of bespangling his thoughts with useless verbal finery, there is a great fault in the frequent use of verbs active, as if they were verbs neuter. As in page 6. "I never knew what a weight *impresses* on one who presumes to issue his own opinions on another country." *Impresses* what?—In the same paragraph, "That is a dignified office which *assumes* over a whole nation." *Assumes* what? In page 47, he says, "They *dress*, *conduct*, think as they please." Meaning they dress themselves, conduct themselves, and think as they please. The verb dress has by a late corruption been vulgarly applied in a neuter sense,

but is still unfit for a classical writer, and conduct, so used, is unpardonable, because we hope unprecedented. Again he makes use of a verb exclusively neuter, as if it were a verb active, as in page 25. "An expedition which might have *revolted* a Scotchman." Meaning an expedition at which a Scotchman might have revolted. And in page 91, "The majestic carriage of our own servants would *revolt* the feelings of one accustomed to travel the Bath road; for he might be in danger of starving, before he could learn the language of the country."

These are not the faults of nature, which seems to have been bountiful to this young gentleman; but to his fine mind having been pre-occupied with particular dogmas, to the exclusion of more general and valuable opinions, and to the prejudices arising from his having before seen but a very narrow circle of human action. His character of Mr. Fox's eloquence, is at once so elegant and, (as we know,) so strictly just, that it would do him wrong, and our readers wrong, if we were not to give it at length.

"Fox appears in the House of Commons under the most favourable impressions, which a man, ambitious of the orator, can desire. He commands the awe, if not admiration of the ministry, steals into the affections of the indifferent, and carries with him the enthusiasm of his friends. How can it be otherwise! His heart is labouring and full, before he rises. Consistent from the beginning, his sincerity is never doubted, and thus is he always in possession of the foreground: and though he frequently breaks out in sudden abruptness, the beginning of his last speech forever seems the conclusion of his former. So that his whole political life has been one connected flow of eloquence, here only a narrow stream, and there scarcely flowing at all, but on every great occasion, collecting itself to a torrent, and wide rushing in a lengthened volume, now breaking over rocks and precipices, and now making its own channel through the laboured mounds, which his busy competitors had rear-

ed, sweeping all away, and, not unfrequently, overwhelming his enemies, and leaving their dead bodies floating far behind.

" In vain will a king of Great Britain draw a line over the name of such a man! If no longer *privy counsellor*, *he is counsellor of the nation!* It is impossible to oppress or humble such a man; wherever he treads, he must leave an indelible impression; whatever he does, becomes a part of his country's history, and whatever he says must descend to posterity.

" Though slovenly in his appearance, unwieldy in his person, and ungracious in his manners, though his voice is disagreeably shrill, his words frequently indistinct, and his action generally embarrassed, yet he has scarcely begun, before you are solicitous to approach nearer the man. In the midst of passion, which sometimes agitates him until he pants high, he discovers so much gentleness of temper, and so little personal feeling, that a stranger might easily imagine he saw this man among the gods, unincumbered with any mortal affection, debating for the good of mankind. So much pure principle, natural sagacity, strong argument, noble feeling, adorned with the choicest festoons of ancient and modern literature, and all these issuing from a source, hitherto inexhaustible, never distinguished a man like this: If heaven did not render nations mad, before she destroyed them, the voice of Fox, raising itself in the midst of corruption, false politics, and the abuses of a full century, would yet be heard.

" With these avdantages of consistency, of integrity, of political sagacity, of irresistible, lengthened argument, no wonder, though he never condescends to personality, if all those over whom the influence of corruption has passed, shrink under his presence. They have nothing to fear. Fox never descends from the summit of his reputation; he feels himself in the midst of Europe; he knows he has long been a spectacle both to his own, and the neighbouring

nations, and standing in the midst of Europe, he seems to hold in one hand the scroll of his past life, while his eye, accompanied with a great look, pierces down to posterity in pledge of future constancy.

"PITT you are willing to hear until he is exhausted. But Fox first lays down an interesting position, fixes your earnest regard, and attaches you wholly to himself; then, by the rapidity of his utterance, hurries you on, not to immediate conviction, for he is sure the minds of all are pressing forward, and thereby he is enabled, fearless of presuming on their patience, to give a loose to his feelings, to his genius, to his learning, all which united, and mingling and assisting each other, give a force to his arguments, irresistible, and would confound all distinction between his friends and enemies, did not PITT, at these moments, the sole support of his party, rising midst the calm and silence of the solemn impression, recal to a new conflict the dubious feelings of his majority.

"Fox, in one respect, will forever be esteemed above his contemporaries. Though he has grown grey in the opposition, he has never made one personal enemy. At the end of a twenty year's contention, he is still considered a man of a noble disposition, and still maintains the influence of his former days, both in the moment of debate, and with the nation at large."

The character of Mr. PITT's eloquence is also well written, and not without truth of colouring. And that of WINDHAM would be so, if it were not defaced by manifest contradictions.

"Mr. WINDHAM is *not an orator of that commanding presence* which fixes confidence or attaches a party."

"*His graceful person, his serious air, his bald head*, joined to his deliberate distinct utterance, give him at once *a senatorial dignity*, independent of his various intellectual forces."

"Though *hardly an orator*, he is one of the most successful partisans who ever entered on the warfare of debate."

"His instant downright attack precludes all escape, while his close logic lengthened out in the winding subtility of metaphysical reasoning, leaves his enemy bound hand and foot. Yet not satisfied with this, and himself not half exhausted, he collects all his sarcastic powers, and commences a new onset, the most ferocious of the muses, waiting his pleasure and opening all their stores of ridicule, jest and satire."

"Yet WINDHAM though he possesses a fine imagination, a strong current of argument, and a various and extensive reach of mind, adorned with the best portions of classic literature; add to these a fluency, second only to PITT'S, yet the ultimate requisite to a great orator is wanting, I mean passion, of which he is wholly destitute."

"However, WINDHAM generally brings to the debate something new, something dazzling, something original."

"Always perspicuous and elegant his words seem to flow from the press, already arranged, and exhibiting the fairest impression. In short, WINDHAM is one of the most interesting speakers in the house, and if he could suppress the black bile which continually flows from his mouth; if he could conceal his bitter inveteracy, he would add new weight to his character, lose nothing of his *senatorial dignity*, and would *be the delight of the House of Commons*."

If all these qualities do not make an orator, we should be glad to be told what they are which would?

"Nothing great, nothing manly, nothing conciliatory mark the course of WINDHAM."

"He is terrible to his enemy, as those enormous serpents who carry with them three-fold terror, whose fangs are not less fatal than the squeeze of their bodies, nor these less fatal than the lash of their tails."

The author's notions, with regard to Mr. WINDHAM'S asperity, arise from a sentiment which does honour to Mr. A's heart; and an error of judgment is very inexcusable in a youth of bright talents, lively fancy, but unmatured expe-

rience; he feels an amiable repugnance to sarcasm, because he has not perhaps considered, that vehement satire is generally the spontaneous issue of a virtuous mind indignant at vice. By the judicious it is allowed, and experience has proved it, that the most violent satirists are found among the best hearted of men. JUVENAL was eminently so: and Mr. W. who has long been called the *Juvenal of Orators*, answers that discription. In cases of public wrong he sets little bounds to his sarcastic effusions, and has the appearance of hating his adversary, when he only wants to expose the wronger of his country. Mr. A. perhaps, did not see Mr. PITT often enough to observe it: but it is in caustic sarcasm he excels. On the whole, we think it evident that the author of those letters, possesses talents, from which if they be duly cultivated, and emptied of wrong preposessions, his country may, in time, derive service, and himself credit: but this work, we think, will contribute but little to either. It is not for its own intrinsic merit, but because it affords a prognostic of his future excellence, that we have paid it this particular attention.

EDUCATION.

NATURE DISPLAYED, In her mode of teaching language to man; or a new and infallible method of acquiriug a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind, and consequently suited to every capacity, adapted to the French language, by Mr. N. G. DUFIEF, of Philadelphia.

With the laudable intention to remove from the learning of the French language, many obstacles which the customary mode of teaching has hitherto thrown in the way of the scholar, Mr. DUFIEF has devoted a large portion of his life to the consideration of the subject, and the result is, the book before us. He certainly has succeeded beyond any thing which could have been hoped before the work was read; suggesting many facilities to lessen the difficulty of the

laborious task of learning the languages. The French tongue is peculiarly fitted for an experiment of this kind: But it is curious enough, that the idea was first started in his mind by the difficulties which he himself (being a Frenchman) experienced in learning the English language, and by the methods to which he resorted, in order to overcome them. According to his plan, the vocabulary of the language must first be acquired. This is certainly conformable to the course of nature; since in originally drawing in a knowledge of their mother tongue, human creatures necessarily acquire the words without any previous acquaintance with their grammatical relations, and the idiom of the language is insensibly and simultaneously acquired with the vocabulary. Mr. DUFIEF's principles seem to us to be ingenious and correct, and are happily exemplified in the practical part of the work, which is recommended by judicious selection, and luminous arrangement; and which supplies the student with a great variety of well chosen phrases and expressions. No doubt can be entertained that something of this kind was wanting, as the old method of learning was so tiresome and disgusting, as too often, to discourage young persons, from the application and the relish necessary to a quick proficiency in, and a perfect attainment of language. After going through the course prescribed by Mr. DUFIEF, the grammatical part will be easily acquired; or rather it may be said that the learner is insensibly imbued by his own observations, with the rudiments, and will then require only to know the rote of grammar, and the division of the several parts of speech.

We are aware that objections to this opinion will be started by those who dislike innovation. But we would beg such persons to recollect, on the one hand, how few of those who have been for years learning languages grammatically, can converse in them; and on the other, to consider what every day that passes proves to be true, that millions can converse in intelligible, some even in good language, who, not only

never learned grammar, but never learned a letter in the alphabet.

On the whole, we earnestly recommend Mr. DUFIEF'S *Nature Displayed*, to all those parents who are desirous of having their children instructed in the French language.*

PINKERTON'S GEOGRAPHY.

America has to boast of maintaining a reputable degree of competition with England, in the art of Typography. An ambition which not only redounds to her honour, but will considerably diminish the efflux of money to Europe. That excellent work, *Pinkerton's Geography*, has been republished in Philadelphia, with considerable improvements, by Professor BARTON, of Philadelphia. The fact is, that the British work was inexcusably deficient and erroneous, as tonching America. The omissions of importance were many, and the misstatements numerous. It is probable, that the essential improvements made by the learned professor, will raise the American edition into high request in England. It will be a feather in the cap of the new, to send back to the old, one of its own works improved essentially.

MEDICINE.

A new periodical publication which promises to be of the utmost utility, called

THE PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL MUSEUM,

has come forth in that city, under the conduct of Doctor COXE. It is expected that this work will be very generally supported; the character of the conductor, standing very high in the public opinion, and raising confident hopes of its future excellence and utility.

* We are happy to find, that Mr. Herbemont teaches on Mr. Dufief's principles.

Doctor MANN's Dissertation on the CHOLERA INFANTUM, with rules and regulations to prevent the autumnal diseases of children, is a work, which we hold it to be our duty, strenuously, to recommend to practitioners in physic. The Boylstonian prize medal was adjudged to the doctor for this dissertation, which is allowed to contain more acute research, and more accurate reasoning, upon the nature and causes of those diseases of children, as well as a better account of the means of curing them, than any treatise hitherto extant.

CRITICISM ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

L'AMI DES FEMMES, ou LETTRES D'UN MEDECINE, Concernant l'influence de l'habillement des femmes, sur leurs mœurs et sur leur santé, et la necessité de l'usage habituel des bains, enconservant leur costume actuel; suivies d'un appendice contenant des recittes cosmetiques et curatives; ornées de sept gravures entaille-douce. Prix 6 francs, & 7 fr. 50 c. franc de port; par P. J. MARIE-DE-SAINT-URSIN, ancien premier médecine de l'armée du nord, ancien membre du conseil, général de Santé de Paris, membre de plusieurs société savantes, nationals & étrangères. Dédié a Mad. BONAPARTE. Un volume in 8vo. à Paris, chez F. Buisson, libraire, rue Hautefeuille, & ches l'auteurs, rue Boueher, No. 5. (1804)

THE FEMALE's FRIEND, OR LETTER OF A PHYSICIAN, Concerning the influence of the dress of women, on their morals and their health, and the necessity of the frequent use of the baths, if they preserve their present mode of dress; followed by an appendix, containing cosmetic and healing receipts; adorned with seven elegant copper-plates. Price 6 francs, and 7 fr. 50 c. free from postage. By P. J. MARIE-DE-SAINT-URSIN, formerly first physician of the north, late member of the general council of health in Paris, member of several French and foreign learned societies. Dedicated to Madame BONAPARTE. In one volume 8vo. Paris, at F. Buisson's, bookseller, rue Hautefeuille, and at the authors, rue Boucher. No. 5. (1804)

A celebrated author has written a work, entitled "*L'ami des Hommes.*" *(The Friend of Man.)* A writer, inspired by genius and virtue, has published, "*L'ami des Enfans.*" *(The Children's Friend;)* but, strange to tell, that nation most eminent for its gallantry, has not yet among its numerous writings any work, intitled to the name of *Woman's Friend.*

MARIE-DE-SAINT-URSIN, has just paid this tribute to the fair sex, and to the world of letters, in a work, written with great purity of stile, and much erudition; which, in part, appear to be essentially directed towards the preservation of the health and beauty of the tender and lovely sex. The work is divided into letters, no doubt, because an epistolary form pleases more, and admits of satisfactory and pleasing digressions, which offer to the mind a pleasing relief. The close, and happy connections of the subjects evinces that the work had been written at first without any such divisions, and that the author, by changing its form, only wished to render it the more interesting. Woman, whether in health or in sickness, in her physical or moral affections, is considered at every moment, age and action of her life; but the picture is so soft, the strokes of the pencil are so lively and delicate, that though the whole truth is told, it is veiled with such exquisite colouring, that it excites the most lively interest in the reader, who yields without difficulty to the courageous voice, which is heard reprobating the dress, I had almost said nakedness, of women, and to the ascendency of an eloquence dictated by the tender concern, with which that sex knows so well how to inspire us. A great felicity in the choice of quotation, a rapid and animated stile, severe morality, the purest love for virtue, are the characteristics of this work, which displays researches of a kind, that must have cost the author much labour and diligence. In it most women will find their own picture, most husbands will recognize their wives, and most

lovers the young and innocent object of their affections, painted in all the luxuriance and beauty of natural colouring.

The following articles are distinguished for the energetic enthusiasm with which they are written, for the splendor of their eloquence, for the seductive charms of truth, and for the correctness of the portraits. The preliminary discourse; the morals among the Jews and Greeks; the reform of Sparta; the manners of the Romans; a sketch of French fashions; the influence of fashions on the morals, and the morals on the health; on national and private ostentation; the walse; the bath as it relates to health; the Venus of Guide; the properties of water; the different manners of administering the bath in different diseases; the hair; wigs; the breath; voice; complexion; weakness of nerves; the influence of different temperatures respecting the health of females; portrait of the ladies' physician; &c.

Could we permit ourselves to make a slight animadversion upon this work, we should say, that the author has, too generally, opened to the world, the temple of ESCULAPIUS. The ancient and venerable accumulation of medical knowledge ought not to be revealed to a multitude that would degrade it. TISSOT and BUCHAN, written in vulgar language, and placed, if I may use the expression, within reach of the maladies of every body, have been much more hurtful than useful to the science of physic. MARIE-DE-SAINT-URSIN grounds his apology for revealing the secrets of the physic to the sex, on the end that he continually aims at, of being useful to them; and, in order to convince them of it, he paints the grave science of physic in the stile of ANACREON. If he has revealed a great secret, viz. low diet and water, he has not, like TISSOT and BUCHAN, spoken, in his work, of every malady; he has confined himself, only to notice those, among women, which result, from the neglect of the laws of HYGEIA, from habits or affections peculiar to them, or from their excessive sensibility, but

particularly those maladies which originate in an imprudent, nay fatal obedience to the prevailing fashions.

This work bespeaks a practitioner formed in camps, and in civil, as well as military hospitals, an experienced writer, and a mind well accustomed to observation. The author already known by several productions, has fixed his place among the eloquent writers and learned practitioners; his work is liked by the physician, because it is conspicuous for high medical knowledge; by the men of letters, because the language is pure and easy; it pleases women, because it is agreeably written, and the quotations and precepts are veiled under pleasing forms; and it pleases the inhabitant of the country, because he feels interested in every thing that tends to promote good morals, and the health and beauty of the sex.

PLAN OF THE EXCELLENT NOVEL,

Mentioned in the First Number, entitled

LE MARI CORRUPTEUR. (THE DEPRAVED HUSBAND.)

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

[Continued from page 25.]

THE marquis DE CLANGE, a disciple and admirer of the encyclopedists wishes to marry a young woman of fifteen years of age, of great natural talents, and who has received an excellent education, under the immediate care of an old and virtuous relation. The philosophers, however, let loose their usual invective against marriage; they will not suffer their pupil to sacrifice his liberty, the only real blessing of life. They wish him to wait till they have established a law of divorce, when marriage would be freed from all shackles of superstition. At length, however, D'ALEMBERT consents to his hymeneal union, but not without exhorting him to communicate to his new companion the knowledge and virtues of an honest man.

Accordingly M. DE CLANGE, the foe to every kind of prejudice, the friend to toleration, a partizan of the right of man, but remaining at the same time very much attached to his

titles, and the privileges of his high birth, marries the virtuous, the good, ingenious, and innocent JULIA, who had just entered on her sixteenth year. A purse of five hundred louis d'ors which she had received as a marriage present, had been reserved by her for certain acts of benevolence. She is taken to the opera, where she attracts universal attention. She dines also with the philosophers, where she hears an opinion of HELVETIUS, "that a coquette is much more useful to the state, in employing milliners, mantua makers, and artizans, than the devotee, in nursing the sick, succouring the poor, and delivering the prisoners."

CONDORCET, at the same time, informs her, "that benevolence is a real weakness, when it is not applied to some object of public utility." JULIA, therefore, like a good citizen, renounces her project of relieving prisoners, and her five hundred louis d'ors are spent in the purchase of fashionable frippery, and English articles. Her purse, however, still contains thirty louis d'ors, and a sick old man and his wife, entreat her succour. A tradesman arrives at the same time, with a lace veil; when, after deliberating, for some time, on public utility, the lace is purchased, with no other view, but to encourage the manufactures of Flanders; while the old man receives only one louis d'or, as a large present might be considered as a weakness in her character, and be in direct contradiction to genuine principles.

Her husband, acting under the influence of these same principles, is nothing more than the lover of his wife. He introduces her into those societies where she is addressed in the language of DELPHINE. She is there taught, that a violent passion is not to be conquered; that its energy is its justification; and that love, far from disordering, purifies and exalts virtue, even when it is illegitimate, and that is the source of all excellence.

Thus, the overthrow of poor JULIA's ideas appears to be the more readily accomplished, as these advocates of adul-

tery, speak of virtue occassionally, with absolute enthusiasm, and possess the reputation of better talants.

The husband soon improves upon the maxims of his friends, and gives to their shocking sophisms, all the weight of authority and reason; thus, by degrees, he forms a state of corruption, infinitely more dangerous for a woman, than that preservation of principles and sentiments which may be produced by the arts of a lover. In the latter case, she might be restored, but the corruption of a husband is without resourse.

The marquis turns into ridicule the forms of devotion to which JULIA's accustomed, and explains to her the works of VOLTAIR, and the writings of the other philosophers. He also persuades her, that her grandmother, in the early part of her life, was the favorite of the marechal DE R. JULIA, therefore, prefers BALISARIUS to TELEMACHUS, and at length becomes a deist; adopting the maxim of CONDORCET, "that morality can never be corrupted, but by a connection with religion."

We shall not follow JULIA, now become a sceptic, a deist, and a complete moralist, through all the stages of that corruption of which her husband is the author: for the successive pains and anguish which afflict this unfortunate victim of the morals in fashion, and the philosophy of the day: for the jealousies, as well as the adulterous attachment, of them both, and the disdain with which the amourous JULIA is treated, by a perfectly honest man, whose treatment occasioned a momentary return to the path of virtue, recourse must be had to the work itself.

The revolution then follows, with the part which the heroes of the novel take in its atrocities; the divorce of JULIA; her marriage with a man of the lowest extraction, who shortly abandons her to marry another woman; her connection with a wretch, named BELMONT, the natural son of her husband, who takes a very considerable part in this work,

and finishes his career by receiving the stroke of death from the hands of his accomplices, the terrorists. JULIA is at length imprisoned, and condemned to death, on the eve of the day when ROBESPIERE was dethroned. A parallel is drawn between the agitations of consience, and the calm, resigned state of a virtuous young woman, who is about to suffer with her. In this situation M. DE CLANGE finds the wretched victim of his own corruption, stretched on straw, pale, disfigured, and dying; without friends, without protectors, forgotten by the world, and beheld with contempt by those who recollected her dishonored name. The discourse which the dying JULIA addresses to the him concludes in the following manner: "if you should fortunately find, as wives for your sons, such as have been educated in the principles of religion and virtue, neglect no endeavour that may tend to fortify in them those happy sentiments. Do not forget that a young woman can only receive the outline of an education from her mother; it remains for a husband to bring it to perfection; or to render it useless; and he must be the most senseless of men, who corrupts the companion of his life, and the mother of his children."

REVIEW

OF BOOKS RE-PRINTED IN AMERICA.

As we purpose to make primary objects of our attention, not only all books of value, which are written in America, but those European works which are re-printed there, it becoms part of our duty to call the public attention to a work, which is now printing at Norfolk, in Virginia, under the inspection of an ingenious gentleman, and classical scholar, now resident in that city, and to prepare the minds of the public for its reception, by a critical account of its merits. Mr. GRAY, editor of the *Norfolk Ledger*, has issued proposals, and is taking in subscriptions for re-printing

ARISTOTLE's ETHICS AND POLITICS,

Comprising his *Practical Philosophy*, translated from the Greek, illustrated by introductions and notes; the critical history of his life, and a New Analysis of his speculative works; by JOHN GILLIES, L. L. D. and author of that celebrated work the *History of Greece*. Having read this work in the English edition, we shall be able to make a review of it precede its appearance in an American edition. In depth, in value, and in general importance, it may be considered, perhaps, the greatest of antiquity. The notes and illustrations of Doctor GILLIES, are worthy of his learning and wisdom, and the whole is altogether a work of such magnitude and excellence, and, to a free country filled with a race of politicians, of such utility, that we purpose going at some length into it; and will commence it in our next number.

JUSTIFICATION OF GENERAL MOREAU,

From a *Charge* of *Conspiracy*, exhibited against him by the *Imperial Republic* of *France*, translated from the French, by GEORGE L. GRAY. Norfolk printed.

Mr. GRAY, who contributes largely to the advancement of letters, and to the improvement of the public, in moral, critical, and political science, has given to this very interesting French publication, an elegant English dress.—The same classical, harmonious, lucid, and vigorous style which is so well known over the union, to mark that gentleman's writings of every kind, are distinguishable in this translation. The oppressed hero, who is the subject of it, the nature and magnitude of his wrongs, and the atrocious injustice of his persecutor, in themselves interesting, are rendered still more so, by the original work, which so far from losing, as is generally the case, gains by the translation. Few can have entertained a doubt of the innocence of that unhappy victim of the Corsican's jealousy, but if there are any who have, this justification must convince them of their error.

General estimate of the natural endowments and acquired talents of MASTER BETTY, *surnamed*

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

[Taken from the best and most authentic English publications.]

[Continned from page 23.]

NOR is the felicity of his judgment apparent only in rejecting deformities, it is equally successful in soliciting beauties. He exhibits, with surprising accuracy, the light and the shade of every part, and seems to know exactly what ought to be rendered prominent in the picture, and what thrown back into the ground. Under all its different influences, and in all its varieties of situation he still preserves the integrity of the character. As the story is gradually evolved, the abilities of the actor appear to unfold likewise. His powers seem to rise with the progress of the action; and the passions which bring forward the catastrophe, as they alternately sway him, are exhibited in their simple or combined operations, with the force and effect of genuine nature.

Even in the most sober parts of the character, when the poet is merely displaying his power of fancy, or his learning and philosophy, it is wonderful, with what happy emphasis he will sometimes even improve the beauties of his author. He will often deliver a passage abounding with logical subtility and acute remark, with all the discrimination of the maturest judgment, and with fewer mistakes than many actors of long experience and habitual reflection.

But correctness and consistency, though on recollection, they appear the prominent excellencies of his acting, are by no means those which in the first instance make the strongest impression. His power over the heart, is the means by which his talents are first recognized. The testimony of the feelings precedes the approbation of the judgment. He no

sooner begins to exhibit passion in any of its vigorous forms, than he is sure to catch the sympathy of the audience, and to carry it with him as he rises in emotion. In expressing the tender affections, such as love, compassion, or grief, it seems to be generally admitted, that, perhaps, with the exception of Sidons, he has no rival on the English stage. His accents and looks, and attitudes, on such occasions, are so irresistibly pathetic, that no heart can withstand their persuasion; and callous indeed must be the feeling, which they cannot reach. His beautiful features and graceful figure increase the interest, and aid the effect of his softened tone, his pleading eye, and supplicating posture. He seems to be endowed by nature with strong sensibility, and to feel himself what he so forcibly inspires.* His small size, and extreme youth, are here scarcely perceptible: Sometimes indeed, they render his tenderness more captivating and interesting. This is not the case in depicting the more fierce and dignified passions, such as anger, disdain, pride, or contempt. In these, a manly figure, a commanding voice, and a strongly marked countenance, are great auxiliaries to the skill of the performer. Yet even here it is admirable, with what address he often surmounts the disadvantages of childhood, and how completely "the beardless boy" is lost in the accomplished actor. He treads the stage with such majesty and grace, exhibits so much dignity in his looks and attitudes, and such force in his language, that the illusion, in spite of every obstacle, is absolutely perfect. With equal effect, he pourtrays the different gradations of fear, terror, and horror. His features on such occasions, assume a certain wild and savage aspect: His voice seems to become more than usually sonorous and solemn, and every part of his speech and gesture, bear the impression of the gloomy and the awful.

* Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi. HORACE.

In addition to this extensive catalogue of accomplishments, it may be added, that he is always attentive to the action, and to the scope and tendency of the scene, in which he is actually engaged. Not merely attentive, as is too often the case, to his own part of the dialogue, but intent on assimilating and connecting the whole. He is so completely master of what is technically called the business of the stage, as to astonish every one, who is aware of the difficulty of confining the attention of boys, to minute and uninteresting exactness. Such patient endurance is an indubitable proof, that he is seized with that enthusiasm for this art, which is the sure concomitant of great genius.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS.

MAHOMETAN SERMON.

" Father of all! in ev'ry age,
" In ev'ry clime adored,
" By saint, by savage, and by sage,
" Jehovah, Jove, or Lord." POPE.

GOD ALONE IS IMMORTAL! IBRAHAM and SOLIMAN have slept with their fathers; CADIJAH the first born of faith; AYESHA the beloved; OMAR the meek; OMRI the benevolent; the companions of the Apostle, and the sent of God himself, all died; but God most high, God most holy, liveth for ever. Infinities are to him as the numerals of arithmetic to the sons of ADAM: The earth shall vanish before the decrees of his eternal destiny; but HE liveth and reigneth for ever.

GOD ALONE IS OMNISCIENT! MICHAEL, whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before him: The dark night is unto HIM as the rays of the morning; for HE noticeth the creeping of the small pismire, in the dark night, upon the black stone, and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

GOD ALONE IS OMNIPRESENT! HE toucheth the immensity of space as a point: HE moveth in the depth of the ocean, and Atlas is hidden by the sole of his foot: HE breatheth fragrant odours to cheer the blessed in paradise, and enliveneth the pallid flame in the profoundest hell.

GOD ALONE IS OMNIPOTENT! HE thought, and worlds were created: HE frowneth, and they disolve into smoke: HE smileth, and the torments of the damned are suspended. The thunderings of Hermon are the whisperings of his voice; the rustling of his attire causeth lightning and earthquake; and with the shadow of his garment he blotteth out the sun.

GOD ALONE IS MERCIFUL! When HE made his immutable decrees in eternal wisdom, HE tempered the miseries of the race of ISMAEL, in the fountain of pity. When HE laid the foundations of the world, HE cast a look of benevolence into the abysses of futurity, and the adamantine pillars of justice were softened by the beamings of his eyes. HE dropped a tear upon the embryo miseries of unborn man, and that tear, falling through the immeasurable lapses of time, shall quench the glowing flames of the bottomless pit. HE sent his prophet into the world to enlighten the darkness of the tribes, and hath prepared the pavilion of the Houris, for the repose of the true believers.

GOD ALONE IS JUST! HE chains the latent cause to the distant event, and binds them both immutably fast to the fitness of things. HE decreed the unbeliever to wander amid the whirlwind of error, and suited his soul to future torment. HE promulgated the ineffable creed; and the germs of countless souls of believers, which existed in the contemplation of the Diety, expand at the sound. HIS justice refresheth the faithful, while the damned spirits confess it in despair.

GOD ALONE IS ONE! IBRAHIM the faithful knew it; MOSES declared it amidst the thundering of Sinai; JESUS pronoun-

ced it; and the messenger of God, the sword of his vengeance, filed the world with that immutable truth.

Surely there is ONE GOD IMMORTAL, OMNISCIENT, OMNIPRESENT, OMNIPOTENT, MOST MERCIFUL and JUST, and MAHOMET is his Apostle.

Lift your hands to the eternal, and pronounce the ineffable, adorable, creed: THERE IS ONE GOD, AND MAHOMET IS HIS PROPHET.

AUTHORS

Are like asparagus; there is nothing good about them but their heads.

LITERARY MEN.

Men in general, are seldom so much, and never so nobly, or innocently employed, as the man who passes his time in literary ease, and who is, by the world, called idle. Trade contracts, some think it debases the mind; its only recommendation is, that it furnishes the means of subsistence. Men are always discontented; and, one who has spent all his days in literature, may, through ignorance, wish, at a late period of his existence, that he had followed some business: But no man, who has ever seen what business is, and abandons it for literature, will, at any time of life, desire to return to it.

SENSIBILITY

In this age of refinement and egotism, is in the mouth of every one, and scarcely in the heart of any. In novels, rapid successions of events must be introduced to keep the languid mind awake. The most terrific scenes must be invented to kindle the least spark of feeling; and the epithet of *intolerable stuff*, is attached to the simple tale, that in former times, would have drawn tears of sympathy from the eyes of the unlettered reader.

SELECT SENTENCES.

No two things can be so contradictory, so much at variance, as *truth* and *falsehood*, and yet none are so mixed and united.

A fool is not always without wit, and it is when ke shews his wit, that he is most insupportable. His wit, is like a sharp edged tool put into the hands of a child: Without it, he would be harmless, with it, he may be dangerous.

The most flattering dominion is, that over other men's minds. What is the influence of a minister, compared with that of a sect?

Good sense is a feble light, which illumes a confined horizon, and is sufficient to conduct him safely, whose views do not extend beyond it.

Wit gives confidence, less than confidence gives wit.

There are happy days, but not happy lives.

A woman, among Savages, is a beast of burden; in the East, a piece of furniture; and in Europe, a *spoiled child*.

Some men are seldom out of humour, because they are seldome in humour. We read of *a wit*, who, on his servant giving him warning, asked, why he wished to leave him? The man replied, his temper was so violent! "but," said *the wit*, "my ill humour is *soon off*," "yes," replied the servant, "but it is *soon on again*."

People of merit lose nothing by being known. Day-light or dark, a diamond will sparkle.

A fair character, like a fair skin, if closely inspected, has a thousand irregularities.

The lips often deceive; the eyes never.

In company, to shew one's breeding, we must not now have either hearts or feelings. We must use the mask, keep our temper, and be as placid as mandarins on a mantle piece.

Beauty, like truth, is the most splendid when least encumbered.

..... I am only a painter, a worker in oils, but no fawner! I will not accept the invitation to dine with a lord; for I

must not be exhibited. I know my distance, and I will keep it. No footman shall sneer over my shoulder. No lady shall act civility, to keep me from sinking in her presence. No lord shall put his half dozen insipid interrogatories, to convince me he has not quite forgotten I am of the speaking species.

A good character is, like a gamester's money, very difficult to keep; and, when lost, still more difficult to regain.

This is the true delight; love, friendship, and benevolence, catching and spreading, from mind to mind, from heart to heart; modeling the young, melting the old, and harmonizing all. May the principle and the practice become universal!

Books are like women; to strike they must be well dressed. Fine feathers make fine birds: a good paper and elegant type, a handsome motto, and a catching title, have driven many a dull treatise through three editions.

While partial conceit dims the sight of our eyes,
We ne'er can aspire to the title of wise;
And spite of experience, that masterly school,
Each mortal is—sometime or other—a fool.

There's a hard rule of action, as I hear,
Term'd gallantry, which generous minds revere,
Meaning no doubt, when stript of vain parade,
That manly strength, should female weakness aid.

Friendship may be compared to charity, and letters to alms; the last signifies nothing without the first; and often the first is very strong, although it does not show itself by the other.

Gold is made to solace the wants, and not to nourish the passions, of men. In this view, it was generally brought from the mines, purified, struck and stamped. He who expends it properly, is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; he who adores it, an idolator; the truly wise man is he who despises it.

POETRY.

ON BEING LEFT ALONE AFTER DINNER.

How shall I here employ my time
Alone, without or prose or rhyme,
Or pencil to amuse me?
Nor pen, nor paper, to be found,
No friend to push the bottle round,
Or for its stay abuse me.

The servants come and find me here,
And stare upon me like the deer
On Selkirk, in Fernandez;
And quite as tame, they wipe the chairs,
And scrub; and hum their fav'rite airs,
And ask what my command is.

I wish one knew the way to change
Customs so barbarous and strange,
So savage and inhuman:
I wish the sex were kinder grown,
And when they find a man alone,
Would treat him like a woman.

Well—here's to her who far away,
Cares not that I'm grave or gray;
And then no more I'll drink:
But fold my arms, and meditate,
And clap my feet upon the grate,
And on grave matters think.

'Tis—let me see—full sixteen years
(And wond'rous short the time appears)
Since with enquiry warm,
With beauty's novel pow'r amazed,
I follow'd 'mid the croud that gaz'd,
On ———'s beauteous form.

Up ———'s fatiguing streets I ran,
(Just half pretending to be man,
And fearful to intrude)

Busied I look'd on some employ,
Or limp'd to seem some other boy,
Lest she should think me rude.

The sun was bright, and on her face,
As proud to shew the stranger grace,
Shone with its purest rays;
And through the folds that veil'd her form,
Motion display'd its happiest charm
To catch the charming gaze.

The smiling lustre of her eyes,
That triumph'd in our wild surprise,
Well I remember still:
They spoke it joy to give delight
And seem'd to say, "If I'm the sight,
Good folks pray taste your fill."

And can it be, that 'neath this roof,
Whilst I sit patiently aloof,
This 'witching form can be!
Quick let me fly—avaunt my fears,
'Tis but a door——and sixteen years,
Divide this fair and me!

Alas! that beauty shou'd grow old!
Alas! that passion shou'd be cold;
Alas! that rhymes shou'd fail:—
And oh! while thus I sadly sing,
Alas! that not a bell shou'd ring,
To close my mournful tale.

Ye youth debarr'd your fair one's eye;
Ye that for love to memory fly,
Attend this moral rhyme:
List to the pensive lay it pours,
"The devil take your doors and hours,
Your carpenters and time!"

EPIGRAM ON AN EPIGRAM.

The qualities all in a bee that we meet,
In an epigram never should fail;
The body should always be little and sweet,
And a sting should be felt in its tail.

SONNET.

TO MISS ————, ON HER BIRTH DAY.

'Tis not the beaming eye, whose pow'rful ray
Can awe or soften, quicken or controul;
'Tis not the beauties that around thee play,
Which waste the sense, and steal into the soul.
'Tis not those charms which in a court would shine,
The magic voice and the harmonious lay,
That call affection to thy natal shrine,
And bid me there the votive homage pay:
No—'tis the mental graces as they blend,
With manly sense and tenderness combin'd;
And all the endearing virtues of a friend,
Within thy warm and feeling heart enshrin'd.
No—tis not to th' angelic form I bend—
I bend me to the more angelic mind.

C

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FLUTE.

When Orpheus lost his blooming bride,
Frantic o er rocks, through woods he hied:
He struck the chord that strung his shell—
The chords his grief could scarcely tell.

And, simple reed, wouldst thou express
Passion urg'd to fierce excess;
Ere thou hadst utter'd half my pain,
Thy slender form would burst in twain!

Yet what thou canst, in pity try,
Thrill with despair, and breathe the sigh—
Despair, that rends the trembling breast;
The sigh, that wrings a heart opprest!

MATRIMONY.

"Cries Nell to Tom," midst matrimonial strife,
"Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife,"
"By all the powers," said Tom, "but that's too bad,
"You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

The BARRISTER.

AN EPIGRAM.

Homunculus. Cicero.
A little man! Reynold's Delays and Blunders.

A counsel once, of pigmy size,
To make a motion did arise;
But Kenyon's* sight his sense defeated,
And thinking still the dwarf was seated,
"'Tis common sir, with all, "said he,
"To stand, when they're addressing me."
Dumb was the counsel, and offended,
When thus a wag† his cause defended:
"Justice, my Lord, from you my friend expects,
You know, De minimis non curat lex.'

To A LADY.

WITH A FASHIONABLE CAP.

I know, Maria, you contemn
The friendly aid which art supplies,
Yet beauty binds scarce one in ten,
While taste inconstancy defies.

Let then that head so stor d within,
Without bedeck'd with fashions growth,
And sense and folly both shall join,
To praise what owns a charm for both.

MARRIAGE.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven.

There are no women, he replied;
She quick returns the jest;
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest‡

* This epigram is founded in fact. † Mr. Jekyl.
‡ Such was the smart repartee of a lady to Dean Swift.

USEFUL INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES AND PROJECTS.

MEDICINE AND CHYMISTRY.

EVERY day that passes brings with it some new accession to the evidence which has been for some time arising of the benefits of vaccination. The celebrated Doctor THORNTON of London, who is indefatigable in circulating every useful information he receives, has lately written a letter on this subject, containing a comparison of the mortality occasioned by the natural small pox, and of that produced by variolous inoculation, from which, for the benefit of the public, and our medical reader, we give the following extracts. After having given a discription of the disease, its appearances and symptoms, which still, he says, baffles the power of language to describe, and after stating, that in Great Britain alone, there perish 50,000 souls, every year, and in the habitable globe, by the best calculation, 20,000,000 of people; he proceeds to comparaison of the ravages so committed by the natural small pox, and by the variolous inoculation, used before the invention of vaccination.

Of those who took the natural small pox, it was supposed, upon the most accurate calculation, that one in every three died; while out of 494 persons, first inoculated, in England, nine died, which is not one in fifty. The advantage here appears greatly in favour of the inoculated small pox: But the question is, not how individuals benefit, but the public at large. Was the mortality of the small pox diminished by inoculation? The answer is in the negative.

The great and learned Doctor HEBERDEN, in his observations on the increase and decrease of diseases, states, that on a comparison of the destruction occasioned by the small pox, before and since inoculation, he was led, reluctantly, to the conclusion, that the proportional increase of deaths, by inoculation, was as *five* to four.

Doctor LETTSOM, being examined before a committee of the House of Commons, stated, that inoculation had greatly increased, instead of diminishing the number of deaths; and this he demonstrated from tables of the bills of morta ity.

This circumstance struck the penetrating Doctor DUNSDALE, who had been selected, by the faculty, to go to Russia, to inoculate the empress. Though every inducement led him to conceal the fact, yet actuated by patriotism, and the love of truth, he came forward to sound the alarm, and to show the world, how a seeming blessing, was an actual evil to the state. These are his words:

"Although the loss under inoculation is very considerable, *almost the whole*, who are inoculated recover, yet by spreading the disease, a greater proportion take it in the natural way: More lives are now forfeited in London, than before inoculation commenced, and the community sustains a greater loss. The disease, by inoculation, at the different Public Charities, throughout London, would spread by visitors, strangers, washerwomen, doctors and inoculators; by means of hackney coaches, in which the sick are to be sent out to take the air; or by sound persons approaching them in the streets. Persons coming from the sick to Public Charities, for medicine or advice, by intermixing in the streets, the public danger would be great and inevitable. The gossiping disposition of the poor will spread it further."

As a proof of these positions, respecting the increase in the number of deaths, in consequence of inoculation, Doctor WILLAN, in his account of the diseases of London, states, that "a child having been inoculated in a court, containing twenty houses, the consequence was, that in that court, seventeen persons took the natural small pox, although the season was kind (April) of which seventeen, no less than eight died. They in their turn became the focus of fresh infection; and thus a private good was converted into a public evil.

Here then is an immense and decided superiority of the vaccine inoculation over the former mode. The person so inoculated, though perfectly protected against the small pox for ever by it, cannot communicate it to others.

It never produces an irruptive, but only a local pustule.

Of two thousand cases of cow-pock, under Doctor WOODVILLE, he has reported, that not a single alarming symptom was excited. He also has reported, that during the last eight months, he had not met with one instance of the vaccine disease, which had not been as favorable as the mildest cases of variolous inoculation. "I have no doubt therefore, says he, that the inoculated cow pock, is as much milder than the inoculated small pox, as the latter disease is milder than the casual small pox. Nay it seems to me, from the very benign form in which the vaccine pock has of late invariably appeared, that it may be considered as a disease perfectly harmless in its effects."

CANCERS CURED.

We copy the following article from an Edinburgh publication.

"While I was at Smyrna, says the writer, there was a girl afflicted with a cancer in her lip, and the gum was affected. The European physicians consulted on the measures to be taken, and agreed that they saw no other method than excision; in a word, that it must be cut out; and the girl had already submitted herself to that decision. By an accident of that nature, which men cannot account for, an old Armenian came to them just in time to prevent the application of the knife. "Do nothing, said the Armenian, I will cure her; and when he had pledged himself strongly, the physicians consented. He procured a copper vessel, newly tinned in the inside (an essential circumstance) and having poured a certain quantity of olive oil into it, he made it boil, over a small fire, sufficient to keep it gently agitated, and so for three times in twenty-four hours. With this, the

oil resolved itself into the consistency of an ointment, with which, by constantly rubbing the part affected, he cured her in fourteen days. Nothing else was done.

The physicians supposed, that the oil received its virtue from the tin, and that it was communicated by its long boiling over the fire.

To prevent the WEAVIL in SEA BREAD.

The fatal effects of the weavil in sea bread, has long been severely felt by seamen employed on long voyages. Rewards have been humanely offered by the British legislature, for a cure or preventative, but hitherto without success. The following fact was discovered by accident, and is now offered to the public, as a hint worthy the attention of those who may be employed in supplying ships with provisions, or to captains, and the owners of vessels, and will lessen, if not wholly remove an inconvenience so injurious to navigation. A bag belonging to a powder mill, fell into a cauldron of liquid nitre; it was immediately taken out, plunged into cold water, and hung up to dry: Several days after this circumstance the bag was filled with sea biscuit, and sent on board a West Indiaman, where it was stowed away among the captain's stock. The vessel was nine months out of England, before she proceeded on her passage home, when she got becalmed, and remained so long in that situation, that her crew were forced to be put upon half allowance. More particularly so, as their bread was much destroyed by the weavils, and was hourly consuming. The captain at this time, wishing to make use of the bag above-mentioned, which had not been opened since the ship left England, ordered it to be examined; when, greatly to his surprise, the whole contents were found to be perfectly sound, without the least appearance of having been injured by any insect whatever: A circumstance solely to be attributed to the quality of the bag.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

CHAPTER III.

GILLIES' ARISTOTLE.

It has been contended by some great writers that mankind have lost more than they have gained by the universal diffusion of learning; and, that knowledge, which when confined to a chosen few, stood upon a strong foundation, and on the best principles, has, by its too general extension, been weakened and perverted; in consequence of which, morals have been relaxed, and human presumption increased. Whether this opinion be correct or not, it is not our business here to consider; but taking it for granted, that it were so, and that the diffusion of literature had done harm, it is not to be supposed, that it is because much knowledge is injurious, but because, a certain small portion of it while it inflames pride, may not be sufficient to improve, but rather has a tendency to injure the mind, by depriving it of its natural tone, perverting its natural operations, and emptying it of the stores of thought, which experience, and its own faculties may have engendered, without substituting any thing in their place of sufficient value to counterbalance the loss; in a word by pulling down the rough hewn, coarse, but strong intellectual edifice, formed by nature, and erecting up a crazy, artificial, half finished something in its place. The best remedy that can be adopted at this time, to cure the evil if it exist, is to

increase the quantity of knowledge in every mind that already possesses any; and instead of attempting (that would be hopeless) or even wishing to throw back literature and knowledge, into its former compressed state, and small circle, to add as much as possible to the means of acquiring it; so that all who aspire to it, may be capacitated to get enough. One of the causes, and a principal one, of the limitation of knowledge to so small a number of persons, in former days, was, that almost the whole of the treasures of literature were locked up in languages unknown to any, but those who were able and willing to search for them through the labyrinths of innumerable volumes, with the industry and incessant toil of many years. But since the rich stores of antiquity have been laid open, through the medium of translations, knowledge has flowed upon the world, through innumerable channels: here flowing in ample streams, here again gushing in mighty torrents, and there only trickling; affording some a mouthful, some a full draught, and to every one, at least, enough to justify him in pretending to have wet his lips.

The most valuable accession to the mass of intellectual wealth, diffused by translation, which has for a long time appeared, is the work we are now about to offer to the consideration of our readers. A work, the speculative part of which, displays the most bold and vigorous invention, and of which the practical has been the source, the very fountain head from which some of the greatest philosophers, and most eminent authors, of ancient or modern times, whether moral or political, have borrowed the whole sum of their principles, and a great part of their reasonings: a work in which, as the admirable translator truly says, the reader will see, "the genuine spirit of laws, deduced from the specific and unalterable distinctions of governments, and, with a small effort of attention, may discern, not only those discoveries in science, unjustly claimed by the vanity of modern writers, but many of those improvements in practice, erro-

neously ascribed to the fortunate events of time and chance in these latter and more enlightened days; an invaluable treatise which discloses the pure and perennial spring of all legitimate authority; for in ARISTOTLE'S "*politics*," and *his only*, government is placed on such a natural and solid foundation as leaves neither its origin incomprehensible, nor its stability precarious." A work, which when diligently read, will prove beyond all controversy, that such great names as those of MONTESQUIEU,* MACHIAVEL,† DAVID HUME, ADAM SMITH, and all the eminent modern economists,‡ could condescend to borrow from it, without having the candour or the integrity to own the debt.

The philosophical works of CICERO, are founded on those of this gigantic Grecian philosopher. "But how loose and feeble, says Dr. GILLIES, and often how erroneous is the Roman transcript, when compared with the energetic precision of the Greek original." "Yet (continues he) the works of CICERO are known universally to the whole literary world, while those of ARISTOTLE (with the exception of a few short treatises) are allowed to moulder away in the dust of our libraries." To the authority of the wise and excellent man who now brings the works of ARISTOTLE forth from the dust and obscurity of the closets of the lazy, and from the lumber of obsolete learning, may be added that of GROTIUS, who was confessedly the most profound and elegant of all modern writers upon political ethics. He, in his treatise on the laws of war and peace, says, "ARISTOTLE holds the first rank among philosophers, whether we estimate him by the perspicuity of his method, the acuteness of his distinctions, or the weight and solidity of his arguments." And LOCKE, in a letter to Mr. KING, who had asked him for a plan of

* Montesquieu from the 3d, 6th and 8th books of Aristotle's politics, though he takes for his motto "Proles sine Matre creata."

† Machiavel's prince is copied from the 7th book of the politics.

‡ All those from the 5th book of Aristotle's Ethics, and the first book of the politics.

reading on morality and politics, says, "to proceed orderly in this, the foundation should be laid in inquiring into the ground and nature of civil society, and how it is formed into different models of government, and what are the several species of it. ARISTOTLE is allowed a master in this science, and few enter into this consideration of government without reading his *Politics*." Such is the character of ARISTOTLE, as confessed by modern philosophers, and deduced from the mutilated remains of his writings.—"According to the most credible accounts (says Dr. GILLIES) he composed above four hundred different treatises, of which only forty-eight have been transmitted to the present age. But many of those last consist of several books, and the whole of his remains, together, still form a golden chain of Greek erudition, *exceeding four times the collective bulk of the Iliad* and *Odyssey*." It is enough to provoke indignation to hear of the unmerited fate of the writings of ARISTOTLE, which with all his manuscripts and library were bequeathed by him to THEOPHRASTUS; and by THEOPHRASTUS to NELEUS, whose heirs becoming subject to the king of Pergamus, a furious despotic prince, hid the books under ground, to avoid being robbed of them; and thus the most valuable writings, by far, of all antiquity, became a prey to dampness and to worms. When after some time they were taken forth, they were bought by an Athenian, of the name of APELLICONS, who being rather a lover of books than a scholar, issued a very imperfect edition of them in their mutilated state. Such works however, when once published, could not remain unnoticed or inoperative, they therefore gradually rose to celebrity, and were adopted by the schoolmen of the middle ages, who, unfortunately, mixed up with them many of their own absurdities, and perverted them to purposes never meant by ARISTOTLE. Hence a train of monstrous errors were ascribed, and the greatest injustice done to that first of philosophers. The wretched follies of the schoolmen be-

ing fastened upon him, and set down as part of this speculative philosophy, and scholastic controversy, not practical philosophy, being the fashion of the time, those barbarous absurdities, which passed for his speculations, were universally celebrated, while his practical ethics lay neglected. So that when the immortal BACON exposed the errors of the peripatetic philosophy, the name of ARISTOTLE, began to sink under the mistaken conclusion drawn from the perversion of his works by the schoolmen; and prejudice and ignorance imputed to his practical treatises, the same visionary theory that was found in the metaphysical parts of his works so mixed. Here then the works of ARISTOTLE underwent a kind of second sepulture, in which they remained, till by Dr. GILLIES, they were brought forth to the world, in a shape, which will give to them a certain immortality, and to the learned world one of the richest gifts it has ever received.

[*To be continued.*]

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

CRITIQUE

On the YOUNG ROSCIUS, *in the character of Hamlet.*

I BEGIN (says the critic) with the part of Hamlet, not because it is that in which he is generally thought to exhibit peculiar excellence, but because I consider it as the test by which his merits and defects, whatever they are, may most properly be examined. There is no character in SHAKESPEARE more elaborately written, or which displays more variously the genius of the author; and perhaps there is none which requires a greater force and versatility of talent in the actor. In the progress of the play, it developes in succession a great variety of features, all strongly interesting, and brings into action some of the most powerful propensities of

human nature, variously combined, opposed and modified. The intellectual, as well as the moral character of Hamlet, is likewise constantly fluctuating. He is in turn a logician, a critic and a philosopher. For these reasons, the part is well adapted to exemplify almost all the remarks that can be made on the minutiæ of acting; and in placing it foremost, I hope to prevent the necessity of much needless repetition, which must have been otherwise inevitable.

It is not, however, as I have observed above, the part in which our hero has made the strongest impression; yet considering the arduous nature of the task; the difficulties he has to overcome, and how much he actually achieves, it may be pronounced his greatest performance. There is no part in which he goes so much beyond the expectation of his auditor, and that he has not made so forcible an impression in this as in some other parts, is perhaps as much owing to the play as to the actor. It is not, in many respects, adapted to please the general taste. Hamlet is, indeed, abundantly verbose and philosophical; but he is not bold, resolute and intrepid, which seem to be considered by prescription as the leading qualifications in the hero of a tragedy. There is a greater profusion of speeches, and a greater paucity of incidents, than in almost any other of the plays of SHAKESPEARE.

To exhibit the character of Hamlet with full effect, requires indeed not merely a capital actor, but a consummate critic; once in an age perhaps, an actor may appear, who, by uniting in himself this rare conjunction of talents, may be considered as its adequate representative on the stage. Such a performance ought, not only, to be a correct delineation of the character, but a perpetual and luminous commentary on the text of SHAKESPEARE.

Before entering into a detailed criticism of the performance, it will be necessary to premise a few additional remarks on the nature of the character.

There is not to be found in any play, scarcely to be imagined in real existence, a character more interesting to the heart, than Hamlet. He is not so much calculated to excite envy, or to attract admiration, as to secure respect and affection. He has few of the dazzling qualities of a hero, but he has the noblest feelings of a man, and the genuine piety of a christian. His sense of honour and integrity is acute; his hatred of moral depravity is vehement. His humanity, politeness, candour and generosity, are, on most occasions, conspicuous; his good sense and accomplishments are extraordinary. Yet these qualities render his life miserable, and his death inglorious. His great misfortune is, that his virtues are all engrafted on his feelings, and do not appear to be the result of a system of fixed principles. They are therefore precarious and eventual; not calculated to stand the test of trying occasions and unforeseen exigencies. But his very failings, as they arise from this unhappy source, contribute to render him more interesting. His weaknesses, and even his crimes, do not render him unamiable, and we are more inclined to mourn the fault, than to detest the offender. He possesses a degree of sensibility uncommonly acute, and almost morbid, which being strongly excited, it rises, as is usual in such cases, into paroxysms of occasional violence, and then relapses into habitual melancholy. With these dispositions, so unfit for conflicting with difficulty and danger, he is unhappily placed in a situation, the most arduous that can be conceived. He then becomes bewildered, and acts with the natural inconstancy of a person governed by his feelings. A man so constituted, is always safe as long as his path is straight before him; but entangle him in perplexity, and he is no longer to be depended on. He loses his self-possession, and his actions cease to be under his own controul. So it is with Hamlet. Roused to purposes of revenge, by every motive of natural affection, and even by supernatural agency, he digests the most

sanguinary schemes of vengeance, but his native timidity, and his conscientious scruples restrain him. Yet soon after he entertains sentiments and commits actions, which seem to set all conscience at defiance. Sometimes he is daring, even to desperation, at others, he is cautious and hesitating beyond all bounds of prudence. He is the very soul of honour, and yet he submits to artifices which seem inconsistent with the ingeniousness and simplicity of his nature. When he perceives the difficulties of his situation are too hard for him, he entertains thoughts of self murder. All these are the natural workings of diseased sensibility, in a mind of virtuous dispositions, but weak temperament, the consequences are such as might be apprehended. Every step he takes, exposes him to hazard, without advancing his purpose, for it is suggested by the feeling and the occasion of the moment. While he is deliberating, the opportunity of acting presents itself; when his moment of decision arrives, the occasion is lost; and amidst this vibration of purpose, his own destruction is planned and effected. The man of success is he who subdues his feelings to his views, and reserves his energy for the instant when he can strike with effect. All his movements are parts of a digested plan, from which he is not to be diverted by any casual emotion of unforeseen incident. This equanimity of mind of Hamlet did not possess, and his death is therefore consonant to the natural course of events.

From these considerations, I presume, it will appear that we ought not to defer, without hesitation, to the judgement of some modern critics, who exclaim loudly against the inconsistencies in the conduct of Hamlet, and affirm that SHAKESPEARE has drawn an unnatural character. His conduct certainly differs materially from the hero of any other tragedy; and it is because a disposition, such as his, is seldom brought into arduous situations, or made to encounter such complicated difficulties. But SHAKESPEARE, with the

usual boldness of original genius, chose to deviate from the beaten track. He thought proper to differ from the usual plan of painting every hero as uniformly courageous, prudent, intrepid and constant, unappalled by danger, and undisturbed by difficulty. He chose a weak and fallible being, such as is most commonly found in human nature; desirous of doing right, but mistaking the way ;* plunged occasionally into vice, from the intemperance of his virtuous feelings, and thrown into the power of the wicked by his inordinate hatred of their crimes.

The prevailing temperament then, of Hamlet's mind, is extreme sensibility; sometimes into gusts of passion, sometimes approximating to actual insanity ;† but sinking most commonly into habitual melancholy. It is his natural temper of mind, stimulated by strong causes of grief and indignation, and exacerbated by the extreme perplexity of his situation. It is the duty of the actor to keep constantly in sight this view of the character; to make these features always predominent, and to reflect how such a disposition is likely to be influenced by the incidents and situations, which occur in the play.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that the young Roscius is admirably qualified in nature, to act such a part as this. His amiable and candid countenance; the air of sensibility and softness in his features; his plaintive and pathetic voice, are all well adapted to the task. There is also a solemnity which he is capable of assuming, extremely suited to the pensiveness of Hamlet. It is now time to examine, more minutely, his execution of the part.

In the first scene at the palace, he delivers Hamlet's sarcasm on receiving the king's salutation,

"A little more than kin, and less than kind."

with a change of the usual emphasis. He lays the accent

* Too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.

† La sensibilite excessive est bien proche a la folie.

on " more" and " less" instead of kin and kind," as is generally done. The exact meaning of the expression, is probably not understood in the present times; but I should not suppose the alteration is for the better. The reply to his mother, beginning, " seems, madam ?" was well spoken in the main, but some of the lines were recited too rapidly. The next speech "Oh that this too solid flesh would melt, &c." was also given with great force and beauty on the whole, though not without some faults. The exclamation in the fourth line, " Oh God, oh God," was in a manner by far too vlolent and impatient. The sense of the line both before and immediately after it, shew clearly, that Hamlet is expressing a strain of sorrow and lamentation, but not of fretfulness or agony. The two following lines, " How weary, stale, &c." were spoken exactly as they ought to be, in a tone of deep and solemn pathos. When he comes to the broken line, " let me not think—frailty thy name is woman;" the transition of Hamlet, when striving to divert his mind from the contemplation of his own griefs, by a general reflection, was most happily and expressively marked.

Next follows the admirable scene between Hamlet, the officers on guard, and Horatio, which is not one of the most successful part of the performance. The deep melancholy of Hamlet, apparent from the preceding soliloquy, is too visibly and too suddenly cast aside on the meeting with his friends, when he comes to the awful apostrophe, " My father—methinks I see my father!" he assumes a most striking attitude of fixed and solemn abstraction, which, however, he quits on Horatio asking, " Oh where, my lord?" and resuming his usual manner says, " In my mind's eye, Horatio," in a tone of disappointment and sadness, as though he regretted that it was only in his mind's eye. This reading is certainly not warranted by the sense of the text.—Hamlet's reverie continues till the lines where he gives the striking and summary character of his father in reply to

Horatio. "He was a man, &c." which were most expressively delivered. After the narrative of the apparition, to which he was listened with deep attention, he quits Horatio for a moment, goes to Marcellus and asks, "But where was this?" After receiving an answer, he suddenly returns to Horatio, and asks, "did *you* not speak to it?" laying the emphasis on "you," as though he meant to ask him, somewhat reproachfully, why he, in particular, did not speak to it. This is a refinement of discrimination altogether unnecessary and unauthorised. The remainder of the scene was faultless.

His scene with the Ghost is a piece of acting, sublime and pathetic, beyond all description. From the striking attitude, into which he throws himself, on discovering the Ghost, he sinks slowly into a kneeling posture, and in a voice of piety and reverence, supplicates to know his pleasure. His attitude, when following the Ghost, is highly picturesque and impressive. When they return to the front scene, he asks, "whither wilt thou lead me? &c." with almost breathless agitation; and when the Ghost says, "Mark me!" he answers, "I will," with a faint voice, and languid manner, as if quite exhausted with extreme perturbation. All this is admirably suited to the sensibility of Hamlet, and to the solemnity of the occasion.

In the subsequent dialogue with his friends, the impression of the awful scene he had just passed through, is not to be traced so distinctly in his behaviour, as it ought to be. The dialogue with Polonius, in which he begins to practice his counterfeited madness; and the following one, with Rozencrantz and Guildenstern, afford room for no particular remark: they have been thought to discover somewhat too much vivacity, but considering the appearance which Hamlet is then endeavouring to assume, I think the censure groundless. The inimitable apostrophe, "What a piece of work is man, &c?" was spoken with a dignified and rapturous enthusiasm, worthy of the composition, and it is not pos-

sible to say more. His delivery of the next soliloquy, "Why, what a rogue and peasant slave am I," is entitled to an equal encomium. The various transitions of thought, and fluctuations of passion in that wonderful passage; his contrast between the player's fictitious sorrow and his own actual insensibility; his sudden burst of execration against the king; his instant turn to the most bitter self accusation; his cautious and amiable hesitation, on recollecting that the spirit might have deceived him, and his final resolution not to act without better grounds; were all distinguished, and expressed exactly in the true spirit of the author, and with all the animation of reality.

The judicious delivery of the next soliloquy, "To be or not to be, that is the question," has often been thought to furnish a fair test of rational ability. There appears no reason for considering it in that light, except that on ordinary occasions, it is seldom spoken with propriety. It requires merely an effort of the understanding, and nothing of that power of expressing the passions and affections, which constitutes the highest and most difficult attainment of the art. The passage contains a series of profound moral reflections, conceived without much emotion, at a time when the mind was not violently agitated, though it bears the characteristic hue of Hamlet's prevailing melancholy. It demands, however, so much good sense in the orator, and such nice discrimination of meaning, that the manner in which it was spoken by the young Roscius, was really astonishing. He delivers it with such accuracy, as to satisfy the maturest judgment, and to bear the most deliberate scrutiny. Some of the lines, particularly—

> "To sleep, perchance to dream—aye, there's the rub.
> "That undiscovered country from whose bourne, &c."

he delivered with particular beauty and effect. At first he had fallen into the error of delivering this soliloquy, not

as a solitary cogitation, but as an harangue addressed to the audience. But with a deference to advice and an aptitude to profit by it, which are among his great felicities, he has, since he performed in London, adopted the correct mode of speaking soliloquy, so that he seems really alone.

His deportment in the subsequent scene with Ophelia, has been frequently censured, which is not surprising, when it is considered how often SHAKESPEARE himself, has been blamed for writing it. The censure, perhaps, is as ill-founded in this case as the other. It must be remembered, that Hamlet, perceiving himself watched, has intentionally incurred a suspicion of madness, and it is his purpose, in this interview, to establish the impression.—He certainly overdoes the matter, and practices more rudeness to Ophelia than was necessary for his design; which might as well have been accompanied with some other species of absurdity. But Hamlet, was in general, remarkable for his politeness and good-breeding; for his delicacy and tenderness. This sudden departure from his usual habits was, therefore, particularly adapted to strike attention and confirm suspicion. At all events, it was certainly played by our hero in the spirit in which it appears to have been written. There was nothing to be wished for, except, perhaps, a little more gravity of deportment, considering that the madness of Hamlet is melancholy and gloomy. His acting, at the time of performing the play before the King and Queen, admits of the same defence. When the catastrophe approaches, and the King suddenly retires, in violent trepidation, he is thought, by some, to express his exultation with too much levity, and an air too triumphant, considering the dreadful discovery he had just ascertained. Here, again, the author shares the same censure, and the same defence. It must be remembered, that the deliverance from suspense is, for the moment, a pleasing sensation; and that when we are ardently bent on any

pursuit of any purpose, we are pleased at its accomplishment, even though the object we have attained, is itself a cause of regret.* This is especially the case in the passion of revenge. Hamlet is now assured that he may pursue his schemes of vengeance with a safe conscience, and the discovery is, for the moment, a matter of high gratification.

Hamlet's celebrated advice to the player's, being a passage purely didactic, requires a mode of delivery something similar to the preceding soliloquy in the same act, and it was spoken, if possible, with improved grace and propriety.

His interesting interview with his mother in the closet, though not faultless, has many excellencies. He is in a high degree animating and affecting, but his manner is somewhat too abrupt and violent, and he again looses sight, occasionally, of the habitual solemnity of his character. His farewell exhortations to the Queen, however, have all the tenderness and weight of which the words are susceptible. The scene with Horatio, at Ophelia's grave, is entitled to the same commentation. His reflections on taking up the skull of YORICK, were as energetic and natural, as if the occasion was real.

In every part of the last scene, his acting was admirable. The amiable and conciliatory address of Hamlet to Laertes, beginning, "Give me your pardon, sir, &c." accords so well with his open countenance, and graceful action, that no representative of the character ever gave it with more just effect. His fencing scene with Laertes, I shall not attempt to describe † It is the object of undivided admiration with every audience, and is such an exhibition of grace and beauty, as can seldom be witnessed on the boards of any theatre. In the dying address to Horatio, he could not be

* See Richardson's Analasay's.

† He was taught the art of fencing by his father, who is admitted to be one of the first fencers in Europe.

exceeded, even in imagination; his pathetic request that his friends would still consent to

"Draw his breath in pain, in this harsh world,"

and his anxiety, even in the agonies of death, to leave behind him a fair reputation, were so affecting, that no spectator could behold them without the deepest sympathy.

On a general review of this performance, it must appear to a candid observer, that though it cannot be pronounced a perfect delineation of the character, it is yet a wonderful effort of dramatic ability. He exhibits, with few exceptions, every beauty which depends on natural and animated feelings; on chaste and refined taste; or prompt and accurate conceptions. The error arises mostly from the infirmities of his age. The vivacity of youth, interrupts, at intervals, his settled views of the character, and disturbs the steadiness of his assumed habits. The personification of Hamlet, is to him a perpetual restraint; a constant suppression of sensations which are ever ready to predominate. To preserve through all the diversified scenes of the part, the dignified gloom inspired by princely virtue and wounded sensibility is perhaps possible, but it requires a perfection of self command which can only be required by years of experience.

The few erroneous readings which occur in the course of his performance, are, in all probability, to be ascribed to the influence of ill example, or of improper instructions. Some of them, it is plain, can be attributed to no other source.

EXTRACTS.

THE PUNSTER.

"Parva laves capiunt animos. OVID.
"Light minds are pleased with trifles."

In spite of this phrase, which seems to be our own condemnation, as well as that of our readers, we offer them in the following pages, some puns, bon mots, trifles, &c. trust-

ing that there is sufficient authority to be found in DEMOSTHENES, PLUTARCH, CICERO, HORACE, and in many excellent authors of every age, to sanction the pleasant and harmless custom of punning .....

"Licuit semper que licebit." HORACE.
"It has been and always will be lawful."

CHAMBER PRACTICE.

A lawyer surprised in a tete-a-tete, with another man's wife, when going through the preliminary business, insisted upon it, that she was a virtuous woman in the eye of the law; "and, as for myself," added he (with a wink) "no blame can attach to me, for I am simply employed in my profession, when engaged in chamber practice."

SAD EVENT.

"What news in the great world!" asked a country parson, of a gentleman who had just left the metropolis. "An event, sir," answered he, "recently took place, which from its aspect, threatened to affect every body in a manner, that, if persisted in for any length of time, must have unavoidably produced the destruction of the whole town." Pray, sir, what do you allude to?" said the parson, with alarm: "A general fast! sir," replied the other.

SELWYNIANA.

An infinity of witty sayings, repartees, and bon mots, have been repeatedly related and published, of the late Mr. GEORGE SELWYN. The writer of the following anecdote, does not remember ever to have seen it in print; he had it from unquestionable authority.

A notorious gamester had, by an extraordinary run of good luck at a gaming house, in St. James' street, (in a party where a son of the house of RUTLAND was the principal, if not the only loser) been enabled to set up a carriage and a handsome equipage. SELWYN, who had heard of the affair,

which had very much distressed the young nobleman in money matters, met the winner very shortly after his success, and paid him, in his droll manners, some very fine compliments on the elegance of his carriage, and his taste in the choice of his liveries.

"Why, ay," returned the other, "I really think they are very well, but I am at a loss for a motto to the arms I have painted on the pannels of my coach." "I'll help you to one, if you give me leave," replied GEORGE "what think you of, MANNERS* make the man!"

GOOD AND BAD REPUTATION.

The Prince of Wales, whose accomplishments and convivial powers are scarcely to be equalled, observed once in company, that men sometimes got credit for good actions without ever having dreamed of deserving it, and e contra, were abused in the same unmerited way. He, then, very pleasantly said, "that he once got credit for being a good young man, from the following ludicrous circumstance: having occasion to go to Bagshot in the winter, he asked Lord Clermont to accompany him. His lordship provident against the cold, generally travelled in a kind of a flannel hood, to protect his ears and throat, and a white great coat: thus equipped, the prince and his companion pursued their journey, the passengers remarking "what a good young man he was, to go out thus an airing with his old aunt, the Princess AMELIA."

NEW BORN BABE.

"I can't help laughing," said a sea officer, "when I hear Mrs. ....., (who often boards me on the religious tack, but whom I as often beat off) talking of making me a new born babe. She is one, she says; and mayhaps she be: but it took a d.....d deal of grog to make her so."

* The name of the Rutland family.

POETRY.

COTTAGE HAPPINESS.

Happy the cottager, whose field,
As much you urge, a cow contains;
Her balmy stores shall plenty yield,
And profit, smiling, count her gain.

Happy, if his the haulm rich dry,
The vine which annual yields repast,
The wood pile neatly built, and high,
The orchard sheltered from the blast.

Whilst to his casement climbs the rose,
Grac'd with the jasmine's starry vest;
His roof the tufted house leek shows,
His door the martin's hallow'd nest.

In yonder shed his pig reclines,
His bees work singing 'neath that bow'r;
And his small garden's well wrought mines
Yield the rich herb, the fruit and flow'r.

Thus many a blessing home bestows,
Whilst what he wants or wishes more,
Is cheaply purchas'd there, where shows
The village shop its useful store.

Thither at stated times he hies,
And smiles o'er all his bargained ware,
To think, that in his glad surprise
A grateful family shall share.

Nor small advantage he receives
From the parochial windmill's clack;
No toll is sought, no fraud deceives,
But fair and full returns the sack.

Taught kindly now, the housewife knows
Her arts with surer skill to ply,
Her narrow'd chimney warmer glows,
Her soup is rich, her rice swells high.

LINES,

Sent to a Young Lady with a bunch of Jessamine.

THESE flowers of innocence, an emblem true,
I send dear girl, a tribute due to you,
Accept them Julia, place them near your heart,
And add to nature's beauty that of art;
'Twas your kind hand that foster'd first the vine,
Nurs'd the young plant and learnt it to entwine
Around the faithful shrub its circling arms,
These flowers to yield t'adorn thy sovereign charms.
Receive the coin which nature willing pays,
And take with her reward my humble lays;
Each born in truth to picture to your view,
That Gratitude and Love exist for you. INCOGNITA.

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store!
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust, disus'd, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly would fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou playd'st the housewife's part
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, what e'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright!
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight with seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline;
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st,
Upheld by two, yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill
With me, is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed, I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past;
Thy worn out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

WOMAN, D'R.

On the woes that women bring!
Source of sorrow, grief and pain
All our evils have their spring
In the first of female train.

Eve, by eating, led poor Adam
Out of Eden and astray;
Look for sorrow still, where madam,
Pert and proud, directs the way.

Courtship is a slavish pleasue;
Soothing a coquettish train;
Wedded—what the mighty treasure?
Doom'd to drag a golden chain.

Noisy clack, and constant brawling,
Discord and domestic strife;
Empty cup board, children bawling,
Follow woman made a wife!

Gaudy dress and haughty carriage;
Love's fond dalliance fled and gone;
These the bitter fruits of marriage!
He that's wise should live alone.

CONTRA, CR.

O the joys from women spring!
Source of bliss and purest peace!
Eden could no comfort bring
Till fair woman show'd her face.

When she came, good honest Adam
Grasp'd the gift with open arms;
He left Eden for his madam,
So our parent priz'd her charms.

Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure!
Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek!
Happy prelude to a treasure,
Kings have left their crowns to seek!

Lovely looks and constant courting,
Sweet'ning all the toils of life;
Cheerful children's harmless sporting,
Follow woman made a wife!

Modest dress and gentle carriage,
Love triumphant on his throne;
These the blissful fruits of marriage!
None but fools would live alone!

USEFUL INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, &c.

GALVANISM.

A letter from Turin, dated 25th of June, contains the following particulars :—

"THE experiments made by the galvanic committee of Turin, and by several members of the academy of sciences, have greatly contributed to the rapid progress made by this part of the physical sciences: but what ought to distinguish the success of the learned philosophers of which this committee is composed, is the advantage with which they have applied Galvanism to the animal œconomy, and the well arranged series of experiments they have made, to determin its influence on the different diseases with which man may be afflicted. Of the various trials made with great success by ROSSI, VASSALLI, EANDI, GUILIO, we shall mention that only of ROSSI with galvanic piles of a new composition.

Animated by the most ardent desire of rendering Galvanism useful to suffering humanity, ROSSI constructed disks with the cancerous tumours extirpated from a man in the hospital of St. John. He varied this apparatus by employing these new disks sometimes without moistening them, and sometimes moistening them in water, mixed with a tenth of its volume of oxygenated muriatic acid. He compared the results produced by these two different piles, with those obtained by means of the common pile, and by a fourth and fifth pile, composed one of the disks of flesh suffered to putrefy in the sun for fifteen days, and the other formed of disks of the same substance, moistened in oxygenated muriatic acid, mixed with nine parts of distilled water.—The results of these experiments, by demonstrating more and more that the galvanic fluid, drawn from the different substances which compose the pile, has the power of carrying with it, in its circulation, different matters analogous to the respective bodies through which it passes, have in-

duced Rossi, Vassalli, Eandi, and Giulio, to conclude,

Firstly: that galvanism, though arising from electricity, which, as we may say, is its basis, is not simple electricity, but electricity so modified, that its effects are in no manner similar to those of electricity properly so called.

Secondly: that the oxygenated muriatic acid combined with distilled water, in proportion always determined by the different cases in which it is employed, may be used with the greatest advantage in the cure of various maladies.

The latter discovery made by C. Rossi has been applied by him with the completest success. He has employed oxygenated muriatic acid externally in the manner above mentioned, for the cure of very extensive gangrenous ulcers. The effects of this new remedy have been exceedingly great, both in the hospital of Moncalieri, where several indivlduals, treated without success by the common means for several months, were entirely cured by this method; and in the hospital of St. John, where the effects were so speedy, that in the course of twenty four hours gangrenous ulcers of the legs were reduced to the state of simple ulcers.

ACID FUMIGATIONS FOR INFECTED CATTLE.

T. Rasori has lately communicated to M. Guyton Morveau, the result of some experiments made with fumigations to destroy contagious diseases among cattle. Six oxen, which had for several days been attacked by an epizootic fever, died, though acid fumigations were employed. A cow was confined in a cow-house, where the straw and even the body of one of them had been left, and continued there forty days, during which fumigations with oxymuriatic acid gas was regularly made. The cow remained in good health, and shewed no symptoms of disease. Sixty two oxen, all evidently diseased, and of which eight were almost dying, were shut up in two cow houses, where similar fumigations were made: fifty two of them were perfectly cured, though housed with the infected cattle.

A DEFENCE AGAINST FIRE.

Professor PALMER, of Hamburgh, has lately discovered a means by which all inflammable matters, such as wood, paper, linen, &c. can not only be secured from burning, but also be speedily extinguished when on fire. These means consist in a powder, composed of one ounce of sulphur, one ounce of red ochre, and six ounces of copperas water. To render wood incombustible, it is first daubed over with cabinet maker's glue, after which the powder is strewed over it: and this operation, when the wood becomes dry, is three or four times repeated. When the powder is to be applied to linen or paper, plain water is to be employed in the room of glue: in other respects the process is the same, with this difference alone, that the operation is only performed once or twice. When the powder is used for articles already on fire, two ounces are sufficient to extinguish a square foot of surface. Professor PALMER intends to publish a full account of his invention, and of the different methods of using it, and to shew how at the time of large conflagrations it may be employed to most advantage to save the lives of men and valuable articles.

A trial of this powder was made at Wolfenbuttel on the 11th of December, and it fully answered the expectation which had been formed of it.

A POINT FOR THE USE OF LAWYERS.

In the court of King's Bench, England, on the 27th November, 1804, lord ELLENBOROUGH, determined in the case of Wynne *v.* Raikes, in favour of the plaintiff, by which it is established as law, that the acceptance of a bill of exchange, by letter is sufficient, although the letter be addressed to the drawer, and no communication be made of such intended honouring, to the holder of the bill.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

CHAPTER IV.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ONE of the most strong, or rather incontrovertible demonstrations of the great advancement of a nation in arts, science, erudition, and general literary accomplishments, is the multiplication of periodical publications. As indications of the progress which this country is now making in taste for letters, we view, with delight and pride, every addition which time makes to the number of those very useful works. America, though she has not yet, nor for some time can have her full number, may be said to have reached, in one publication, pretty nearly to the acme of perfection, in those light periodical works, which, not only instruct while they amuse, but impart an appetite for knowledge, infuse a taste for books, and, without seeming to dictate, guide the mind to a judicious selection.

THE PORT FOLIO,

For variety of matter, for choice of subjects, and for ingenuity in handling them, whether they be severe, playful, grave or gay, may be put in competition with any work of the same description in Europe. Taste, genius, erudition, sound moral principle, wit, fancy; and that without which all those want grace, the amenity of the gentleman, without the affectation or pedantry of the book-worm, are so legibly written in the lucubrations of the editor of that work, that it

is not without some reason he has been distinguished by the title of the American ADDISON. If, as an American author, the editor of the *Monthly Register and Review*, dare aspire to any thing considerable in letters, it would be, that his works should stand on the same shelf, *etsi longo intervallo*, with those of that gentleman. Such of our readers as have not subscribed to that valuable paper, and on this suggestion may be induced to peruse it, will find that we have not led them astray, and own that they have not been disappointed.

MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY. BOSTON.

Another work, of the periodical kind, which we think highly deserving of the consideration and encouragement of men of letters, is the *Monthly Anthology*, printed at Boston, composed and compiled by a society of gentlemen, to whom, though their modesty forbid their own adopting it, we feel no hesitation in bestowing the addition of "learned." The selections in this work indicate that the pursuits of those gentlemen are directed to the higher orders of literature and critical science; the original pieces it contains, are strongly tinctured with the essential acquisitions of such pursuits, and bespeak lively genius and vigorous judgment. Most heartily do we wish it success; and we also wish that a work of equal value and utility were published, and well supported, in every capital city and considerable town in the union. We speak merely as literary critics.

NOTICE OF BOOKS PRINTING IN AMERICAN EDITIONS.

ROSCOE's HISTORY OF LEO THE TENTH.

It gives us, as it must give all lovers of literature, pleasure to hear that the admirable historian of the house of MEDICI, has enriched the cabinets of the learned, with another history of a most important and interesting æra and personage:

an æra which marks the revival of learning, and of a personage contributing to it. This pleasure is increased by a circumstance which cannot but be flattering, as well as advantageous to America. The first editions of great works in England are so inordinately expensive, that they shut out all, but persons of bloated wealth, from the perusal of them; unless through the medium of public libraries, the regulations of which, forbid that slow and studious attention as well as that frequent recurrence, so necessary to the profitable perusal of history. It is fortunate, therefore, as well as flattering to America, that that enterprizing friend of letters, Mr. BRONSON, of Philadelphia, has procured a copy of this work of high promise, so as in all likelihood to anticipate the sale of the English edition, and to issue the first volume in a very short time. As soon as we can get posession of a copy, we mean to review it for the information of our readers. Meantime we conceive that it is hazarding nothing to foretell, that a history of the life and pontificate of LEO the Xth. by WILLIAM ROSCOE, cannot be less than deserving of a place upon the best shelf of the learned.

Those who wish to have the line of history complete, in their studies, will be glad to hear that an edition of

ROLLIN's ANCIENT HISTORY

is now printing, by subscription, upon a very cheap and commodious plan, in Boston. Five volumes, out of eight, have already been issued, and are entitled to praise for their execution.

A new translation of

TASSO's JERUSALEM,

not in verse, but in that kind of prose which, more than any verse, charms in FENELON's *Telemachus*, and done by Mr. FRANCIS GREEN, is also printing, by supscription, at Boston. This work demands particular attention and patro-

nage, on two accounts: the first, that it is one of the finest epic poems that ever received birth from the mind of the most fruitful invention; the other, that the profits are to be applied towards creating a fund for establishing a charitable institution, for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and others who may have impediments in their speech.

There is, also, in the Boston press, by subscription, a work of American production, which must be, not only entertaining, but useful; and which promises, from the reputation of the author, to be well executed. It contains a brief account of eminent and worthy persons, in New-England, from the first settlement of the country, and is entitled

"THE NEW-ENGLAND BIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY."

BRITISH LITERATURE RE-PRINTING IN AMERICA.

REVIEW OF GILLIES' ARISTOTLE.

[Continued from page 77.]

It might be sufficient to say of the gentlemen who has resuscitated the Stagyrite's works, and presented them in a dress fitted to make the deep and recondite wisdom they contain, familiar to English readers, to say that he is the author of the *History of Greece*, and of the translations of LYCIAS' *Orations*, both of which stand so conspicuous in the eyes of the learned. But we must not leave him there. The magnitude and value of this, his last gift to the world of letters, raises him still superior to his former self. It places him clearly at the head of the best interpreters of Grecian literature and philosophy. It is not in expatiating upon the language of Greece, or the metrical merits of its poets, or in hunting after the varieties of the Greek dialects alone; but upon Grecian genius, upon the best prose writers, the philosophers, the historians, and the moralists of Greece, that the doctor has exercised his talents, and ex-

pended his time and labour. After having employed his very extraordinary genius, on the history of that most ingenious and able nation of antiquity, and embodied the whole essence of his knowledge, into one of the most admirable works in the English, or any other language, he has, in this translation, in the arangement he has made for it, in the introduction, the notes, the history of the Stagyrite's life, and the analysis of that great philosopher's speculative works, displayed a depth of erudition, a penetrating sagacity, and a soundness of judgment, peculiar to himself; and a mind, by native education and habit, founded in the very depths of philosophy. In the one he has given a progressive picture of the actions of that extraordinary people, and of their advances from barbarism, up to refinement and grandeur; and from that, down again through wealth and concomitant luxury, and all the stages of consequent corruption, to weakness, effeminacy and extinction. In the other, he has given us the works of that Grecian, whose philosophy gave law to the philosophers of the world. An excellent critic speaking of them, says, "it was said of POMPEY the great, that he found the Lesser Asia the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman Empire; but what is this to the achievements of ARISTOTLE? From the elevation of the Abissidæ to the revival of letters, under pope LEO the Xth, whatever there was of literature, on this side the Tigris, was governed by his laws. At Bagdat, at Cairo, at Rome, at Icolmkill his decrees were absolute; the obedience to them was both voluntarily and unlimitted; and church and state vied with each other in submissive attachment to him." Such is the value of the works themselves; and such is the translator, who says, that "his plan is to exhibit fully, yet within a narrow compass, the discoveries and attainments of a man, deemed the wisest of antiquity." That plan the doctor has most completely accomplished: and we earnestly and strenuously recommend it to all persons who are desirous to

obtain a true, radical knowledge of ethical and political science, founded on the basis of truth and nature, or to give their minds the power and method of arranging the materials of thought, and raising them from a fabric of knowledge and reason by indication. We will conclude this humble effort to awaken our readers to a sense of the value of the best and greatest of writers of ancient and modern times, with a few lines taken from doctor GILLIES' preface. "Considering it under this general aspect, my *English Aristotle* is the natural companion, and fit counterpart to my *History of Ancient Greece;* since the learning of that country properly terminates in the Stagyrite, by whom it was finally embodied into one great work; a work, rather impaired than improved by the labours of succeeding ages."

Although the essential part of the following account of a work, published in England, might take a place under the head of "*Useful Inventions*," it is put under that of literature; because it will be there most likely to arrest the attention of all readers; and particularly of those to whom it will be more especially interesting—we mean

MEDICAL GENTLEMEN.

The book itself has not yet reached us, therefore we can only speak of it through the suggestions of others. The ideas we have formed of it, are founded on such authorities as we can, without hesitation, rely upon; and we find their opinions strongly corroborated, and the work strenuously enforced and recommended, not only to perusal, but to practice, by a learned physician, who, in a letter, printed in the *Monthly Anthology* of Boston, strongly recommends it.

DOCTOR CURRIE's MEDICAL REPORTS,

On the effects of Water, cold or warm, as a remedy in Fever and Febrile Diseases

Has had such a sale, that two large editions of it have been sold, and a third, with the enlargement of an additi-

onal volume, containing the author's further experience of its efficacy, is now published, and selling with unprecedented rapidity. It appears that not only the practice of the doctor himself, but the results of the practice in different parts of the kingdom, had confirmed the efficacy of AFFUSION. "As the subject is of high importance (says the British Reviewer) from whom we take this Review, we shall not hesitate to give an extended account of the matter, which is contained in the additional volume that now lies before us."

"In order to understand the *modus operandi* of affusion, explained by doctor CURRIE, it will be necessary first to understand his theory of fever. This theory is in its principal features extremely similar to Dr. CULLEN's. The remote causes which may produce fever, are various, and many of them have probably eluded the research of medical science. Whatever the remote cause is, however, it may perhaps be considered as a poison acting directly on the *sensorium commune*, and with a malignancy proportioned to the degree of its concentration."

"Its first effect is debility, which is distinctly marked on the countenance; the necessary consequence, or, as some contend, the concomitant effect, is a spasm, or contraction of the arteries, but more especially of the extreme vessels and the capillaries of the surface. A re-action or resistance commences; the heart and lungs are roused into increased exertion by the pressure of the accumulated fluids, and repel them back on the surface and extremities, while the spasmodic or morbid structure of these extreme vessels opposes the reflux of the fluids, and thus, by maintaining the inordinate pressure on the centre, excites the heart, arteries, and lungs to still more violent exertion. In this contest the stomach is usually brought into sympathy, and nausea and vomiting are often induced."

"Dr. CURRIE remarks, that it is exceedingly difficult to

raise the heat of the body in a state of health to the highest degree of fever-heat, either by heated air, or heated water; the heat, as it is introduced into the system of a healthy person by means of the surrounding medium, being dissipated by profuse perspiration, or by some other living process, of which perspiration is a concomitant effect. "In fever this is prevented, for the peculiar debility induced by the remote cause, occasions, or is attended by a spasm or morbid stricture of the capillaries of the surface, and of the skin itself, by which the insensible perspiration is prevented from increasing in proportion to the heat, and the sensible perspiration is obstructed." Hence the difficulty of reducing the heat in fever; the reduction of which, moreover, is attended with hazard, since the patient cannot in general bear the continual exposure to external cold necessary for this purpose; for even in the hot stage, if the patient is exposed naked to a cold atmosphere, although the application is at first agreeable and advantageous, "as the heat of the surface approaches the standard of health, a sudden sense of chillness comes on, with a return of oppression on the heart and lungs, and all the symptoms of the first stage of the paroxysm. In any continued application of cold, therefore, care must be taken to keep it within the limits in which it is grateful to the sensations: here it is advantageous; but though it moderates re-action, it does not in general remove the spasm on the capillaries, or break the association or habit by which fever is prolonged. This is effected by the sudden affusion of cold water over the naked body."

Doctor CURRIE thus explains the mode of its operation: "the sudden, general, and powerful stimulus given to the system dissolves the spasm on the extreme vessels of the surface, and of the various cavities of the body: the sudden and general evaporation carries off a large portion of the morbid heat accumulated under the skin, and the healthy action of the capillaries and exhalents being restored, the

remaining superfluous heat passes off, by sensible and insensible perspiration. The stimulus of morbid heat, and of morbid stricture, being removed, the morbid association seems also to be broken by the sudden and powerful impression on the sensations. In fact, the inordinate action of the heart and arteries subsides, and the harrassed and toil-worn patient sinks into that peaceful sleep which nature has provided as the solace of our pains and sorrows, and the restorer of our strength."

"Since the publication of the former edition of doctor CURRIE's work, the practice of affusion has been extended throughout the empire; its efficacy has been established in some stages of the disease from which doctor CURRIE had originally prescribed the practise of it; and it is now used with confidence in certain species of fevers, where its remedial operation had before been insufficiently determined.

"One of the cautionary injunctions which doctor CURRIE had given for the affusion of cold water in fever, was, never to employ it in cases where the patient had a sense of chilliness upon him, even if the thermometer, applied to the trunk of the body, indicated a preternatural degree of heat. In these cases, the surface is exquisitely alive to impressions of cold, and indeed the patient exhibits an extraordinary sensibility in the senses of hearing, sight and taste. Such cases are usually attended by spasmodic affections of the voluntary muscles, restlessness, and delirium, and have uniformly terminated fatally; opium, bark, camphor, wine, æther and musk, proving wholly useless, if not injurious.

"In the eighth chapter, doctor CURRIE has given the particulars of a case of this description, in which the cold affusion did not correspond with his former experience. The patient felt the cold very acutely, but was not relieved; his pulse did not diminish in frequency; his heat (which was 107°, the bulb of the thermometer being placed under the tongue) subsided very little, and that for a few minutes only;

neither diaphoresis nor sleep followed. Reasoning upon this case, doctor CURRIE had prohibited affusions, even though the heat should indicate its use, if this sensibility of the surface to impressions of cold were present.

"A case, however, extremely resembling that mentioned by doctor CURRIE, in his eighth chapter, occurred in the year 1802, to Mr. DALRYMPLE, of Norwich. The usual remedies had been employed, and the patient grew obviously and rapidly worse. As two instances of fever had before come under Mr. DALRYMPLE's care, and terminated fatally, in which the concomitant symptoms were nearly similar to those in the present instance, he determined to try the affusion of cold water, notwithstanding the discouragement which doctor CURRIE's case, related in the eighth chapter, presented. "I considered the use of it (says Mr. DALRYMPLE) in the light of a mere experiment, rendered justifiable by the probable failure of all other remedies, and by the safety with which I knew from experience it might be made. The result was eminently successful, and Mr. DALRYMPLE sent the particulars of this case, amply and very clearly detailed, to doctor CURRIE, who has inserted it in his work, and expressed a hope that future experience may establish the safety of using the cold affusions in similar situations; and that one of the restrictions which he had been induced to lay down, may be modified or entirely removed. The establishment of Mr. DALRYMPLE's practice would make it unnecessary to attend to the sensations of the patient, and the rules for using the affusion would be rendered more simple and precise. We cannot detail this case; but as doctor CURRIE considers it as a very important one, it may be well to notice some few of its particulars. JAMES MONEY (aged sixteen) was seized on the 31st of January, 1802, with a very violent and long continued shivering-fit, which was quickly succeeded by a greatly increased state of his temperature. The ordinary symptoms and appearances of typhus followed,

except that the heat of the patient, until the 6th of February, had been uniformly moderate and natural. The tenderness of his surface, however, had become so great, that, when the hand was passed under the bed-clothes in order to ascertain the state of his pulse, he screamed dismally from a dread of the pain he expected to suffer from the touch. On the morning of the 6th, the thermometer, applied to the exilla, rose to 104° ; the patient's hearing had become so exceedingly acute, that he was incommoded by noises which were scarcely perceived by others: his sight was also greatly quickened. "He was fretful and refractory, talked sometimes calmly, at other times very wildly, was extremely restless in his bed, answered sometimes prematurely, constantly with eagerness, to such questions concerning him as were asked of the nurse."

Mr. DALRYMPLE gave him cold acidulous drinks, which he eagerly called for and largely drank; he ordered his body to be frequently sponged with a mixture of cold vinegar and water; but the patient disliked this process, and constantly opposed it; for although he was much distressed by a sense of burning heat, he was so apprehensive of the effects of a cold air upon his skin, that he was continually collecting the bed-clothes together and wrapping them close around him. "At eight o'clock of the same evening I repeated my visit to him (says Mr. DALRYMPLE) and entering his room, I found him sitting up in his bed, talking and singing loudly and deliriously; he answered rationally, however, to some questions that were put to him, complained heavily of his head, and of the action of the lighted candle upon his eyes; his pulse was 120; his heat increased to 108°; his skin felt parched and dry, and the crust on his tongue was of a dark brown hue." Under these circumstances Mr. DALRYMPLE determined to try the cold affusion, a remedy which he had been hitherto deterred from employing, from the moderate state of his patient's animal heat. A pail-full of cold water

was hastily poured over his naked body. "The shock (says Mr. DALRYMPLE) was unexpected and severe; he started from his seat as the water was falling upon him, and endeavoured to make his escape; but being restrained, he wrung his hands and wept bitterly, and earnestly intreated he might be permitted to return to his room. Wrapped in a warmed blanket, he was conveyed back to his bed. In a few minutes afterwards his pulse was examined, and found to beat 100 strokes in a minute; his heat (which an accident prevented me from accurately measuring) was most sensibly diminished; his mind became calm and clear; he expressed a feeling of regret for the trouble he occasioned to those about him; drank a glass of warm wine and water, and in about half an hour he sunk into a deep sleep, in which he continued nearly eight hours." The patient, with a few slight checks and interruptions, eventually recovered his ordinary state of health.

"This is altogether a very curious and important case; and, as doctor CURRIE observes, if, on repeated trials, the practice of Mr. DALRYMPLE is established, the rules for the use of cold affusion will be rendered more simple and precise.

"In the second volume, doctor CURRIE has related a great variety of cases in which the cold and tepid affusion have been successfully employed in the *scarlatina anginosa*;* this disease broke out at Liverpool with great virulence in the summer of 1801, and gave doctor CURRIE abundant opportunities to decide on the efficacy of affusion as a remedy. Two of his own children were seized with it, both boys, one five, and the other three years old. The heat rose in the eldest boy to 109°, in the youngest to 108°, and the pulse in each was upwards of 150! It must have been with a de-

* Doctor Currie is decidedly of opinion, that this disease, like the small-pox and measles, is not communicable a second time to the same individual.

gree of anxiety which no one but a parent can feel, that doctor CURRIE shut himself up with these objects of his affection; as soon as the sensation of heat was steady in each, the child was stripped; "in thirty-two hours, the first had the affusion fourteen times; eight times cold, twice cool, and four times tepid. Twelve affusions sufficed in the case of the youngest of which seven were cold." The fever in both was completely subdued; on the morning of the third day they were evidently safe; and on the morning of the fourth day they were both convalescent. The term tepid is here applied to water from 87° to 97° of the scale of Fahrenheit, and that of cool from 87° to 75°; and the temperature of the water used in affusion, is increased inversely as that of the heat of the body decreases."

"A considerable portion of this second volume is allotted to communications from various practitioners in different parts of the world; the West and East Indies, Egypt, and America shewing the efficacy of affusion in the raging fevers of hot countries. We may indulge some hope, perhaps, that even the plague and the yellow fever, if judiciously combated in their incipient stages, may be made to yield to this simple but all powerful remedy."

"The appendix to the second volume contains four letters from the pen of doctor CURRIE, on the sphere of febrile contagion; two on the establishment of a lunatic asylum in Liverpool, in which the good sense and humanity of the author are alike displayed; and one on the effects of nitrous acid in *lues venerea*."

After having generally recommended this work, the writer in the *Monthly Anthology*, goes on, and says,

"After the body of evidence, which has been brought forward, and particularly after this narrative, I may perhaps be excused from proposing a more general trial of the practice recommended in this volume to the candid and unprejudiced physicians of America. Proposals for improving the method

of cure of the destructive fever of that country; cannot be considered as superfluous. "Four times as many persons," says doctor RUSH, "were effected by the yellow fever of 1793, as in 1798; but the mortality of the two years was nearly equal;" a melancholy truth, which affords room for much serious reflection. Nor has the subsequent experience of the American physicians discovered a mode of treatment on which confidence rests. The great cities of America are still deserted on the appearance of the yellow fever, which every where excites alarm and dismay. That this practice, in favour of which so much evidence is here collected, will succeed in the United States, is a fair presumption, which nothing but the result of careful and continued experience should be allowed to overthrow; since the evil is one for which no other remedy has been found, and, since it is of a magnitude to obstruct the high destinies of a people, otherwise most happy and prosperous. I venture these observations with hesitation, and offer them with deference and regard. An observer, at this distance, must be particularly liable to error; and those who have performed their duty with courage and fortitude, amidst scenes of unprecedented toil and danger, and entitled to the respect, as well as the sympathy of their most fortunate cotemporaries."

"Let no one presume from what is here said, that the application of this remedy will be beneficial, or even safe in his hands, till he has read CURRIE, and learnt the principles by which the practice should be conducted."

When the importance of this subject is considered, our readers, of all classes, will readily excuse our giving this a preference to higher, though perhaps more agreeable matter.

EXTRACTS.

MILTON AND COWPER.

The noblest benefits and delights of poetry can be but rarely produced, because all the requisites for producing them so very seldom meet. A vivid mind, and happy imitative power, may enable a poet to form glowing pictures of virtue, and almost produce in himself a short-lived enthusiasm of goodness; but although even these transient and factitious movements of mind may serve to produce grand and delightful effusions of poetry; yet, when the best of these are compared with the poetic productions of a genuine lover of virtue, a discerning judgement will scarcely fail to mark the difference. A simplicity of conception and expression; a conscious, and therefore unaffected dignity; an instinctive adherence to sober reason, even amidst the highest flights; a uniform justness and consistency of thought; a glowing, yet temperate ardour of feeling; a peculiar felicity, both in the choice and combination of terms, by which, even the plainest words acquire the truest character of eloquence, and which is rarely to be found, except where a subject is not only intimately known, but cordially loved; these, I conceive, are the features peculiar to the real votary of virtue, and which must, of course, give to his strains a perfection of effect never to be attained by the poet of inferior moral endowments.

I believe it will be readily granted, that all these qualities were never more perfectly combined than in the poetry of MILTON. And I think, too, there will be little doubt, that the next to him, in every one of these instances, beyond all comparison, is COWPER. The genius of the latter did certainly emulate the songs of seraphim. But though he pursues a lower walk of poetry than his master, he appears no less the enraptured votary of pure unmixed goodness. Nay, perhaps

he may, in this one respect, possess some peculiar excellencies, which may make him seem more the bard of christianity. That divine religion infinitely exalts, but it also deeply humbles the mind it inspires. It gives majesty to the thoughts, but it impresses meekness on the manner, and diffuses tenderness through the feelings. It combines sensibility with fortitude; the lowliness of the child with the magnanimity of the hero.

The grandest features of the christian character, were never more gloriously exemplified than in that spirit which animates the whole of MILTON's poetry. His own MICHAEL does not impress us with the idea of a purer, or more awful virtue, than that which we feel in every portion of his majestic verse; and, he noless happily indicates the source from which his excellence was derived, by the bright beams which he ever and anon reflects upon us from the sacred scriptures. But the milder graces of the gospel are certainly less apparent. What we behold is so awful, that it might almost have inspired a wish, that a spirit equally pure and heavenly might be raised to illustrate, with like felicity, the more attractive and gentle influences of our divine religion.

In COWPER, above any poet that ever lived, would such a wish seem to be fulfilled. In his charming effusions, we have the same spotless purity; the same elevated devotion; the same vital exercise of every noble and exalted quality of the mind; the same devotedness to the sacred scriptures; and to the peculiar doctrines of the gospel. The difference is, that, instead of an almost repressive dignity, we have the sweetest familiarity; instead of the majestic grandeur of the old testament, we have the winning graces of the new; instead of those thunders by which angels were discomfited, we have, as it were, "the still small voice" of him who was meek and lowly of heart.

May we not, then, venture to assert, that from that spirit of devoted piety, which has rendered both these great men

liable to the charge of religious enthusiasm ; but which, in truth, raised the minds of both to a kind of happy residence,

> " In regions mild, of calm and serene air,
> Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
> Which men call earth,"

a peculiar character has been derived to the poetry of them both, which distinguishes their compositions from those of almost all the world besides. That MILTON and COWPER owed their moral eminence to their vivid sense of religion, will, I conceive, need no demonstration, except what will arise to every reader of taste and feeling, on examining their works. It will, here, I think be seen at once, that that sublimity of conception, that delicacy of virtuous feeling, that majestic independence of mind, that quick relish for all the beauties of nature, at once so pure, and so exquisite, which we find ever occurring in them both, could not have existed in the same unrivalled decree, if their devotion had been less intense, and of course their minds more dissipated among low and distracting objects.

THE LATE EMPEROR PAUL.

> " On le connut trop peu, lui ne connût personne;
> " Actif, toujours presse, bouillant, imperieux,
> " Aimable, sediusant meme sans la couronne,
> " Voulant gouverner seul, tont avoir, tout faire mieux,
> " Il fit beaucoup d'Ingrats—et mourut malheureux."

The following anecdote records the manner by which the famous German writer, KOTZEBUE, recovered his liberty, after having been sent into Siberia, by a tyrannic order of PAUL. It seems, that the only motive which prompted the monarch to that act of injustice, was, that KOTZEBUE had given him umbrage as an author. At that period of time, when the writer entered the frontiers of Russia, a set of wicked men, abusing the confidence of a monarch, whose heart was prone to gentleness and benevolence, were always talking to him of phantoms which had no existence ; and

thus, at last, introduced and established the system of terror, under which, for some months, KOTZEBUE groaned as an innocent victim. The reader will hear how singularly his deliverance was affected: KOTZEBUE himself thus relates the circumstance.

"I had written, with a kind of enthusiasm, some years ago, a little piece, entitled "*The emperor's head coachman*," to celebrate a generous action of PAUL the Ist. without dreaming it would ever have any influence on my own welfare. This piece had just been translated into the Russian language, by a young man of the name of KRASNOBOLSKI, who being desirous of dedicating it to the emperor himself, had applied to several persons of consequence, who dissuaded him from his intention; or at all events advised the omission of the name of KOTZEBUE in the title page, since that odious name was sufficient to ruin every thing. The honest youth was above having recourse to plagiary. Finding insurmountable difficulties in having his translation presented in this form to the emperor, he determined to transmit it by the post.

"The reception of this piece made a singular impression on the mind of the monarch: he perused it, and it affected and pleased him. He ordered a valuable ring to be given to the translator, and at the same time forbade the printing of the manuscript. Some hours after this, he asked for it again, re-perused it, declared that he would allow it to be printed, on condition of certain passages being omitted: and among others, which is hardly credible, the following one: "my emperor salutes me; he salutes all worthy people." In the course of the day he asked for the piece a third time, read it over, and then allowed it to be printed without any alterations at all. At the same time he declared he had done me wrong; that he owed me reparation, and that he thought it incumbent on him to make me a present equal to that con-

ferred on his father's coachman. That very moment he dispatched a courier to Siberia, with an UKASE, enjoining the governor of Tobolsk, "to set KOTZEBUE, committed to his keeping, immediately at liberty; to send him to Petersburg, and to furnish him, at the expense of the crown, with whatever was necessary or agreeable to him."

"Soon after this, my memorial arrived; the emperor, notwithstanding its length, read it twice, from beginning to end, and, being affected at its contents, he gave instant orders to the governor of Estonia to look out for some valuable estate belonging to the crown, and situated in the neighbourhood of my estate of Friedenthal. The order did as much credit to his head as to his heart. He was not satisfied with merely making me a rich present, he would also confer it in a manner likely to prove the most agreeable to me. This estate brings me four thousand roubles a year; it is a gift truly imperial. His majesty appointed me, also, manager of the company of German comedians, with a salary of twelve hundred roubles."

BULLS OR BLUNDERS, FAMILIAR TO THE ANCIENTS.

The confidence, with which an endless variety of blunders have been attributed, as positive matters of fact to the Irish, and, the almost exclusive appropriation of what are called blunders, to that people, while they divert the million, have been viewed with contempt by the wise few, who well know that such things are the growth of every soil; and by the learned, who have authority for saying, that they have been known in all ages. A Platonic philosopher, who flourished in the fifth century, has left behind him many of those uttered in his time, which are now found printed in jest books and newspapers, as spick and span-new bulls, *lately* or *a few days ago*, uttered by some Irishman. A learned gentleman of Charleston, has favored us with a translation of a few of them, which he found in the course of his read-

ing, and which we subjoin for the amusement and information of our readers.

EGYPTIAN BULLS, OF 1400 YEARS OLD.

From the Facetiæ of Hierocles.

A silly fellow, endeavouring to swim, was nearly drowned, upon which, he swore that he never would venture into the water again, till he could swim.

A foolish fellow, visiting a sick man, enquired about his health. The man could not answer him. At this, he became angry, and said: "I hope soon to be sick myself, and then I won't answer you."

A foolish fellow, wishing to teach his horse to live upon little, gave him no food at all. The horse, of course, died of hunger. I have met with a great loss, said the fool; for just as I had taught him to live without food, he died.

A foolish fellow, having a house for sale, carried a brick taken from it, as a specimen.

A foolish fellow, wishing to see how he looked when asleep, shut his eyes, and put a looking-glass to his face.

The same man, having got a cask of wine, sealed it up. His servant, however, made a hole in the bottom, and by that means, stole part of the wine. The master was astonished to find the wine diminished, while the seals remained unbroken. A friend advised him to examine the bottom of the vessel. "Why you silly fellow (answered he) the bottom part is safe; it is the upper part only, that has been stolen."

A silly fellow, seeing some sparrows on a tree, came slily and shook the tree; opening his bosom at the same time, in expectation that the birds would fall into it.

The same foolish fellow, meeting another foolish fellow, said, "I was told that you were dead." "You see (said the other) that can't be; for here I am." "Yes, yes (replied the first) but the man who told me so, is much more to be relied upon than you.

A silly fellow having been told that a crow would live two hundred years, said, he would try one, and satisfy himself whether this was true or not.

Being overtaken in a storm, and perceiving that every body on board was looking about for some means of safety, he laid hold on an anchor.

Meeting a man, whose twin-brother had lately died; "pray (said he) is it you, or your brother, that is dead?"

Upon the point of making a voyage, attended by his servants, he expressed a desire of making his will; and, perceiving his servants were apprehensive of danger, he desired them not to be uneasy, for he had left all of them their freedom.

Having occasion to cross a river, he went into the boat on horseback; observing, that he was in great haste.

Being in want of necessaries, he sold his books; about which time he writes to his father, and desires his congratulations, for that his books had already began to afford him nourishment.

His son having gone into the army, previously to a battle, promised to bring off the head of one of the enemy. "You may return (said he) without a head, provided you do but come back safe and sound."

Having received a letter from a friend, desiring him to purchase some books, and having neglected it till it was too late, he excused himself, by saying, "You wrote to me, respecting the purchase of some books, but I never received your letter."

HIEROCLES, from whose "*Facetiæ*," the above BULLS are extracted, was a philosopher of Alexandria, and lived about the year of our Lord, 485. It is singular, that Mr. and Miss EDGEWORTH (the joint authors of the *Essay on Irish Bulls*) should either not have known, or not have noticed, this strong proof, that many a blunder had been charged upon the Irish nation very unjustly.

SOCIAL EGOTISM.

When we circumscribe our estimate of all that is clever, within the limits of our own acquaintance, we are guilty of a very uncharitable censure upon the rest of the world, and of a narrowness of thinking, disgraceful to ourselves.

MIXTURE OF PLEASURE AND PAIN.

Wherefore is it, that, together with all those delightful sensations, to which the sight of a long absent friend gives birth, there is a mixture of something painful? The cause can only be resolved into that appointment, by which it has been fore-ordained, that all human delights shall be qualified and mingled with their contraries.

WIT AND VIVACITY.

No person can be perfectly agreeable without them: but that wit, which displays itself, on discovering the follies of our fellow creatures, particularly of those with whom we live in habits of intimacy, is but another name for treachery and ill nature; and vivacity, unaccompanied by tenderness and delicacy, is like the picture of a gaudy landscape, eminent only for its brilliant colouring; from which we turn away to fix our eyes on the performance of some artist, whose tints, if less vivid, are more delicate, though he has employed his skill only in pourtraying a poor woman at a cottage door, or an infant sleeping on a bank of flowers.

LADIES.

How many are there of these, who, always busy, always eager to search out the faults of their neighbours, arraign them without mercy, to their own judgment; while a truly good mind may be known by its charity and candour; it remembers, that, "to punish human errors is the province of heaven;" and that, where candour cannot excuse, humanity ought to drop a tear over human weakness.

MEDIOCRITY.

The temperate zone of moderate fortune, equally removed from high and low life, is most favorable to the permanence of friendship.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS OF A TELL-TALE.

"Plenus rimarum sum, huc et illuc perfluo."...TES.

Leaky at bottom; if those chinks you stop,
In vain.....the secret will o'er run at top.

NED TRUSTY is a tell-tale of a very singular kind. Having some sense of his duty, he hesitates a little at the breach of it. If he engages never to utter a syllable, he most punctually performs his promise; but then he has the knack of insinuating, by a nod, and asking, well timed questions, or by a seasonable leer, as much as others can convey in express terms. It is difficult, in short, to determine, whether he is more to be admired for his resolution in not mentioning, or his ingenuity in disclosing a secret. He is also excellent at a doubtful phrase, as Hamlet calls it, or ambiguous giving out; and his conversation consists chiefly of such broken inuendoes, as, "well, I know; or, I could; and if I would; or if I list to speak; or, there be, and if there might, &c." Here he generally stops, and leaves it to his hearers to draw proper inferences from these piece-meal premises. With due encouragement, however, he may be prevailed on to slip the padlock from his lips, and immediately overwhelms you with a torrent of secret history, which rushes forth with more violence for having been so long confined.

Meanwhile, though he never fails to transgress, he is rather to be pitied than condemned. To trust him with a secret is to spoil his appetite, to break his rest, and to deprive him, for a time, of every earthly enjoyment. Like a man who travels with his whole fortune in his pocket, he is terrified if you approach him, and immediately suspects that you come with a felonious intent to rob him of his charge. If he ven-

tures abroad, it is to walk in some unfrequented place, where he is least in danger of an attack. At home he shuts himself up from his family, paces to and fro in his chamber, and has no relief but from muttering over to himself what he longs to publish to the world, and would gladly submit to the office of a town crier, for the liberty of proclaiming it in the market place. At length, however, weary of his burden, and resolved to bear it no longer, he consigns it to the custody of the first friend he meets, and returns to his wife with a cheerful aspect, and wonderfully altered for the better.

CARELESS is, perhaps, equally undesigning, though not equally excuseable. Intrust him with an affair of the utmost importance, on the concealment of which, your fortune and happiness depend: he hears you with a kind of half attention, whistles a favourite air, and accompanies it with the drumming of his fingers upon the table. As soon as your narration is ended, or, perhaps, in the middle of it, he asks your opinion of his sword knot; damns his taylor for having dressed him in a snuff coloured coat instead of a pompadour, and leaves you in haste to attend an auction, where, as if he meant to dispose of the intelligence to the best bidder, he divulges it with a voice as loud as an auctioneer's, and when you tax him with having played you false, he is heartily sorry for it, but he never knew it was to be a secret.

To these, one might add the character of the open and unreserved, who think it a breach of friendship to conceal any thing from his intimates, and the impertinent, who having by dint of observation, made himself master of your secret, imagines he may lawfully publish the knowledge it cost him so much labour to obtain, and considers that privilege as the reward due to his industry. But we shall leave these and many other characters, which our reader's own experience may suggest to him, and conclude with prescribing as a short remedy for this evil, that no one may betray the counsel of his friend, let every man keep his own.

USEFUL INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, &c.

The following mode of preventing FATAL EFFECTS *from taking too much* LAUDANUM, *has been communicated to the public, by doctor* THORNTON, *of London.*

In the last letter that I had the honor of addressing to the philosophic world I mentioned, among many observations, the consideration of the balance of principles as affecting health, and even the very existence of the animal œconomy. The following cases will further tend to illustrate this opinion:

Case of Mrs. CHAPMAN....Mrs. CHAPMAN, at 65, a nurse employed in the first families, being upon a visit to the housekeeper, upon her coming to town, at the dowager lady WILLIAMS WYNNE, was ordered by me thirty drops of laudanum, and an aprient draught in the morning, to prevent the constipating effects of the laudanum. She took the same, and passed a very comfortable night. In the morning the maid servant came to give her the morning draught, but, by mistake, took up the bottle containing the laudanum, which she poured out, and the whole was drank down, amounting to near two ounces. Some little time elapsed before the mistake was discovered, and I was immediately sent for. I ordered an emetic, and lemonade to be drank plentifully, and the patient to be got up, and to be continually roused to take the acid drink. By this means there was only a sensation of great drowsiness produced by the opium, and the patient being at length allowed to sleep, this went off, and she was as well as ever in the evening.

Case of Mrs. ..... When called to this lady, I found her stupified on the bed, with an unconquerable disposition to fall asleep in whatever position placed. She was six months gone with child; and from some disagreement with her husband, who had left her, she conceived the wretched project

of ridding herself of an existence now become insupportable without that relief which religion affords, and which ever deters from suicide in the hour of affliction. As prior help had been called in, and the emetic sent had operated, I ordered, upon my arrival, vinegar mixed with water to be drank, which awakened our torpid patient; and being repeated at intervals, until the lemonade was substituted, took off the sedative power of laudanum; and in the evening our patient was free from all danger.

Observations on these cases by doctor THORNTON.

I. Laudanum and wine have been happily compared by modern physicians, as to their effects on the animal œconomy.

II. As wine, by distillation, is made into brandy, and brandy, by another process, into ether, so do we explain the concentrated powers of laudanum dependent upon a few drops.

III. As there is first ill directed action, and total loss of muscular power and sleep, the kind provision of nature to recruit the irritable principle, taken away by the disoxygenating effect of too much wine or laudanum, received into the stomach, the philosophic practice indicated, is to add as a balance to the hydrogen or oxygenous principle.

IV. That this last principle is greedily absorbed by the stomach under these conditions, appears from the acid drinks being at first brought up free from the acid taste, and removing quickly the intoxication.

V. In the case of sir GEORGE BRAITHWAITE BOUGHTON, baronet (vide my philosophers of medicine, vol. iv. p. 128) where, in addition to the lemonade, the inhalation of a superoxygenated air was employed, the cure was remarkably rapid.

VI. In the West Indies, when the negro has put out the quantity of rum, he says to his master, "massa, do you drinky for drunky, or drinky for dry;" and proportions the

quantity of lime-juice accordingly, employing no difference as to the spirits or water.

VII. The disagreeable effects of laudanum on the head, as with intoxication, the next day, is removed by the inhalation of vital air (vide my philosophy of medicine, case xxxiv. vol. i. p. 497.) This observation is worthy of regard to such as are obliged to have recourse to this remedy, as a solace during night, labouring under irremediable disease.

VIII. The sudden death, produced by drinking lemonade, when hot by dancing, shews that the oxygen is hastily absorbed; and no such effect being produced, if a little spirit be added, is a further proof how these principles (viz. hydrogen and oxygen) balance each other.

IX. The practice of taking persons out, who are swooning, or in a state of intoxication, into the open air for their recovery, depends upon the supply of oxygen to the system, then deficient.

I have been more anxious to record such cases, as the accidents by opium are much more frequent, than from any other means. In the one case above recorded, the lady went to different shops, and got a small supply from each, and then drank off the aggregate. Other poisons are not easily procured. I shall conclude in the memorable words of sir GEORGE BRAITHWAITE BOUGHTON.* "If I can be of any use in a science, which has for its object, the ease and happiness of mankind, I shall always look back with pleasure to these accidents, which have afforded me with an opportunity of this detail."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ROBERT JOHN THORNTON.

METHOD OF DESTROYING THE CHENILLES.

[From a Parisian periodical work.]

A gardener, who tried the following experiment, and has communicated it to us, assures us that it has perfectly suc-

* In a letter written to, and published by doctor Beddoes.

ceeded. He took an ell of coarse linen equal in width with the interval between his plants; he spread it over with melted tallow, on one side only, and covered it with brimstone well pulverized, which he lighted, he carried afterwards this piece of linen, covered with burning sulphur, under all his plants that were infested with caterpillars; first taking care to wet the under part of the linen to keep it from burning. As he passed the cloth under the vegetables, he saw all the CHENILLES or caterpillars fall dead and he destroyed by this means, not only those of the year; but also the eggs that would have produced swarms the year following.

Observations on the above by Mr. HERBEMONT.

Although the above method may appear very troublesome, yet I do not think it impracticable in our cotton plantations. It would be certainly less so than the killing the tobacco worms one after the other, as it is practised in Virginia; and yet it is by this means that the Virginians save their crops.

Five or six of those pieces of linen might, perhaps, be sufficient to save a whole crop of cotton with a very trifling expence. As the carrying the cloth along every row, in a cotton field, and the wetting it continually might seem to be attended with considerable difficulty, I propose a manner of performing these two operations at once, and with very little trouble. Place the linen stretched on a wooden frame over a shallow trough of the same size, and coarsely made, let the trough be filled with water, and fixed on four small wheels cut out of a common plank, and any little negro can easily draw it through the field, the motion will be sufficient to keep the linen constantly wet, so that it cannot burn, and the conveyance will be performed with a great deal of ease. If it were found necessary, a plank might be fastened a little above the burning brimstone, which would force the destructive smoke, on both sides, on the cotton plants.

POETRY.

STANZAS

TO POPE'S WEEPING WILLOW, AT TWICKENHAM.

Written in 1792.

—

Weep, verdant willow, ever weep,
And spread thy pendent branches round;
Oh may no gaudy flow'ret creep
Along the consecrated ground!
Thou art the Muses' fav'rite tree;
They lov'd the bard who planted thee.

The wintry blast assails in vain:
The forked light'ning passes by
To stretch the oak upon the plain,
Whose tow'ring branches brav'd the sky:
The Muses guard their fav'rite tree,
They lov'd the bard who planted thee.

And oft, 'tis said, at evening hour,
To Fancy's eye bright forms appear
To glide beneath the leafy bow'r,
While music steals on Fancy's ear:
The Muses haunt their fav'rite tree,
They lov'd the bard who planted thee.

But all the Muses' tender care
Cannot prolong the final date;
Rude time will strip thy branches bare,
And thou must feel the stroke of fate:
E'en thou the Muses' fav rite tree,
Must fall like him who planted thee.*

But still the Muse will hover near,
And planted there by hands unseen,
Another willow will appear,
Of pensive form, upon the green;
To grace the spot, when thou no more
Shalt over-arch the hallow'd shore.

* The event, here foretold, has since happened, and the tree is no more.

THE VILLAIN....MAN.

SPOKEN BY A MOTHER TO HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

Thy rest is mild, my darling child,
Thy visions bright, thy pillow smooth,
And sweet the smile that plays the while,
And dimples round thy coral mouth.
But not so mild, my darling child,
Will be thy rest: it never can!
If e're you prove, like me, the love,
And friendships of the villain—MAN!

Yet be thy rest, thy visions blest,
Blest though with grief, I sigh sincere;
Though oft these sighs for thee arise,
Oft mingles with thy milk a tear.
Oh! could my breast, thy bed of rest
For ever be, that I might fan,
In thine, those fires that heav'n inspires,
And shield thee from the villain—MAN!

It makes me sigh, to think, that I
Could once have slept as sound as thee,
And sadly weep, to think, that sleep
Shall never more my portion be.
To win my love thy father strove,
And veil'd with seeming truth his plan,
But, ah! betray'd a witless maid:
The villain! oh the villain—MAN!

And thus with art, child of my heart!
Will he diffuse the lying smile,
And call each prayer, the gods to hear,
And thy unpractis'd heart beguile.
Wait not to prove, child of my love!
Wait not his proffer'd vows to scan;
Be thine to fly, or you will sigh,
And curse like me, the villain—MAN!

To deserts wild, my darling child!
Be thine with innocence to fly;
And like the buds that gem the wood,
Bloom only to the vernal sky.

Soft ling'ring there, with tender care,
Thy mother's spirit oft shall fan
Those holy fires, that heav'n inspires,
And guard thee from the villain—MAN!

THE AMIABLE WIFE.

The maid I shall love, must be free from disguise,
Wear her heart on her lips, and her soul in her eyes;
A soul, by the precepts of virtue inform'd;
And a heart, by the purest benevolence warm'd.

Her converse so varied, as ever to please;
Unaffectedly cheerful, and polished with ease;
Her person attractive, her temper serene,
And her wit rather brilliant and playful, than keen.

SONG.

Behold yon gaudy painted flow'r,
  Gay, blushing to the morning rays;
It sprung and blossom'd in an hour,
  With night's chill blast its bloom decays.
Yet thoughtless maidens, as they rove,
Mistake, and call this flow'ret love.

But Love's true flow'r before it springs,
  Deep in the breast it's fibres shoots
And clasps the heart, and round it clings,
  And fastens by a thousand roots;
Then bids it strengthen'd tendrils climb,
And braves the chilling blast of time.

MOTTO ON A CLOCK.

Quæ lenta accedit, quam velox præterit hora!
Ut capias, patiens esto, sed esto vigil.

TRANSLATION.

Slow comes the hour: its passing speed how great!
Waiting to seize it.....vigilantly wait!

THE CAUSE WON.

Two neighbours furiously dispute;
A field....the subject of the suit:
Trivial the spot, yet such the rage,
With which the combatants engage,
'Twere hard to tell, who covets most
The prize...at whatsoever cost.
The pleadings swell, words still suffice,
No single word but has its price;
No term but yields some fair pretence,
For novel and increas d expence.

Defendant thus becomes a name,
Which he, that bore it may disclaim;
Since both, in one description blended,
Are plaintiffs....when the suit is ended.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou may'st injure no man, Dove-like be,
And Serpent-like, that no man injure thee.

PRUDENS SIMPLICITAS.

Ut nulli nocuisse velis, initare columbam:
Serpentem, ut possit nemo nocere tibi.

SUN-SET AND SUN-RISE.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death, with deep reflection!
And when again he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection!

DE ORTU ET OCCASU.

Sole oriente, tui reditus a morte memento!
Sis memor occasus, sole cadente, tui.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

CHAPTER V.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

It may be necessary occasionally to remind the reader that the editor of this work has pledged himself to strict candour not only in the conduct of the historical part, but in his critical reviews of publications of a political tendency; and "to observe the same impartiality, and render the same literary justice to the political writer, whether he maintain the opinions of a BURKE or a PAINE, a MONTESQUIEU or a MACHIAVEL."* In discussing the merits of such works, he has disadvantages to encounter, but he is determined to meet them. On one side suspicion will lead some to say that when he praises the writings of the partisans of their principles, he has not praised them sufficiently, or where he has found cause to dispraise, that he has censured too much; while every thing he says in favour of the opposite writers will be construed into prejudice and partiality. On the other side it is not impossible that he will be impeached by some, of trimming up his criticism to please the majority. Were he to prostrate his judgment at the feet of such considerations, and to suffer himself to be suspected and surmised into silence, this work would have very little claim to the public support. He therefore purposes to proceed forward, regard-

* See the prospectus.

less of any whispers that might warp him from his duty, and (profiting by the beautiful allegory of ULYSSES in the epic poem) to stuff his ears with wax, and tie himself to the mast, while he passes by the Pelorian island of political disquisition. With party or its sub-divisions, such a work as this cannot properly have any thing to do; and if in reviewing books of general political principle, he should do what he thinks justice to an author, he claims to be acquitted from any motive connected with party. In England, where party zeal rages scarcely so violently, even within its comparatively narrow compass, and certainly not by many degrees so extensively as in this country, the reviews present a lamentable proof of the taint which that unpropitious spirit has given to those who have obtained a kind of prescriptive right to cater for the public taste and judgment. While some of them are downright partisans; others pursue right, but seem to be occasionally diverged from the straight road by incidental obliquities resulting from zeal in defence of a particular tenet, and are suspected of partiality, because that tenet belongs to a party: while, after all, it is likely that the censure or the praise bestowed upon those same reviews, may result from minds no less, or perhaps more than them tainted with prejudice. Such is the difficulty of the critic, and so little is the hope that he has a right to entertain of escaping censure.

Aware of the caution that ought to be observed in making up his judgment on the opinion of others, however estimable they may be in the editor's mind, he purposes to abstain wholly from announcing any American publication, till he has had an opportunity of revising it himself. He apprehends that from time to time many valuable tracts are published in the Northern states, which do not reach Charleston, till they are either grown old in esteem, or have so far faded as to forbid recommendation. Since the publication of the last number, one has been sent to him from Boston; which, as he considers it to be deserving of public notice, he takes

the earliest opportunity of offering it to his readers, particularly to those in this state, many of whom residing so far from the place of its publication, may be unacquainted with its merits, or even its existence. It is entitled

DEMOCRACY UNVEILED,

Or, Tyranny Strift of its Garb of Patriotism.

By Doctor Caustic, L. L. D. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

This is a series of poems in the Hudibrastic vein, intended to expose the mischiefs arising from the abuses of democracy; for though the author gives it the title of *Democracy Unveiled*, he knows too well the great and essential mixture of democracy in the British, and the still stronger portion which pervades the federal constitution, to mean an indiscriminate attack upon that great fundamental principle, in all free governments (by which words we mean good government) to reject or censure it in all its modifications. Having suggested this, which we conceive to be a fair conclusion, the next observation that occurs to us is that the introduction of party names and party concerns forbids our entertaining it as a political production, and leaves scarcely more than the merits of the work, as a poetical composition, for us to descant upon.

In that point of view it has claims to praise, which we think political adversaries themselves, will be ready to acknowledge. No man living has been more richly entertained by the *Lousiad* of Peter Pindar than the illustrious personage who is the subject of its ridicule; and we have no doubt that there are some of those to whom our author has applied his *Caustic*, who will have not only regard enough for genius and admiration of wit, but sufficient magnanimity also to relish those his cantos. The right of the satirist is indefeasible. To be perfectly within the limits of its laws and privileges, it must be true and it must be general: satire merely personal, dwindles into lampoon; and is censurable because it is defamatory. The leading objects of doctor Caustic's

satire bring his cantos in verse, within the former; how far the introduction of personalities may have brought him within the censure of the latter, or how far they were necessary to the elucidation of his main design, we leave to the readers of them to settle in their own minds.

With the single exception of the author of M'FINGAL, no one since the days of BUTLER, has succeeded in that species of verse, since called Hudibrastic, so well as the author of these poems. His images are by no means so ludicrous, his combinations so whimsical, or so felicitously incongruous as those of his great original: but his inferiority in that respect is in some sort balanced by the vehemence of his satire, in which he seems to have called in the spirits of PERSIUS and CHURCHILL to his aid. It were to be wished that those well meaning writers who labour to decry the spirit of evil which has for some years past risen from abused democracy, would keep in sight the distinctions which exist between the doctrines and practices, classed under that general term. Confounding what is good of it, with that which is bad, by mixing them under one head, diminishes, if it does not destroy the effect, which might otherwise be produced in exposing the latter to view and to consequent detestation. Jacobinism to be sure makes democracy its ladder; but when it has mounted to its height, becomes distinct from, though still assuming to belong to it, in order to cover itself from abhorrence and execration. Every man of sense and virtue must unequivocally curse jacobinism, but no man can, at the same time admire the old British constitution, or respect the American, and be willing to crush democracy. Indeed this does not seem at all to be the design of the verses before us, which go to the abuses of democracy merely; our objection in reality, therefore, in this instance, lies not to the book, but to the name of it. We think it, in some respects, a misnomer.

This work like Hudibras, is divided into cantos, the first of which is called the *Tocsin*. In this the author unfolds his purpose pretty boldly.

"A mortal foe to fools and rogues,
Your democrats and demagogues
Who've sworn they will not leave us à brick,
Of freedom's blood cemented fabric.

"I'll search in democratic annals,
Elicit truth from dirty channels,
Describe low knaves in high condition,
Though speaking truth be deem'd sedition.

"I would not, willingly, omit
One scoundrel, high enough to hit,
But should I chance to make omission,
I'll put him in my next edition.

"But still with caution will refrain
From giving honest people pain;
And only private vice unmask,
Where public good requires the task.

"I would not wantonly annoy—
Would no man's happiness destroy;
None lives, I say, with honest pride, who
Despises slander more than I do."

After revealing the kind of persons, some of them by name, for whom he is preparing the scourge, he concludes the canto with a further explanation of his intention, in the following lines:

"But my design, and hope, and trust is,
To bring your leading knaves to justice;
Exposed on satire's gibbets high,
To frighten others of the fry.

"Thus, when our prudent farmers find
Young democrats of feather'd kind,
Crows, black-birds, and rapacious jays,
Dispos'd to plunder fields of maize.

"If haply they destroy a few
Of such a lawless, plundering crew,
They hang them in conspicuous place,
To terrify the pilfering race."

The second canto bears the title of *Illuminism*, in which he treats the proselytes of WEISHAUPT, the Deists, and Atheists, with very little ceremony, as the origin of the evils of the French revolution.

" We now the origin will trace
Of that dire pest to human race,
That freedom with which France was curst,
Till Bonaparté the bubble burst."

On this subject it was impossible for him to be two severe. The wickedness of the thing gives every man a right to inflict the lash, and Doctor CAUSTIC has used his privilege with a vengeance. He traces it from ROUSSEAU.

" 'Twas thence concluded, by Rousseau,
That *all refinement* did but go
To alter nature's simple plan,
And *scoundrelize* the creature man.

" From such rude data, theoriz'd,
That *man were best unciviliz'd;*
Like those philosophers, who prate
Of innocence in savage state.

" E'en took it in his crazy noddle
A *savage* was *perfection's* model;
And nature without cultivation,
The *ne plus ultra* of creation."

Thence he follows the evil through the sophists; thence passes to the secret illuminati; and, lastly, to the practical jacobins and their plans, embracing, with Atheism, all the ruinous insurrectionary and revolutionary doctrines of that sect.

" And now the boding storm began
To threaten *civil, social* man;
While phials of illumination
Are pour'd on each surrounding nation.

Kings, nobles, priests, *besotted elves*,
Strangely combin'd against themselves."

The stand made by Great-Britain, against the progress of those doctrines, is then adverted to, and a compliment is

paid Mr. PITT, whose services are here, as well as in many other works, greatly magnified.* After which, the poet concludes the canto, with the falling of the curtain at the end of the horrible jacobinical drama, the catastrophe of which he glances at in the following lines:

"But, well the reader knows, I fancy,
How *freedom alamode de Francois*
Was *forc'd*, to chose for her protector
The Corsic despot to perfect her.

"Surrender'd all her harlot charms
To murd'rer Bonaparté's arms;
And now, is doubtless, safe enough in
The clutches of that raggamuffin."

The third canto, is headed with *Mobocracy*, and is so replete with that kind of humour, which belongs to Hudibrastic writing, that we apprehend it will produce merriment, even among those who are most adverse to the opinions it contains; and most abhorrent of personalities. Many of that sort of whimsical forced rhymes, which produce such laughable effects in BUTLER'S renowned work are found in this canto, and produce pleasant sensations.

"When democrats from public papers,
Learn'd how the French were cutting capers,
They lost the little wits they had,
And were, poor things, completely mad.
"No dancing bear, whipp'd round a *stake*, *or*
Wild, whirligiging, shaking, Quaker,
E'er equall'd mad gesticulation
Of democratic gratulation.

"But time would fail to set out *now how*
Full many a democratic *pow wow*," &c.

* The general determination to consider Mr. Pitt, as the efficient conservator of Europe upon this occasion is scarcely less fanatical than the obstinacy of some religious sectaries in their tenets. Burke's assertions and predictions of regicide peace (his testamentary work) are now matter of history. And that series will shew, that if Mr. Pitt, or rather the queen's cabinet (of which he was the mouth piece) did some good, they also did much evil....had they acted as they ought to have done, Europe would have been at safe peace eight years ago.

In this canto, the poet states the progress of French jacobin principles in America, with the circumstances which rendered the public feelings prompt for the reception of such delusive schemes, as the revolutionists of France held out, and after glancing at a leading character, as one who greatly contributed to the circulation and encouragement of those principles, and at the means employed for that purpose ; he concludes the third canto, with a promise, which he performs in the fourth, and in which the reader will find a genuine specimen of the Hudibrastic.

> " But as I had, from natal hour,
> Respect for great men, *while in power*,
> I mean right merrily to chant o-
> Ver his praise, in my next canto."

The doctor commences his fourth canto, which he entitles *the Jeffersoniad*, with the following ludicrous lines, in which the genius of BUTLER, as indeed throughout the greater part of the volume, is very conspicuous.

> " With awe scarce short of adoration,
> Before the glory of our nation,
> With scrape submissive, cap in hand,
> I, doctor CAUSTIC, trembling stand.
>
> And offer with that veneration,
> Due to his highness' high station,
> My services to daub and gloss over,
> A philanthropical philosopher."

The incidents which furnish the doctor with the materials for his satire on this canto, are not at all new. They have repeatedly been the subjects of the public prints opposed to the present administration ; whatever their merit, or demerit of them may be therefore, the doctor has nothing to do with them as originals ; but he is entitled to consideration of a much superior kind, that of presenting them in a pleasing form ; that of making agreeable things in themselves painful, and of converting objects, which in other forms were hurtful to feeling, and disgusting to refined taste,

into palatable, intellectual food. Whatever he touches, receives such a tincture of the humourous, from the whimsical attitude in which he places it, that it is impossible to resist the impression it makes upon the fancy of those even who dislike the subject. Instead of a dull repetition of the attacks upon the high personage alluded to, he ironically defends him upon them, or rather varnishes them over.

"Touch'd by my pencil, every fault
Shall fade away like mount of salt,
Which late, 'tis said, in weather rainy,
Was melted in Louisiana.

"Posterity shall puff the statesman,
Who I will prove is our *first rate's man*,
Nor Gaffer Time shall dare to tarnish
The character I mean to varnish."

Of the subject matter of this canto, there are some parts which nothing but the unparalled licentiousness to which the practice of political scurrility, beginning we know not where, has long habituated the public journals, on both sides and in that way, rendered familiar to the public ear, could have made, in their original form, even tolerable; but, considering that they have already been bandied about, and, that allusion to them now is not creating new calumny, we apprehend that there are but few persons who may not draw amusement from them, as they are presented by doctor CAUSTIC. Even of those, who most reprobated the matter in the naked state, in which it originally stood in the columns of political controversy, there are few who will not say of this canto, what doctor JOHNSON, in his preface to SHAKESPEARE, says of the character of Falstaff....." *His licentiousness is not so offensive but it may be borne for his mirth.*"

In the fifth canto, entitled, *the Gibbet of Satire*, doctor CAUSTIC descends to the inferior agents of the party which he lashes. It is, in our opinion, much less pleasing than those preceeding. In the notes to this canto, is included an excellent song, called, *Fanaticism*, which deserves, not only

notice for its ingenuity, but praise for its being a satire upon that pernicious class of impostors, FIELD PREACHERS.

In the sixth, and last canto, styled, *Monition*, the doctor gives, to the people, some advice, in which he displays much good sense, in doggrel rhymes. Upon the whole, this is a work, which, though in some points exceptionable, must be considered as making a very conspicuous link in the chain of progressive American literature, and as standing high in that class, which it is hoped, will hereafter confer upon this part of the world, a just title to rank with the nations of the old world, in works of wit and humour. We cannot dismiss the subject without subjoining a few verses of advice, which are well worthy the consideration of the people, and which, if duly followed, would greatly profit the community.

" Sirs, my (opinion to be blunt in)
The first step must be, " scoundrel hunting!"
The minions of a wicked faction,
Hiss! hoot quite off the stage of action!

Next, every man throughout the nation,
Must be contented in his station,
Nor think to cut a figure greater,
Than was design'd for him by nature.

No tinker bold with *brazen* pate,
Should set himself to *patch* the state,
No cobbler leave, at faction's call,
His *last*, and thereby lose his *all*.

No brawny blacksmith, brave and stout,
Our constitution *hammer* out,
For if he's wise, he'll not desire
Too many *irons* in the fire;—
And though a master of his trade,
With politics on *anvil* laid,
He may take many a *heat*, and yet he
Can't *weld* a bye-law or a treaty.

No tailor, than his *goose* more silly,
Should cut the state a garment, till he

Is sure he has the *measure* right,
Lest it *fit* awkward, *loose*, or *tight*.

No farmer had he Ceres' skill,
The commonwealth should think to *till*,
For many *soils* in human nature,
Would mock his art as *cultivator*."

EXTRACTS.

HIGH PRE-EMINENCE OF GREAT POETS.

"Primum me illorum dederim quibus esse poetas.
Excerpam numero." HORACE.

"The nobility of the SPENCERS," says the great historian GIBBON, "has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of MALBOROUGH, but I exhort them to consider the fairy queen as the most precious jewel of their coronet." If this lively metaphor is just in every point of view; if poetical excellence reflects a pre-eminent lustre on a coronet, it is also true to say, that it is not in the power of any title to reflect an additional lustre on the memory of a departed poet. So high is poetical distinction, when obtained by genius, piety and benovolence, that all common honours appear to be eclipsed by a splendor more forcible and extensive.

Great poets have generally united in their destiny, those extremes of good and evil, which HOMER, their immortal president, assigns to the bard he describes, and which he exemplified in his own person. Their lives have been frequently chequered by the darkest shades of calamity; but their personal infelicities are nobly compensated by the prevalence and extent of their renown. To set this in the most striking point of view, let us compare poetical celebrity, with the fame acquired by the exertion in different mental powers in the highest department of civil life. The lord chancellors of England may be justly regarded among the personages of the modern world, peculiarly exalted by intellec-

tual endowments: with two of these illustrious persons the late justly celebrated poet, COWPER, was in some measure connected; being related to one, and being intimate, in early life, with a chancellor of the present reign, whose elevation to that dignity he has recorded in rhyme. Much respect is due to the legal names of COWPER and THURLOW: knowledge, eloquence, and political importance, conspired to aggrandize the men, who added those names to the list of English nobility: yet, after the lapse of a few centuries, they will shine only like very distant constellations, merely visible in the vast expanse of history! But, at that time, the poet, relation and friend of the above mentioned lord chancellors, will continue to sparkle in the eyes of all men, like the radiant star of the evening, perpetually hailed by the voice of gratitude, affection and delight. There is a principle of unperishable vitality (if the expression may be used) in the composition of COWPER, which must ensure to them, in future ages, what we have seen them so happily acquire and maintain in the present...universal admiration and love! His poetry is, to the heart and the fancy, what the moral essays of BACON, are to the understanding, a never cloying feast!

> "As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on."

Like them, it comes "home to the business and bosom of every man;" by possessing the rare and double talent to familiarise and endear the most awful subjects, and to dignify the most familiar. His works must interest every nation under heaven, where his sentiments are understood, and where the feelings of humanity prevail.

PARRALEL BETWEEN THE LANGUAGE OF MEN AND BEASTS.

It is imagined, by some philosophers, that birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) understand one another, by the sounds they utter; and, that dogs and cats

have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus, it may be supposed, that the nightengale of Italy, have as fine an air for their native wood-notes, as any Signor, or Signora, for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia, gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants of high Germany; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland, croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their low Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chaterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once. Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs; snarlers are curs; and the spitfire, passionate, are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking; but will pur when they are pleased. Complainers are screech owls; and story tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses....Critics, in general, are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

The priests, in India, are very great jugglers, and possess the art of imposing wonderfully on the people. In the neighbourhood of Pondicherry, the following instance occurred:

A woman, with an infant at her breast, passed barefoot, over a red hot bar, of the length of twenty feet, without the smallest indication of pain. She walked slowly, and what invincibly proves the juggling of the priests is, her feet, which I had the curiosity to examine, bore not the slightest mark of injury. I could obtain no proof that the woman participated in the craft of the priest; but it is possible that

taking advantage of her confidence and credulity, he might have applied some greasy substance to her feet, the virtue of which, prevented the action of the fire. Among the multitude, however, there was not an individual that was not persuaded, that the power of the divinity alone, had prevented her from the effects of the fire.

The priests, however, are not the only jugglers, nor are they the most expert; but their tricks being perfected by time, and aided by superstition, have a great advantage over those of others, and are most likely to succeed. Nothing nowever, can surpass the dexterity of their rivals, from whom our most famous conjurers might receive instruction.

In deceptive tricks, as vomiting fire, flaming hemp, a quantity of thorns, or appearing to draw from their mouths, the whole of their intestines, and swallow them again; they succeed by main force, and carry the art to astonishing perfection. In these feats there is certainly no delusion; and what occurs, is precisely what we conceive to take place. One of these performances is so singular, as to contradict all the laws of anatomy, and which no person, acquainted with the nature of the human frame, would believe, unless he were to witness the fact.

An Indian, with no muslin round him, nor any clothing whatever, to facilitate deception, takes a sword, the edge and point of which, are rounded and blunted, and putting it to his mouth, buries it completely to the hilt, in his throat and intestines.

I have observed some of these men, who have been forced to shed tears from the momentary irritation, caussd by inserting so foreign a body, while others, being seized with symptoms of coughing, were obliged to withdraw the blade to prevent suffocation. In short, when the sword has entered to the depth of more than two feet, they fix a small petard to the hilt, set fire to it, bear the explosion, and then withdraw the weapon, which is covered with the humidity of the intestines.

TURKS.

The disciples of MAHOMET, the Turks, are such babies in modern tactics, and so enervated by the use of their favourite drug, so fatally secure in their pedestenarian dream, and so prone to a spirit of meeting against their leaders, that nothing less can be expected, but the ruin of their empire. In the mean time, if I wish them to be conquered, it is only because I think it will be a blessing to them, to be governed by any other hand than their own. For, under heaven, has there never been a throne so execrably tyrannical as theirs, the heads of the innocent, that have been cut off to gratify the humour or caprice of their tyrants, could they be all collected and discharged against the walls of their city, would not leave one stone on another.

THE WORLD.

The course of a rapid river, is the justest of all emblems, to express the variableness of all our senses below. SHAKSPEARE says, none ever bathed himself twice in the same stream; and it is equally true, that the world, upon which we close our eyes at night, is never the same with that on which we open them in the morning.

FEMALE PIETY.

Piety communicates a divine lustre to the female mind: wit and beauty, like the flowers of the field, may flourish and charm for the season; but let it be remembered, that, like the flowers of the field, those gifts are frail and fading; age will nip the bloom of beauty; sickness and misfortune will stop the current of wit and humour; in those gloomy seasons, piety will support the drooping soul, like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

A VILLAIN.

How much pains, anxiety, and soul harrowing fears does he not experience! When conscious rectitude no longer in-

habits the bosom, when innocence is fled, and guilt darts its fangs into the soul; wretched beyond description is that miserable being, who, to screen himself from detection and shame, travels on from one thorny path to another, without resolution to turn back, to repent, to confess, and to amend; but, shrinking from the shame of deserved reproach, through a false pride, pursues its briery course, till, falling into a vortex of vice, it sinks, to rise no more!

MEN

Are too much like restive horses, proud of their power and strength, they resist opposition and coercive treatment; but a little gentle stroking, a few coaxing manœuvres, rarely fail of producing the desired effect, both on man and beasts.

A PROTESTANT RELIGIOUS CEREMONY,
ZURICH IN SWITZERLAND.

The spectacle at which I was present yesterday, made such an impression on me, that I cannot think of it without emotion; how impressive are the religious ceremonies of the protestants! They employ no other means to move our feelings, but the religion of the heart; they render it sacred in our eyes by exerting the imposing recollection of a venerable antiquity; they speak to the imagination, without which our thoughts could never be elevated, without which our sentiments would never extend beyond ourselves. But the imagination which they endeavour to captivate, far from weakening the power of reason, arms it with additional force, absurd terrors, whimsical opinions; in a word, whatever cramps the understending, can never develope any other moral faculty: errors of every description curtail the empire of the imagination, instead of aggrandizing it. Truth alone has no bounds. It is unnecessary to call in the aid of superstition in order to impress the human mind with deep sentiments of religion. Heaven and virtue, love and death, hap-

piness and misery, are sufficient monitore to man; and no one will ever exhaust all the sentiments, which those boundless subjects are capable of inspiring.

When I entered the church, I heard the singing of the children, who were celebrating the first act of fraternity, the first promise of virtue, which other children, like themselves, were going to make on their entrance into the world. Their voices, so clear, filled my soul with the sweetest emotions. What a happy period of life is that which precedes all remorse! Our years are marked with vices; if our souls remained innocent, time would pass over us without weighing us down. The daughter of madam de C.... was just going to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, for the first time; twenty young girls were admitted, at the same time, with her, to the august ceremony; they were all covered with white veils; their innocent faces were not seen; but it was easy to discover that they shed tears; they were quitting childhood for youth; they were about to become responsible for themselves, whereas their parents, hitherto could pardon offence, and absolve every transaction; they lifted their veils when they approached the holy table. Madam de C..... then shewed me her daughter; her eyes were rivitted upon her, and reflected, if I may use the expression, the beauty of her child; and the expression of her maternal looks indicated, to strangers, the graces and the charms which she was delighted with beholding.

Her son, five years old, was seated at her feet; he looked at his mother and his sister, and seemed astonished at their concern, not being able to discover the cause of it; but striving to give to his little countenance, an expression of seriousness, since all his friends were weeping around him.

I was already much interested, when Madam De C.....'s father made his appearance. He came to seat himself beside her; every body rose to let him pass. When I saw him, I was struck with the expression of his countenance. He is

the first man of such an advanced age, who ever appeared to me to preserve in his looks, all the vivacity, and all the delicacy of the most tender feelings. I could have wished this man to speak to me; I would have believed he was sent from heaven; and I would have chosen him to be my guide. I was not able, all the time the ceremony lasted, to remove my eyes from him: all the various shades of his affection were painted on his countenance like rays of light.

The father of the first, as well as the second generation, which surrounded him, he was protector of both, and sentiments, different in their nature, but arising from the same source, diffused love and confidence equally over the hearts of the children, and of their mother.

At last, when he presented the child of his own daughter to his God, I observed the mother withdraw herself, by an instinctive movement, that she might suffer the blessing of her father to fall more directly upon her child. One, would have said, that being less confident of her own virtues, and trusting more to the efficacy of paternal prayers, she retired with timidity, that her father might plead alone with the Supreme Being, for the happiness of her daughter. Oh! how soft, and how alluring are the ties of nature! how wonderful is that bond of affection, which, from age to age, unites families together!

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE CREATOR.

God is himself the beauty and the benefit of all his works; as they cannot exist but in him, and by him, so his impression is upon them, and his impregnation is through them. Though the elements and all that we know of nature and creature, have a mixture of natural and physical evil; God is, however, throughout an internal, though often hidden principle of good; and never wholly departs from his right of dominion and operation in his creatures; but is, and is alone the beauty and beneficence, the whole glory and graciousness that can possibly be in them.

God is the secret and central light that kindles up the sun, and lives, enlightens, and comforts, in the diffusion of his beams. This spirit inspires and actuates the air, and is, in it, a breath of life to all his creatures. He blows in the blossom, and unfolds in the rose. He is fragrance in flowers and flavour in fruits. He holds infinitude in the hollow of his hand, and opens his world of wonders in the minims of nature. He is the virtue of every heart that is softened by a sense of pity, or a touch of benevolence. He cooes in the turtle, and bleats in the lamb; and through the paps of the stern bear, and implacable tygress, he yields forth the milk of loving kindness to their little ones; even when we hear the delicious enchantments of music, it is but an external sketch, a distant and faint echo, of those sentimental and rapturous tunings that rise up through the immensity of our God, from eternity to eternity.

The following admirable JEUX DE MOT, *is from the pen of doctor* FRANKLIN...*In the year* 1775, *an English nobleman, in a letter to him, complained of the extravagant pretensions of the Americans, and asked* what could reconcile them? *To which he gave this witty answer.*

Re-
- call your forces.
- store Castle William.
- pair the damage done to Boston.
- peal your unconstitutional acts.
- nounce your pretensions to tax us.
- fund the duties you have extorted, after this
- quire, and
- ceive payment for the destroyed tea, with the voluntary grants of the colonies; and then
- joice in a happy
- conciliation.

USEFUL INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, &c.

ACCOUNT OF A SHOWER OF STONES,

In a letter from the prefect of the department Vanclure, to the French minister of the interior, dated November 10, 1803.

"On the 8th of September, between ten and eleven in the morning, being at Bastidone, a village situated between Perthius and Mirabeau, I heard a very extraordinary noise, which appeared to proceed from the mountains of Luberon. My mind being pre-occupied, and following, at no great distance, the drums of the national guard of the commune, which I was going to visit, I paid very little attention to the foregoing circumstance, and, therefore, I can say nothing of the effect of this noise from my own particular observation; but I have since found that it was heard at the same moment by the inhabitants of the several communes, which I have since visited, as far as Gordes. The municipal officers, and various other persons with whom I have conversed in these communes, agree in declaring, that the noise appeared to them, severally, to be at the distance of a quarter of a league from the place in which they then were; all adding, that after a sound, that appeared to be thunder, which might last about five or six minutes, they distinctly heard a whistling in the air, which some compared to a swarm of flies passing near them, and others to the whistling of bullets.

"In the commune of Gordes, some persons imagined they perceived a trembling of the earth between six and seven in the evening of the same day.

"I requested the municipal officers, who mentioned this phænomenon to me, to endeavour to discover the cause, and to send me whatever information they could procure; but have hitherto received only the single *process verbal*, a copy of which I send you. It was accompanied with a stone, which I cannot yet transmit to you, because the owner is un-

willing to give it up. I shall write to him, and I do not doubt that his answer will authorise me to send it.* This stone, which nearly resembles those used in paving, is about a foot in circumference. It is heavier than flint; is covered with a black crust; its interior colour being light gray, mingled with iron colour, it appears to contain particles of iron, and some brilliant grains like silver.

"The *process verbal* ascribes the noise, heard in the morning of Saturday the 8th of September, to a volcanic explosion; and this was the first idea which I entertained of the matter. But this idea was not confirmed by the existence of any crater; beside, is it to be presumed that the noise of an explosion could be heard at different places, within twelve leagues distance from the spot, at the same moment, and attended with the same circumstances? Is it to be supposed, that an explosion could cast a shower of stones over twelve leagues of circumference? Now, the stone which fell near Apt explains the whistling that followed the first noise, which, it is very certain, could be only the effect of the fall of like stones, which, by the rapid motion, produced by their weight, were invisible to the eye. I leave it to the learned to explain this phenomenon; and, in the mean time, I shall write to all the communes in the neighbourhood of Luberon, requesting that more particular researches into this matter may be made.

"Letters from Aix state, that the noise of the 8th of September was heard at that place, where it was supposed that the powder magazine of Avignon was blown up.

(Signed) M. A. Bourdon."

* This stone has been since transmitted to the Minister of the Interior, and was presented to the National Institute, on the 28th of Brumaire, and is now deposited in the Museum of Natural History. It is exactly of the same kind as those which have been gathered after similar phænomena.

POETRY.

THE FOLLOWING LINES

Are said to be from the muse of SHAKESPEARE. *There is in them much of the tenderness and simplicity which distinguish his ballads.*

Would you be taught, ye feather'd throng,
In loves sweet notes to grace your song;
To charm the heart in thrilling lay,
Listen to Ann Hathaway.

She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wond'ring stoop and hear,
To melt the sad, make blith the gay,
And nature charm Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way,
Ann Hath a way.

When envy's tongue, and rancor's tooth,
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth;
And merit to distress betray,
To sooth the soul Ann hath a way.

She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day,
Thou knowest fond heart, Ann hath a way.
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

Talk not of gems the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay,
Talk of my gem Ann Hathaway.

She hath a way with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defy,
The jewel she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

But to my fancy were it given,
To rate her charms i'd call them heaven;
For tho' a mortal made of clay,
Angels might love Ann Hathaway.

She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And love and truth so to display,
That to be heaven, Ann hath a way.
She hath a way,
Ann hath a way.

THE SILENT TEAR.

By Doctor DALCHO.

Sung by Mrs. PLACIDE, *at Vauxhall Garden, for the benefit of the Orphan-House.*

THE tear which silent falls,
When mis'ry tells its woes;
Adds beauty to the eye,
Like dew upon the rose.

The sigh which swells the breast,
And rends the heart with pain,
Is dear to virtue's cause,
Humanity's best claim.

The feeling manly heart,
Ne'er hears them plead in vain;
Alive to all their grief,
It feels for all their pain.

Unseen by human kind,
It seeks for mis'ry's haunt,
And offers to the poor,
The little they may want.

Oh, did you know the bliss
Soft pity e'er imparts,
Or feel the pure delight,
It kindles in the hearts.

How oft would you relieve,
The beggar at your door,
Protect misfortune's child,
Befriend the orphan poor.

THE FOLLOWING SONG,

Written for the occasion, by T. G. FESSENDEN, *esquire, was sung in New-York, on July the 4th. The reader will perceive it is a professed parody on the beautiful Sailor's Song of "Lash'd to the Helm."*

WHEN cannons roar, when bullets fly,
And shouts and groans affright the sky,
Amid the battle's dire alarms,
I'll think, my Mary, on thy charms,
The crimson field,
Fresh proof shall yield
Of thy fond soldier's love;
And thy dear form,
In battle's storm,
His guardian angel prove.

Should dangers thicken all around,
And dying warriors strew the ground.
In varied shapes should death appear,
Thy fancied form my soul shall cheer.
The crimson field,
Fresh proof shall yield
Of thy fond soldier's love;
And thy dear form,
In battle's storm,
His guardian angel prove.

And when loud cannon's cease to roar,
And when the din of battle's o'er,
When safe return'd from war's alarms,
O then I'll feast on Mary's charms.
In extacy
I'll fly to thee,
My ardent passion prove,
Left glory's field,
My life I'll yield,
To all the joys of love.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

CHAPTER VI.

GILLESPIE's POEMS REVIEWED.

THERE has lately fallen into our hands a small volume of Poems, published in Edinburgh, in the course of the present year, which appears, to us, to possess such intrinsic excellence, that we feel it a duty we owe to our readers, and to the cause of literature, to appropriate a part of the '*Register*' to a review of its merits. The author has given this interesting work to the world under the title of

THE PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT,

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM, WITH OTHER POEMS,

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

The poem, on which the author seems to have bestowed the greatest attention, and which occupies more than one half of the volume, is '*The Progress of Refinement.*' It is divided into four cantos....The stanza is a little, and, we think happily, varied from that employed by SPENCER in his '*Fairy Queen,*' and by THOMPSON in '*The Castle of Indolence*'....The splendid reputation acquired by those two great masters of allegory, induced succeeding writers to pursue a path so productive of laurels; and which seems, more than any other, to invite the excursions of fancy; and

the bad success, which almost invariably attended their efforts, affords a strong proof of the difficulty, inseparable from subjects of this nature. When, therefore, a writer boldly enters on a field where so many have been foiled, and succeeds in adorning a branch of poetry, which has hitherto been so barren, with a wreath of the choicest fragrance, he is, in our opinion, fairly entitled to the smiles of criticism, and may safely calculate on his labours receiving the applause of the public.

In the choice of his subject, Mr. GILLESPIE is not less happy, than in the elegance of its execution. No employment can be more interesting, to a philosophical mind, than that of tracing the progress of society, from the first dawning of savage life, through the meridian of refinement, to that state, in which its blesings are counterbalanced by the introduction of luxury, and its concomitant evils. Our author, with great propriety, draws his materials from his native country....His description of the first Britons opens the poem with peculiar animation:

"In 'elder times' our rugged fathers dwelt,
Deep in their woods, unblest by infant Art,
Ere the soft passions yet had taught the heart
To throb with love, or with compassion melt.—
Far lurk'd the savage in his sylvan cell,
Or trod, with sullen pride, his niggard soil,
Fierce as the storms, that on his mountains fell,
Rude as the rocks that fring'd his native isle.
Or when the orient vermeil streak'd the morn,
By want impell'd, he snatch'd his wooden spear,
Arous'd his grey dogs, with his bugle horn,
And chac'd o'er pathless heights the bounding deer;
Or when the hostile yell was heard afar,
Down from his dark hills rush'd, and swell'd the din of war."

"As when the lion, on Numidia's shore,
Swift from his den, with gnawing hunger flies,
Death in his heart, and fury in his eyes,
While trembling forests echo to his roar.

Such was the Briton, e'en than beasts more fell,
The slave of appetite's ungovern'd rage,
Nor left the dark recesses of his cell,
Save passion's furious impulse to assuage.
No chord of sympathy his soul confess'd,
That to the touch of Nature trembl'd true;
Nor Reason's sterner influence repress'd
The angry storms that round his bosom flew;
Nor yet had music charm'd his melting soul,
Nor beauty o'er his heart with soft enchantment stole."

Having furnished an interesting picture of his rough ancestors, he introduces *Britannia*, who sends the infants, *Science* and *Art*, to the British woods. Their first influence on the rude inhabitants, is happily pourtrayed: but the following development of the softer passions, and, in particular, '*The Address to Beauty*,' are elegant and poetical, in the highest degree.

"Thus pity smil'd, and smil'd her sister Love.
Unmov'd no more the British damsel stood,
While man the brother shed the brother's blood.
Warm in her heart now softer passions move.
Those lips that once the bloody war-hymn sung,
To sweet compassion give their accents bland;
Oft round the rugged warrior's neck she clung,
Rebuk'd his ire, and staid his murderous hand.
None but the brave exalted love inspires;
And he whose coward soul to blood is prone,
Ne'er deeds achiev'd that generous Virtue fires,
Nor in another's bliss, e'er felt his own.
Thus Beauty charm'd, when now perceiv'd her charms,
And folds the brave alone within her snowy arms."

"Beauty! thou tamer of the savage breast,
Nurse of soft joy, and sweet domestic ease,
That first inspir'd'st the generous wish to please;
For he who bliss imparts, himself is blest.—
On Morven's snow-clad wilds, on Thule's isles,
On climes where surly Winter ceaseless frowns,
The hardy native gladdens in thy smiles,
Sinks on thy breast, and all thy raptures owns.

Blest in thy charms, beside the faggot's blaze,
His long-liv'd nights in social pleasures move;
Soft on his pipe, thy charms resistless plays,
And drowns each thought of war in sweeter love.
Music and Poesy, inspired by thee—
Unlock the mazy springs of melting sympathy."

The happy innocence and simplicity of the pastoral age are next described. *Art* becomes enamoured of *Science*, and *Commerce* is thus given to the world; who commences her voyage, and explores the most distant regions. The amusements of the infant, *Commerce*, are so happily described, and in such musical numbers, that we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing the following stanza.

"So Commerce sprung, nymph of advent'rous soul,
Nor like her mother lov'd the rural plain;
Her charm'd the plantive cadence of the main,
That oft in balmy sleep her senses stole.
And oft the slimy beach she wander'd o'er,
And mimic boats of shelly valves design'd;
Or cull'd the sea-weeds tangling on the shore,
Which round her yellow hair she graceful twin'd;
Or sat and listen'd to the s'eepless wave,
Breathing hoarse music as it rose and fell;
Or view'd the squalling gull her white wings lave,
Or proudly ride upon the heaving swell;
Or while soft Eve the floods with roses dy'd,
View'd the Sun's flaming orb plunge in the roaring tide."

In this state of things, the first canto is concluded, by an animated address of *Britannia*, on the advantage of commerce, and on the increasing prosperity of her favorite isle.

In the opening of the second canto, the poet introduces a beautiful episode on the discovery of America. *Commerce* becomes enamoured of *Wealth*, whom she meets on the coast of Peru....he is induced, by her entreaties, to return with her to Britain; when *Wealth* becomes the object of universal admiration. The increase of great cities....the depopulation of the country...and the birth of *Luxury* and

Luxury, are next painted in strong and glowing colours.... the invocation to *Fancy* is highly interesting....but the description of the *Palace of Luxury*, with her attendants, *Ruin* and a train of *Diseases*, which closes the second canto, is conveyed in language so poetical, and possesses so much excellence, and that so truly original, that we are convinced, in witholding it from our readers, we should deprive them of a pleasure of the liveliest and purest nature.

" In melting strains, thus lux'ry oft address'd
The thick'ning crowds she to her palace drew,
Herself in winning attitudes she threw,
And every strain with suited action grac'd.
And round her throne, in gaudy pomp, await,
Intemp'rance, with her eyes confus'd and dim,
And Vanity, that flaunts in empty state,
By Fashion led, by Phantasy, and Whim,
And pamper'd Sloth, and impotent Desire,
And Indolence, nurs'd on the lap of Ease,
And Lust, with giddy pace, and loose attire,
Vers'd in each art that Vice has taught to please:
Hypocrisy, in smooth politeness skill'd,
And Scandal, an old hag, with secret rancour fill'd."

" And thro' these halls a masy entrance wound,
To an arch'd-gate whose valves were open flung,
Dread o'er a steep, where mournful shadows hung,
Where lo! a huge, unshapely monster frown'd,
Nam'd Ruin,—and of yore conceiv'd by Sin,
When mad Ambition first had people'd Hell,
Now shew'd his double teeth, with hideous grin,
Now shook the echoing halls with frantic yell;
And still on mischief would he love to pore,
While with red ire his starting eye-balls flash'd,
And the sad tribes that sought his mournful door,
Forth o'er the yawning precipice he dash'd.
False shame returning penitents with-held,
Whom Ruin down the gulf with fiercer wrath impell'd."

" But in that gulf, by the stern monster driv'n,
Thy sons, O Luxury! what ills await,
Where haggard Misery reigns in awful state,
O'er lands ne'er lighten'd by a beam from Heav'n.

There Poverty still mourn'd with dismal cry,
There Madness gnaw'd her flesh with anguish wild;
There mute Despair dark roll'd his bursting eye,
And call'd on Suicide, his darling child.
And there, half-seen amid the twilight shade,
Sat fell Remorse, his crimes still brooding o'er,
Fierce on his liver still a viper prey'd,
While burst his bloody sweat from every pore.
And Grief, in Mem'ry's glass, still lov'd to view
Her former happy state,—then sobb'd and wept anew."

" But who the dire diseases can relate,
That languish'd in this vale of cheerless gloom,
There blue-ey'd Phthisis blush'd with hectic bloom,
Blest in her happy ignorance of Fate.
There brawny Gout lay fetter'd on the ground,
Convuls'd with torture, and his eye-brow knit;
There Hydropsy, with belly large and round,
There Legarthy entranc'd in drowsy fit.
There maniac Fever, as a furnace glow'd,
While, like a casement shakeing in the wind,
Her shatt'ring teeth her chill sensations shew'd,
While horrid vissions fright her wand'ring mind,
And Proteus-like a thousand shapes she chose;
And Apoplexy there lay sunk in deep repose."

" And there a nymph, with ever-changing mood,
Or scream'd with laughter, or with sorrow cried,
Hysteria nam'd,—while musing at her side,
With vacant gaze, wan Melancholy stood.
There too were seen the victims of Disease,
Which but the magic touch of kings can heal;
And, like the aspin shaking in the breeze,
There Palsy shook thro' all her members pale.
Ye dismal realms! where Ruin smiles at Woe,
No more the Muse your mazes will explore,
Where Lux'ry s hapless race is doom'd to know
The dire effects of her bewitching lore—
Yet still she reign'd triumphant in our isle,
And all her pleasures charm'd, all gladden'd in her smile."

Throughout the third canto, the reverend author, strikes a solemn chord, and in a high strain of poetry and eloquence, illustrates the pernicious effects of luxury, in

enervating both the body and mind, and destroying a taste for the pleasures of rural nature....the folly, and ingratitude of man, are then contrasted with the goodness and wisdom of *Providence*...*Avarice* and *Care* are described. A gloomy, but just picture, of the horrors and influence of *Superstition*, next employs the pencil of our author; and, after an *Address to the art of Printing*, in which its various benefits are enumerated, he concludes the third canto, with a subject worthy of a divine; a forcible illustration of the *baneful effects of Luxury*, in loosening the restraints of *Reason* and *Christianity*.

The fourth, and last canto, presents a more pleasing prospect. *Britannia* sends her nymphs to arouse her sons from their lethargy....at the touch of *Virtue* the *Palace of Luxury* vanishes into air.

> "Yes! struck by Virtue all dissolv'd away,
> Like ice-pil'd mountains floating from the Pole
> Which, soon as touch'd by equatorial day,
> Melt in the roaring tides that round them roll,
> Or as the bow'rs which Fancy's fingers twine,
> Fade with the blissful reign of airy dreams,
> Or as the Fays that gay in moonlight shine,
> Quick fleet away before the morning beams;
> So of the fairy halls to Lux'ry rear'd,
> Was left no trace behind—all, all had disappear'd."

The poet then concludes, with the following prayer for the prosperity of his native country, which, for its poetical beauty, as well as for the political wisdom it conveys, ought to be engraven on the heart of every Briton.

> "Isle of Britannia! while thou spurn'st the wave,
> Spurn Lux'ry from thy rude romantic coast;
> Safe from each proud invader's haughty boast,
> Still be thy walls THE BOSOMS OF THE BRAVE.
> And blest, O loveliest island of the main!
> Beneath thy guardian goddess' fost'ring care,
> In thee may Love and Freedom ever reign,
> Thy sons still loyal, as thy daughters fair!

And may thy blessings reach Ierne's shore,
Where weeps Humanity at Dicord's shrine,
May Faction frame his hellish pike no more,
Nor more her badges green, Rebellion twine.
In peace secure, long may thy sister isle,
Grow with thy growing strength, and gladden in thy smile!"

We have been thus particular in following the steps of the ingenious author, through this elegant poem, because the great merit of a continued allegory, consists in a just preservation of the imagery throughout; and, in subjects of this nature, we conceive it to be impossible, to form, even a tolerable accurate opinion of the author's merit, without carefully examining the whole: we confess, for our part, we have been amply repaid for this minute scrutiny, by the pleasure we have experienced in the perusal: and we have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion, that, for delicacy of sentiment, propriety of imagery, and exquisite harmony of numbers, '*The Progress of Refinement*' is, at least, equal to any allegorical poem which has appeared in the English language, since '*The Castle of Indolence*,' that unrivalled monument of the fancy and genius of our author's immortal countryman.

The remainder of this little volume is occupied by about a dozen of smaller poems, on various subjects; of which we propose to take a particular review in our next number.

REVIEW OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

DELPHINE... A NOVEL.

A novel entitled, '*Delphine*,' has been given to the French people, by Madame De Staël, the daughter of Madame Neckar; we wish its influence may be confined to France. The principles it contains are so vicious, so subversive of chastity in the minds of female readers, and of religion and moral sentiment, in both sexes; and the

plausibility of its plan, and the passionate elegance of the language, are so treacherous and seductive, that we resolved to warn our readers, and arm them against its pernicious effects. In an admirable British publication, we have found a letter, which displays the mischievous tendency of this novel, in so much more potent and elegant terms than we could otherwise hope to do it, that we thought it would be a wrong to our readers, if we neglected to make use of it in this work. No fastidious conceit of our humble talents, shall ever prevent us from adopting any thing of other writers, which, we think can, more than our own, contribute to the amusement or information of our readers.

In this novel the author proposes to herself somewhat more of a plan than is usual in these compositions, and adheres to it somewhat less than is usual, at least, with those who propose one. She designs the story to be an illustration of this maxim; (which her mother, Madame NECKAR, had the honor of inventing) that "*men ought to set public opinion at defiance, but women ought to conform to it.*"

Since, in this country, we acknowledge public opinion to be the security and bulwark of our laws, morals, and religion; and, in proportion, as public opinion favours virtue or vice, in any society, that society is either virtuous or vicious; every one is morally bound to esteem and enforce virtue and decorum; and it becomes the duty of all, but chiefly of those who write for the public, to discountenance those, who, by one sweeping dispensation, would absolve all human kind, of the masculine gender, from conforming to public opinion, while they enjoin to that other moiety, who have the misfortune to be of the feminine gender, the cruel penance, as it is according to the confesson of their own "*rescripta et extravagantiæ*," of submitting their necks to that galling yoke. Perhaps we do not understand the meaning of her who wrote it; perhaps she had not a disinct idea of her own meaning; or perhaps '*i' opinion*

publique' may mean something in French, different from '*the public opinion*' in English. It is, however, certain, that this is the maxim, which Madame De Stael undertakes to illustrate; and on which, by an exhibition of crosses, vexations, and disappointments, all arising from the character of the hero and heroine being inverted with regard to the above maxim: that is, from the former being punctiliously mindful, and the latter systematically regardless of the world's opinion, she has planned, and built her novel of '*Delphine.*'

Madame De Stael says, that "in the literature of the ancients, we find none of those compositions called novels." True! and she might have added, that the peculiar manner of thinking, which distinguished the ancients from certain moderns, disqualified them from having any notion of those superfine compositions of the present day, called sentimental novels. The end of tragic writing, as taught by these critics, and exemplified in their poets, was to demonstrate, through the medium of the imagination, the fatal effects arising from the uncontrouled influence of the passions. Surely, we ought all to know, that we must be happy or miserable, in proportion, as our passions are subject to, or predominont over, our reason. But this new tragedy of sentiment is fond of teaching, that our happiness or misery depends upon the particular disposition, or character, we bring into the world with us; or perhaps, upon a particular opinion we happen to entertain. Now, if a man happens to entertain an opinion (for instance) that he may kill any one who offends him, and acts upon that opinion, he cannot fail of being a very unhappy man. But he is either a mad man, in which case his example can have no influence on others, or he is a very vicious man: and although some may ascribe his unhappiness to his particular opinion (as Madame De Stael calls it) reasonable and moral men will attribute it to his viciousness. But it

may be said: may not a person, without any remarkable vice, either in himself or in any other towards him, render himself unhappy? To this we answer, he very possibly may; but it is very contrary to reason and Christianity that he should; and although, if one were disposed to establish this opinion, he would be in the right to get rid of the religion, yet reason will be a stumbling block in his way. But it may be further asked, is it not possible, that with all the exercise of his reason, and the aid of Christianity too, a person may not be able to surmount certain sensations and impressions which canker the happiness of life? For charity's sake, this naked possibility shall be admitted, and then we affirm that it is barely possible, but no more, that a man, eminently vicious, may enjoy some kind of happiness. This subject, however, would have been thought, by the ancients, directly contrary to the end of tragedy; and for the same reason, the case supposed is so too. For the moral effect of tragedy being to strengthen the reason, and regulate the passions, it may be asked whether, of the two, the unhappy man, in spite of reason and virtue, or the happy man, in spite of reason and vice, either is, according to the standard so often admired, and never yet rejected, a legitimate subject for tragic composition? Madame De Stael, however, has given the public her own authority, that the misfortunes of her hero, and heroine, are owing to their character being in opposition to Madame Neckar's golden rule.

If the design for Mad. De Stael's heroine had been faithfully executed, she would have been a most disgusting person indeed, as every woman must be, who sets at defiance the opinion of the rest of the world. This might have involved her in disaster enough, it is true; but no sympathy would have been excited. Madame De Stael, therefore, was under this dilemma: either her plan must be violated, or her heroine must weep unlamented. Whatever she adds of interest to the latter, is so much taken away from the consist-

ency of the former. Hence arise all the contradictions in the character of Delphine. Hence she is in the correspondence perpetually told of; and admitting her contempt for public opinion, while her actions are almost, always, in conformity to public opinion, rightly understood. Yet the neglect of opinion, which she professes, is of a whimsical kind; for it seems not to extend quite so far as to a disregard of the compliments which the men pay her upon her brilliant talents for conversation. She says, that till her acquaintance with Leonce, that is, in her 22d year, "Je n'vois consideré la conversation que comme une manière de montrer ce que je pouvois avoir d'etendue ou de finesse dans les idees." And Leonce himself, says of her, "Elle ne vit que depuis un an et n'a point appris de se d'efier des jugemens des hommes." we will say no more of this fine theory of the character of a woman, who does not care for what the world thinks of her actions; but we will ask our male readers, whether they would choose such a one for a wife. But, if the heroine, in practice is much better than in theory, the hero is something worse. In this country, we have, I thank God, so strong a sense of the obligation to a belief in religion, that we think no man can commit a greater outrage on public opinion, than by professing infidelity. But what are the sentiments of this recreant knight, who has done homage to opinion, on the head of religion? J'ai peu de disposition," he says, "a aucun genre de croyance religieuse, et moins encore a la patience et la resignation que la foi dit on, doit nous inspirer." Nor is this a solitary instance. He is, throughout, to the credit of the author's consistency, though at the expence perhaps of virtue, a most perfect atheist: and yet he is represented as passionately attached to the old notions of chivalry. Surely 'tis the chivalry of modern France, and not of old Spain. Attached to a system, the animating and essential principle of which was a lively faith in Christ;

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whose religion the true knight, as he was bound, by the oath of arms, so he aspired to no higher honor than the being thought worthy, to assert also, at the hazard of his life! Where was this modern knight's devotion to opinion, when he deserted his wife, and attempted to seduce Delphine? We know not what words the vocabulary of sentiments may have to express these things; but all readers in America will agree, that the new married man, who is in the daily habit of leaving his wife at seven o'clock in the evening, to spend the next five hours in conversation with another woman, in the solitude of that retirement to which he has persuaded her, in order the more uninterruptedly to importune her with his passion, is, in his heart, at least, an adulterer and a seducer. Even those who are above prejudices of this kind, as they term them, must admit, if there is any delicacy in their sentiments, that the conduct of the hero was in this instance a little indelicate. His wife, it seems, was satisfied if he returned to her by twelve o'clock at night. She said, I suppose, in the words of the epigram:

> "I take his body, you his mind;
> Which has the better bargain?"

After all, the whole of the second part, which is taken up by this platonic intercourse, is but an imitation of ROSSEAU's '*Heloise;*' but which, like the counterfeits of wine, supplies, by the addition of ardent spirits, what it wants of genuine flavour. Leonce indeed, the more completely to "cancel all ties but those which love has made," is a married man, which St. Preux is not. They both reason in much the same manner concerning their passion and its object. As it is curious to observe how these doctors in sentiment, when they condescend to reason, can chop logic, we cannot forbear giving a syllogism in our hero's style, which, as there are various sorts of syllogisms already made by the logician, we shall beg leave to call the sentimental syllogism:

HYPOTHEOSIS.

A. married to B. is violently in love with C. the wife of D.

MAJOR PROPOSITION.

It cannot be the will of God, who wills the happiness of his creatures, that, a man should be unhappy.

MINOR PROPOSITION.

A. is created with such passions, with a soul so constituted, that having once known C. the wife of D. he must be unhappy for the rest of his life, unless he possesses her.

CONCLUSION.

Ergo, it is the will of God, that A. married to B. should possess C. the wife of D.?

The next instance we shall note of the hero's inconsistency is, when, upon the death of his wife, he immediately sets off to marry Delphine: a conduct certainly not pardonable in the devoted slave of opinion. He finds her, but she has taken the monastic vow. She offers, however, to escape with him, and live comfortably, as man and wife. Here again comes in the opinion of the world, to dash the cup of happiness from his lip; and yet, 'tis pity that the same love, which, as he once confesses, had almost persuaded him of the immortality of the soul, should not now be able, altogether, to persuade him of the invalidity of a vow taken by his mistress, under compulsion; and from which she was released by the laws of her country. But they had sinned too deeply against the laws of Madame NECKAR, to be easily forgiven: they must be made an example of, and as sentiment administers justice without mercy, the hero is *fusille* in cold blood, after being made prisoner; and the heroine dispatches herself by poison. As for the other characters of the novel, we have no place for particular observations, they are generally vicious: those that are virtuous are never entirely happy, and are usually the most miserable. Over the brightest picture, a shade of melancholy is cast; people are ill at ease with themselves, though

you have no rational conception how, or why they are so; only they put one in mind of a caricature of a club, whose motto was, "*let us all be unhappy together.*" Every thing seems to move out of its proper sphere, and to be thrown, as it were, off its hinges. Of society you are shewn little but the flatteries and the calumnies. You find more good than you expected, in what is bad; and more bad than you looked for, in what is good. The vices are but fallen angels: the virtues too much resemble MILTON'S reasoning and philosophizing devils. The passions rave like lunatics; and morality itself talks in the language of passion. The 'nameles charities' of life seem, as it were, blown away by the blusterings of sentiment. *Cheerfulness*, the daughter of *Virtue*, the companion of *Innocence*, the pupil and favourite of *Christianity*, never entered the threshold of the author's brain. Her heroine's religion is exactly what ROBESPIERRE'S amounted to, when he made a law, enacting the immortality of the soul, and the existence of a SUPREME BEING.

EXTRACTS.

VALOUR, ASCENDANCY AND POLITICAL TALENTS OF WOMEN.

SPEECH OF A FRENCH REPUBLICAN FEMALE.

The following piece of elegant madness, or revolutionary fury, was pronounced in the year 1792, by a female citizen of France, called MONIC, who kept a little mercer's shop in Paris, and served as a spy to the committee of general safety. It is not a feigned one, but was given to the female orator by BASSIERE, one of the deputies of the convention.

This singular speech was delivered in a meeting of a female revolutionary club, held at Paris in a vaulted hall, formerly a charnel house, facing St. Eustace church....the president and the two female secretaries, sat opposite to the door....on each side there were two rows of benches for the members of the society, to the number of about seventy, who all wore red caps.

" Since the time of the famous DEBORAH, who succeded MOSES and JOSHUA, unto the two sister Fries, who fought so valinatly in our republican armies, not a century has passed, which has not produced a female warrior. Behold THOMYRIS, queen of the Scythians, who fought and vanquished the great CYRUS; the great MARULLA, who drove the Turks from Stylimene; CATHARINE LISSE, who saved the town of Amiens; the woman DEBARRY, who defended Laucate against HENRY the IIId; JOAN of ARC, who made the English fly before her, and shamefully raised the seige of Orleans; the name of which city is added to her own.

" Without thinking it necessary to give you the names of all these courageous warlike women, I will call to your minds the masculine vigour of the colony of Amazons, whose existence male jealousy has caused to be doubted; I will tell you, that danger did not frighten those renowned Sabines from precipitating themselves into the midst of edged weapons, to stop the just vengeance of their former husbands; I will also mention to you, the women of Aquila, who wove strings with their hair, for the bows of their defenders; and, lastly, I will call to your minds, the female citizens of Lisle, who, at this moment, braved the rage of their besiegers, and laughing, smother the bombs that are thrown into the town. What do these examples tend to prove, but that women can train battalions, command armies, fight, and conquer, as well as men?

" But I will not stop here; I will ask the men, who think themselves masters, who delivered Judea and Syria from the

tyranny of HOLOFERNES? JUDITH!...To whom did Rome owe her liberty and her republic? To two women. Who was it that gave the last lesson of courage to the Spartans? Their mothers and their wives; who, on delivering them their shields, said, "return under them, or above them."

"I hardly know why I dive into the dust of history to seek for feats of female valour. In 1788, at the seige of the palace, did not the French women expose themselves to the brutality of the soldiers, in the pay of the court, to assail them with a shower of stones? At the seige of the Bastile, did not Parisian women, who were only acquainted with fireworks, expose themselves to the fire of the cannon, and muskery, from the ramparts, to supply the beseigers with ammunition. It was a battalion of women, commanded by the brave REINE AUDU, who fetched the despot from Versailles, and brought him in triumph to Paris; after having fought with the life guards, and obliged them to lay down their arms. And, notwithstanding, the modesty of our president, I must mention, that on the 10th of August, she marched boldly, at the head of a body of confederates, against the palace; she yet bears the marks of that day.

"If women are equal to the field of battle, they are not less so to the cabinet.

"I will soon show you the ascendancy of women, in the government of empires; observe now, that it may be advanced, without any fear of being contradicted, that by them every spring of society is put in motion. Who is it that arrests or inflames the courage of the warrior?....Consider OMPHALE, DELILHA, and ARMIDA. If the SUPREME BEING created the soul of man, he left to woman the care of animating it. Mind the maiden, how she dictates to her submissive lover, such laws as she pleases; according to her will he becomes either a hero or a coward, a virtuous or a criminal man. The insulated man is our slave; it is only when men are united in a mass, that they lord it over us.

The great fault that our sex has committed, is, to have submitted to this degrading custom; on which, only, is the ascendancy of man. But let us obtain some distinction.... let it be given in charge to beautiful women, to excite the young men to fly to the defence of their country....let her say to them: "depart, and, at your return, the hand of your mistress shall be the reward of your exploits"....let him who hesitates to fight the enemy, hear her pronounce these words: "stay at home, if you will, pusillanimous being! but do not expect ever to be united to your mistress; she has taken an oath to refuse the vows of one who is useless to his country." The art we possess of awakening the passions of man, will produce the salutary effect of animating the souls of them all; nothing will resist our seductive tongue; the warrior will be happy to receive his laurels from the hands of beauty.

"Such is the ascendancy of women in society; their abilities are not less in the cabinet. How many of them have governed with glory! Examples: THEODOLINDA, queen of the Lombards, subdued AGILALPUS; and extinguished the religious wars that ravaged her country. It is well known that SEMIRAMIS was a dove in the cabinet, and an eagle in the field. ISABEL of Spain reigned with great glory: it was a woman who patronized the discovery of the new world. In our days, CATHARINE of Russia accomplished that, of which PETER had only formed the plan. But I will go still further, and maintain, that, when men hold the reigns of government, they are set in motion, and directed by women. AUGUSTUS proposed nothing to the Roman senate without having consulted LIVIA. The beautiful FERONIERE governed FRANCIS the Ist. HENRY the IId. CHARLES the IXth; and HENRY the IIId. was governed solely by the counsels of CATHARINE DE MEDICIS. The handsome GABRIELLE caused HENRY the IVth. to commit many errors. I have thus proved, that in all

times governments have been directed by women; from which it is to be concluded, that they are worthy to govern; I had almost said, more worthy than men. Under the depotism of kings we could not allow ourselves to make these reflections; but, under a republican government, the case is altered. I shall draw no further consequence from what I have said, than that I demand, that the society shall, in its wisdom, examine what rank women ought to hold in the republic; and whether they ought still to be excluded from all its places and administrations."

We need not inform our readers, that this speech, often interrupted, was, when finished, crowned with violent applause, from the revolutionary, republican, female audience. It produced some proposals more ridiculous than the first. A female clubbist proposed to raise an army of thirty thousand women; another, that women should be admitted into every part of the administration. At last, after a long debate, the female society, wisely, decreed, to present a petition to the convention, praying, that a decree might be issued, to oblige all women to wear the national cockade.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE SPANIARDS.

" Spain gives us pride, which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth."..... CHURCHILL.

Few things can afford greater entertainment to a reflecting mind, than to be able to make accurate observations upon the various traits of national character, which mark the individual, or different countries.

" As proud as a Spaniard," has long been a proverbial expression; and we have too many instances of the haughtiness of that nation to think the term misapplied. If the arrogance of a Spaniard renders him contemptible, his strict observance of form and etiquette must certainly be allowed to

make him ridiculous; for, in support of his unimportant dignity he will absolutely submit to excessive inconvenience. Baron BIELFIELD, the Spanish historian, proves the justice of this observation, by several curious and ludicrous anecdotes.

PHILIP the IIId. being gravely seated, as Spaniards generally are, by the side of a fire, found himself greatly inconvenienced by the excessive heat; but, conceiving it derogatory to his dignity, to remedy the evil by moving further from it, waited until the marquis DE POTAL appeared, whom he then ordered to quench the fire. The marquis, all submission, begged to be excused, alledging, that as the office of fire-maker, to his majesty, belonged to the duke D'USSEDA, it was not etiquette for him to touch it. The duke, unfortunately, had left the court, and the fire burnt with increased ardour; none of the domestics dare presume to enter the royal presence; and the weak monarch, in waiting for the arrival of the proper person, had his blood so completely heated, that on the following day, an erysipelas broke out in his head, which, being attended by a violent fever, absolutely was the occasion of his death.

A soldier perceiving the palace in flames, and knowing the king's sister was in an apartment, from which it was impossible for her to escape, generously resolved to attempt saving her life, at the hazard of his own; and, rushing through the flames for that purpose, bore her, triumphantly, away in his arms. By this brave and humane action, the Spanish etiquette was totally destroyed; and the next day he was summoned before a bench of judges. The crime of breaking into the presence of a princess, was now completely, and fully proved against him, and the reward of his valour was to be an ignominious death. The lady, however, in consideration of his service, condescendingly requested the sentence might be revoked; and, the judges, in compliance with her desire, generously forgave the attrocious crime.

When CHARLES the IId. received the compliments of the grandees, upon his accession to the Spanish throne, one amongst the number, in an excess of zeal, thoughtlessly presumed to use that shocking, and degrading epithet, friend. The haughty monarch, astonished at the freedom, indignantly exclaimed, "kings have their vassals for their servants, not their friends!" And, in this, perhaps, he spoke justly without thinking it; for there must be equality of condition to constitute friendship; and who is equal to his king?

If the Spaniards are considered as contemptible for their pride, they must be thought detestable for their cruelty;* and BARTHOLOMEW DE LA CASAS affirms, that upon their discovery of America, they destroyed, in forty-five years, no less than ten millions of human souls! And that this hateful sacrifice was made under the base pretence of converting them to Christianity! There is a story recorded of an Indian, who, being tied to the stake, was strongly persuaded by a Franciscan friar to turn Christian, under an absolute promise of then going to Heaven. The unhappy wretch demanded of the father, whether he should be likely to meet with Spaniards there? and being answered, that it was full of them, instantly refused the friar's counsel, declaring that he had seen too much of them in this world to wish to associate with them in the next.

THE PEDESTRIAN

Has many advantages in seeing and knowing the country through which he travels. He moves leisurely along, he is induced, frequently, to stop and look round him; he does not swallow too much for his mental digestion; and yet, his intellect is never without food. He is encumbered with no

* Though this be true, as it regards the wretches of Cortez and Pizarro, it is not true of the Spaniards at large, who are, generally speaking, benificent, humane and magnanimous.

retinue, is wholly independent, can deviate to the right or to the left, and return with the same ease with which he deviated. There is also a kind of slumber very refreshing to the mind, in which the pedestrian most easlly indulges; for few like YORICK, can draw up arguments in a discourse, or holes in a stocking, on horseback. There is too, one very great, and very valuable source of knowledge, which belongs almost exclusively, to the foot-travellers; it is a ready, and unconstrained intercourse with the people of the country. In this respect, Scotland has a great advantage over most parts of England, where, as it is presumed, that, nothing but necessity can compel a man to walk, he does not receive the contemptuous treatment, which, in a commercial country, poverty is supposed to deserve. This complaint is urged with great justice by Mr. MOBITZ, an amiable German, who undertook to travel on foot through England, without a sufficient knowledge of our respect for the purse: had he tried the same experiment in Scotland, he would have obtained a much more pleasing result. He would have found the poor man ready to *crack a wee'* with him, to offer him a *pickle o'snishen*, or to do him any other little services; always accompanied with a respectful, yet manly deference: and the inn-keeper would have received him with the same civility, and the wealthier host with the same kindness, as if he had arrived with a splendid equipage....It may be said these are marks of national poverty, that a community is, upon the whole, better off, when all its transactions are bargain and sale; and when the golden rule of HUDIBRAS is universally acknowledged, viz. that

> "..... The value of the thing
> Is just the money that 't will bring."

I cannot pretend to controvert these wise, political aphorisms. All I can say is, that there are some worn out virtues of the older times, which I cannot but regret; and that poor, open-hearted rusticity may be sometimes as graceful

as civilized unkindness, or inhospitable wealth. In the more remote part of our islands (where the simpler virtues still exist) I should, therefore, recommend travelling on foot, and indeed of late it has been so much a fashion, especially among young men, that it will excite scarcely any surprise and still less disgust. For ladies, who take tours alone (a custom, perhaps, not likely to be frequent) other modes of conveyance are certainly requisite: on this subject, the fullest information is given by the honorable Mrs. MURRAY, whose persevering admiration of the beauties of nature, has enabled her to encounter many fatigues unusual to a female.

"The constitutional strength and habits of the body must regulate the degree and mode of exertion in travelling. The greatest error is to attempt too much. At our outset we proposed to walk the whole way, carrying a few necessaries, in a small bundle with us, and forwarding the remainder of our cloaths, &c. to different stages; but we subsequently found it advisable to modify our plan, according to the different events of the journey. It is not uncommon in Scotland to make short expeditions of this kind, with a fishing rod and basket; the former for amusement, the latter for utility. As to longer journeys, you may hire a Highland porter, at Edinburgh, who will serve as a guide, and carry your luggage for a stipulated sum per diem. The irregularity of carriage, between the towns, renders some such assistance necessary; but, perhaps, it will be found advisable to take new guides, who may be generally obtained at any place where you want them; or to have a single horse, for the alternate accommodation of the party."

USEFUL INVENTIONS, DISCOVERIES, &c.

PROCESS OF DYEING NANKEEN COLOUR.

*BY MR. RICHARD BREWER.**

Mix as much sheep's dung in clear water, as will make it appear of the colour of grass; and disolve in clear water, one pound of best white soap for every ten pounds of cotton-yarn, or in that proportion for a greater or less quantity.

Observe...The tubs, boards, and poles, that are used in the following operations, must be made of deal; the boiling-pan, of either iron or copper.

First operation. Pour the soap liquor, prepared as above, into the boiling-pan; strain the dung liquor through a seive; add as much thereof to the soap liquor, as will be sufficient to boil the yarn, intended to be dyed, for five hours. When the liquors are well mixed in the pan, enter the yarn; light the fire under the pan; and bring the liquor to boil in about two hours, observing to increase the heat regularly during that period. Continue it boiling three hours, then take the yarn out of the pan, wash it, wring it, and hang it under a shed, on poles, to dry. When dry, take it in a store, or other room, where there is a fire; let it hang there until it be thoroughly dry.

N. B. The cotton-yarn, when under the shed, should not be exposed either to the rain, or sun, if it is, it will be unequally coloured when dryed.

Second operation. In this operation use only one half of the soap that was used in the last, and as much dung liquor (stained as before directed) as will be sufficient to cover the cotton yarn, when in the pan, about two inches. When these liquors are well mixed in the pan, enter the yarn; light the fire; and bring the liquor to boil, in about one hour; then take the yarn out, wring it without washing, and hang it to dry as in the former operation.

* From the Transactions of the Dublin Society, vol. i. part 1st.

Third operation. This operation is the same as the second in every respect.

Fourth operation. For every ten pounds of yarn, make a clear lye from half a pound of pot or pearl ashes. Pour the lye into the boiling pan, and add as much clear water as will be sufficient to boil the yarn for two hours; then enter the yarn, light the fire, and bring it to boil in about an hour. Continue it boiling about an hour, then take the yarn out, wash it very well in clear water, wriug it, and hang it to dry as in former operations.

N. B. This operation is to cleanse the yarn from any oleaginous matter that may remain in it after boiling in the soap and dung liquors.

Fifth operation. To every gallon of iron liquor,* add half a pound of ruddle, or red chalk (the last is the best) well pulverized; mix them well together, and let the liquor stand four hours, in order that the heavy particles may subside; then pour the clear liquor into the boiling-pan, and bring it to such a degree of heat as a person could well bear his hand in it; divide the yarn into small parcels, about five hanks in each; soak each parcel or handful very well in the above liquor; wring it, and dry it on a clean deal board. When all the yarn is so handed through the liquor, the last handful must be taken up and soaked in the liquor a second time, and every other handful in succession, till the whole is gone through; then lay the yarn down in a tub, wherein there must be a sufficient quantity of lye made from pot or pearl ashes, as will cover it about six inches. Let it lie in this state about two hours, then hand it over in the lye; wring it, and lay it down on a clean board. If it does not appear sufficiently coloured, this operation must be repeated 'till it has acquired a sufficient degree of darkness of co-

* Iron liquor is what the linen printers use.

lour: this done, it must be hung to dry, as in former operations.

N. B. Any degree of red or yellow hue, may be given to the yarn by increasing or diminishing the quantity of ruddle or red chalk.

Sixth operation. For every ten pounds of yarn make from half a pound of pot or pearl ashes; pour the clear lye into the boiling-pan; add a sufficient quantity of water thereto, that will cover the yarn four inches; light the fire, and enter the yarn, when the liquor is a little warm; observe to keep it constantly under the liquor for two hours; increase the heat till it comes to a scald; then take the yarn out, wash it, and hang it to dry as in former operations.

Seventh operation. Make a sour liquor of oil of vitroil and water; the degree of acidity may be a little less than the juice of lemons; lay the yarn in it for about an hour, then take it out, wash it very well and wring it; give it a second washing and wringing, and lay it on a board.

N. B. This operation is to dissolve the metalic particles, and remove the feruginous matter that remains on the surface of the thread after the fifth operation.

Eighth operation. For every ten pounds of yarn dissolve one pound of best white soap in clear water, and add as much water to this liquor in your boiling-pan, as will be sufficient to boil the yarn for two hours. When these liquors are well mixed, light the fire, enter the yarn, and bring the liquor to boil in about an hour. Continue it boiling slowly an hour; take it out, wash it in clear water very well, and hang it to dry as in former operations: When dry, it is ready for the weaver.

N. B. It appears to me, from experiments that I have made, that not less than four operations in the preparation of the yarn will be sufficient to cleanse the pores of the fibres of the cotton, and render the cotton permanent.

ON THE PREPARATION OF INDIAN INK;

Presenting an easy and expeditious method of providing a substitute, possessing all its valuable properties. By THOMAS GILL, *esquire.*

"In a former communication I mentioned, that the Chinese mixed their water colours up, with parchment size: I am now able to furnish with a confirmation of that fact, in a discovery I made a few days since, of a composition possessing all the valuable properties of Indian-ink, which is as follows:

Boil parchment slips, or cuttings of glove leather in water, until they form a size, which on being suffered to cool, becomes of the consistence of jelly:* then having blackened an earthen plate or dish, by holding it over the flame of a candle, mix up with a camel-hair pencil, the lamp-black, thus obtained, with some of the above size, while the plate is still warm. This black requires no grinding, and produces an ink of the very same colour, which works as freely with the pencil, and is as perfectly transparent, as the best Indian-ink: it possesses the advantage of furnishing artists, &c. with a substitute for that article, which may be prepared in situations where it might be difficult to obtain the ink itself.

If a large quantity is required, lamp-black, obtained from the smoke of oil, tallow, &c. (that sold in the shops being too coarse for the purpose) may be formed into a mass with the size; to which a little spirituous extract of musk may be added, to give it the smell of Indian-ink. When it has obtained a proper consistence, it may be pressed into moulds to form it into sticks, which, when dry, will be found to agree with the real Indian Ink, in its property of rubbing smoothly on the finger-nail when wetted; and leaving the surface polished on becoming dry; and, in short, differing

* If it is thought too much trouble to prepare the parchment size, a solution of good common carpenter's glue, of the consistence described, may be employed in its stead.

from it in one trifling circumstance only, namely, that the genuine Indian-ink has a yellowish metallic lustre when dry, which may probably be owing to the mixture of some oily or saponaceous substance, possibly ox-ball: this, however, is entirely needless.

I trust we shall be no more misled by the strange account, most writers have given, of the fabrication of Indian-Ink, from the ink of the cuttle fish, burnt fish bones, burnt peach stones, extract of liquorice, &c. when it appears that the above two substances are fully sufficient to produce an ink, possessing every good property, that can be desired."

METHOD OF CURING MEAT.

The following curious receipt for curing fresh provisions, to be carried abroad, has been tried by a gentleman, who has twice made the experiment on a voyage to Archangel, and once to the West-Indies. Let the meat, whether beef or mutton, be fresh killed, and when hung to be perfectly cold, let it be cut up in quarters; lay each piece on a block, and sprinkle it over with ingredients prepared in the following manner: lignumvitæ fine chips, one pound; common salt, four ounces; coarse sugar, four ounces; sal-prunella, half an ounce. When it has been well sprinkled in, close the whole in sheet lead, which done, lay it in a chest, and as each lot is laid in, cover it with fresh saw-dust; ram it well down, and cover the whole close. Meat, particularly fine fat beef, has been eaten fresh, so prepared, six weeks, or two months, after sailing from England; the beef must be in fine order, and when taken out for dressing (it roasts best) it should be wiped and scraped clean, and put down to the fire as quick as possible.

POETRY.

ZITELLA ABANDONATA.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

—

Poor Sylvia! lost, forsaken maid,
By faithless vows reduced to shame;
At ev'ning sought the lonely glade,
And there bewept her tainted fame:
O'er the cold brook she hung her pensive head,
In sorrows lovely, and thus sighing said—

"Deep dreary vale, where waters glide,
Embrown'd in ever-during shade,
Here let your dark recesses hide
The sorrows of a wretch betray'd!
Betray'd by one, whom every tie endear'd,
One lov'd with rapture, and with truth rever'd."

"Too weak, alas! did virtue prove,
'Gainst charms still destin'd to prevail:
My heart resign'd its all to love—
'Twas innocent, but yet 'twas frail.
O could my tongue the dire event conceal,
Which time itself now hastens to prevail."

"Fond parents, once my dear delight,
Whom still I've found benign and good;
Your looks, tho' mild, now blast my sight,
Your words, tho' gentle, freeze my blood:
For, ah! what mis'ries must your daughter dread,
When soon your curses light upon her head!"

"Terror and grief to madness rise;
Despair, life's gloomy prospect fills;
Dire phantoms flit before my eyes,
And yet no conscious horror thrills.
No horror thrills, e'en when my guilty mind
Broods o'er a deed that frights all human kind!"

" Come then, and take my parting breath,
Avenging ministers of Heaven;
Here let me sleep the sleep of death,
While yet my sins may be forgiv'n:
Crush my foul thoughts, whilst immatur'd by time,
And let my frailty be my only crime."

RICHES AND LEARNING.

Some say that riches are better than learning,
For they will find payment
For victuals and raiment,
And keep a good fire in your kitchen a burning.

Now some say that learning is better than riches,
That when money has vanish'd,
And friendship has banish'd,
'Midst all your misfortunes, still learning bewitches.

As for me I have neither, and so I may chatter,
And bother the hearer;
Without being nearer,
Or knowing a particle more of the matter.

But I must observe one thing, which seems rather funny,
That those who have learning,
Are so far from spurning,
That they like to pay court to, the men who have money!

IMITATION OF COWPER.

Whene'er I wish, my lovely maid,
A tribute to thy virtues paid,
Then poetry shall lend her aid,
ELIZA!

Pensive and sad, I breath the strain,
To tell each beauty o'er again;
Reflection well nigh mads my brain,
ELIZA!

Oft, when my slumb'ring head was press'd,
The tear dew'd down, in hopes of rest,
With anxious thoughts of thee possest,
ELIZA!

Thy guardian vision has been near,
Thy hand has wip'd the starting tear;
The kindred task to thee was dear,
ELIZA!

This little ringlet of thy hair,
Which ever near my heart I wear,
Is pledge that thou art mistress there,
ELIZA!

If e'er in gayer scenes I move,
This lock shall bind thee to my love,
And ev'ry hair a fetter prove,
ELIZA!

Could I forget that parting hour,
When first the storm began to low'r;
Allotted by the unseen Power,
ELIZA!

When hanging o'er thy pallid cheek,
My beating heart did well nigh break,
Through sobs I strove in vain to speak,
ELIZA!

And fated to a distant spot,
Without thy aid to cheer my lot,
I live by all but thee forgot,
ELIZA!

SONNET.

I nurs'd a friendship in my breast;
A friendship for the fair;
I found it no unwelcome guest,
For reason placed it there.

Her looks a lesson did impart,
That silenc'd rude desires;
For whilst her beauty warm'd the heart,
Her virtues check'd its fires.

There was a charm in all she said,
In ev'ry act a grace,
A mind that feelingly pourtray'd
Its meaning in her face.

She sung, and all were turn'd to hear,
So melting soft the tone,
That whilst it stole upon the ear,
It made the heart her own.

To her the muse with friendly mind,
Devotes her artless strain,
And she's too gentle and too kind,
To treat it with disdain.

FIRE !

E'en on the day when youth with beauty wed,
The flames surpris'd them in their nuptial bed;
Seen at the opening sash with bosom bare,
With wringing hands, and dark dishevel'd hair,
The blushing bride, with wild disorder'd charms,
Round her fond lover, winds her ivory arms;
Beat, as they clasp, their throbbing hearts with fear,
And many a kiss is mix'd with many a tear;
Ah me! in vain the labouring engines pour
Round their pale limbs the ineffectual shower!—
—Then crash'd the floor, while shrinking crowds retire,
And Love and Virtue sunk amid the fire!—
With piercing screams afflicted strangers mourn,
And their white ashes mingle in their urn.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. CICERO.

CHAPTER VII.

GILLESPIE's POEMS REVIEWED.

[Concluded, from page 160.]

In our last, we gave a particular detail of '*The Progress of Refinement.*' On perusing the minor poems, we are charmed to find, every where, a strain of tenderness and feeling so characteristic of a truly elegant mind. Who, that has read the circumstance alluded to in the following sonnet, will not feel as the author has done, and admire the air of melancholy, which fills this tribute to the memory of the historian.

SONNET,*

Written immediately after reading Professor Stewart's account of Dr. Robertson's daily visits, during his last illness at Grange house, to the fruit trees then in blossom; and of his contrasting their progress with the event which was to happen to himself before their maturity.

Ye lovely blossoms of the opening Spring!
That paint the fruit trees with your blushing hues,
Fann'd by the genial south wind's humid wing,
And foster'd by the evening's grateful dews,
Each morning sun your vernal health renews,
Each morning sun perceives my health decline;
Your's 'tis to bloom, and round you joy diffuse,
To drop, to wither, and to die, is mine.

* Published in the Scots Magazine for 1802.

For Spring, nor genial sun, nor freshening gale,
With youthful strength can sickly age recruit,
And death shall o er this tottering frame prevail,
Ere Autumn shall mature your embryo fruit:
And when I used to view my orchard's pride,
Ah! then its fallen Lord a grassy turf shall hide."

The '*Ode to Frost*' is conceived in the true spirit of poetry: a vivid glow of colouring, and strength of imagination shine in every part. The '*War Song*' possesses all the fire of patriotism, and all that powerful enthusiasm, which ought to mark such effusions; and, which this, is, in our opinion, well calculated to inspire: but, in subjects of natural feeling and delicate sensibility, our author is most at home; on these occasions he strikes deep into the heart. We have hardly ever met with a more exquisitely beautiful little poem, than the following, which we transcribe, at length, in support of our opinion.

ADDRESS

OF THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

"My infant! canst thou smile so blest,
While now my tears like rain drops flow,
And hug with extacy that breast,
That only heaves a Mother's woe?
Yes! canst thou hug, my poor, poor child!
That heart which I have broke for thee,
While far I roam, in anguish wild,
From all that once was dear exil'd,
And canst thou smile so sweet on me?

"Bright was the morn that gave thee birth,
Yet 'twas to me a morn of gloom.
And thou art come to this sad earth,
To view, my Child! thy Mother's tomb:
Thy natal hour no face of joy,
No kindly soul e'er blest to thee,
No holy Priest baptis'd my Boy,
But tears shed from a Mother's eye,
And can'st thou smile so sweet on me?

" And must I curse that beauteous morn,
That gave to light such winning charms!
And wish that thou had'st ne'er been born,
To clasp me with thy little arms?
How innocent! yet cause of shame:
How gay! yet nurs'd on Sorrow's knee;
Fair blameless fruit of all my blame,
I blush to own thy very name,
And canst thou smile so sweet on me?

" And canst thou, on my tortur'd breast,
Lay down thy head in soft repose,
Know'st thou the pillow of thy rest
Is now the seat of all my woes?
Sad o'er this vale of tears forlorn,
Far from thy perjur'd Sire I flee,
Yet as the rose twines round the thorn,
I love him still....cause of my scorn,
And canst thou smile so sweet on me?

" Once foster'd by a Father's care,
Beneath his shade I beauteous grew,
E'en envy own'd that I was fair,
And, as the dew drop, spotless too;
But innocence was won by lure,
The heart enslav'd that once was free,
Why of the falsest youth too sure,
Was stain'd the bosom once so pure,
And canst thou smile so sweet on me?

" Yet when to him I blushing told,
What more than blushes might reveal,
Oh! how I bore his looks so cold,
Know they whose softer hearts can feel.
Oh! worse than thousand deaths to bear,
Oh! ever lost, where could I flee?—
Drunk with the woe of wild despair,
I screaming fled, yet wist not where,
And canst thou smile so sweet on me?

" And me those walls receiv'd no more,
Where once paternal fondness smil'd,
For soon my father, from his door,
Thurst out to night his frenzied child.

'There hide,' he cried, 'thy blasted charms,
'Curs'd of that race, disgrac'd in thee;'
Then, cruel, spurn'd me from his arms,
—'Twas lightening in the blackest storms,—
And canst thou smile so sweet on me?

"And now, a wretched out-cast driv'n,
Condemn'd in solitude to mourn,
Led by the Moon that gilds the Heaven,
Led by the Stars that round her burn.
Along these desert wastes I go,
Or weep beneath some friendly tree,
Rock'd on my heart that throbs to woe,
Poor child! could'st thou my sorrows know,
Thou would'st not smile so sweet on me.

"Yet say, just Heaven! what have I done,
Thus doom'd in wretched thrall to pine?
His was the guilt my heart that won,
Credulity alone was mine.
His oaths could I untrue believe,
Who thought not e'er such crimes could be,
That innocence, not guilt, I grieve,
Which never dream'd he could deceive.
And canst thou smile so sweet on me?

"Poor Babe! enjoy the fleeting bliss,
The sun shine that precedes the shower,
For ere thou know'st what sorrow is,
Far shall I be from sorrow's power;
Tho' now thy friend the friendless prove,
Soon soon that friend must part from thee,
But, nurs'd by ev'ry Power above,
Live!—but oh! ne'er be false to Love,
When thou shalt smile no more on me."

Of the other poems, not mentioned in this article, it will be sufficient praise to say, that they are little, if at all, inferior to the extracts we have given; among the rest, there is a sonnet, turning on a single thought, which, in our opinion, for sublimity, and moral truth, has never been surpassed. To shew that we assert nothing, in which truth will not bear us out, we insert it.

SONNET.

"Now, while I muse amid the shadowy night,
When all the noisy world in sleep are drown'd,
When silence reigns, dread, solemn, and profound,
As when before Creation burst to light:
From star to star still roves my wond'ring gaze,
Along the spangling, blue, ethereal road,
Where countless suns, with inexhausted blaze,
To this, far distant world, proclaim their God.—
Oh! am not I, or unperceiv'd, or lost
Mid thy great works, thou Universal Soul!
Or say, amid thy Heav'n rejoicing host,
Shall, to thine ear, these feeble accents roll?
Yes! ev'n from this far orb, these musings lone,
Shall, in memorial sweet, be wafted to thy throne."

We, by no means approve of the modern fashion, of annexing notes to every trivial production, so much so, that the poetry, not unfrequently, may have been supposed to have been written for the purpose of introducing the prose; yet, in the present instance, the notes on '*The Progress of Refinement*,' were, in general, necessary for the full illustration of the subject, and are no bad specemins of the author's abilities for writing chaste and elegant prose.

After so much unequivocal praise, we are sorry to observe, on many occasions, a careless adoption of illegitimate and unmusical rhymes, such as, *air* and *spear*, *foam* and *gloom*, *blest* and *mist*, *pride* and *play'd*; from the general accuracy of our author, we are strongly inclined to believe, that the last instance, which occurs in page 31, must have been occasioned by a typographical error; and some others. In the description of the *Palace of Luxury*, the following line contains an image, sufficiently correct, but not conceived with our authors usual delicacy.

There Hydropsy, with *belly* large and round."

In the following, there is a grammatical error, which has escaped attention.

"And he, whose coward soul to blood is prone,
Ne'er *deeds* achieved that gen'rous virtue *fire*."

We are constrained to notice these trifling blemishes, by our sincere admiration of the general excellence of the whole: in works of inferior merit, blemishes, even more glaring than these, might have passed unobserved: and, we doubt not, that the good sense of Mr. GILLESPIE, will attend to every hint, however unimportant, which can, in any way serve to render this elegant volume more deserving of the approbation of the public.

REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

In a work like the present, the review of American Literature becomes a permanent feature. To point out the growth of excellence in the New World, is one of the most important of the duties we owe to the public, and the discharge of it is at once pleasing and interesting. We shall, therefore, avail ourselves of every opportunity afforded us in this respect, by an attentive and impartial consideration of every new work, which from time to time, may issue from the American press, provided it appear to us likely to attract the public attention.

We have now before us a volume, lately published in Boston, under the title of

THE GAMESTERS; OR, RUINS OF INNOCENCE;

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL, FOUNDED IN TRUTH,

BY CAROLINE MATILDA WARREN.

"Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart,
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires."

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

On the subject of novels, our opinion is already before the public. Consistently with the principles on which that opinion is founded, we must consider a novel to be of general importance, when it is probable, that it will be generally read; and many circumstances conspire to render this

remark extremely applicable to the work before us. It is an original work...it is said to be founded on facts...it has been published in a part of the union, where learning is so universally diffused, that it would be scarcely saying more than truth to assert, that every individual has a book in his hand...and it has moreover the recommendation of its being written by a lady. With such cogent reasons for our attributing to the present work importance sufficient to merit the attention of criticism, we proceed to a review of its contents without farther preface.

Leander, the hero of the tale, is the only child of Mr. Anderson, who resided in a village, a few miles distant from the metropolis of Massachusetts...and in the practice of the law, had by an honest and honorable conduct, acquired an affluent fortune. Anderson was blessed with a lady, for his partner in life, of distinguished excellence. The education of the young Leander was watched by the strictest attention of parental care; and his early youth gave evident proofs of the most refined genius, and most amiable disposition. He was sent to the university, where he acquired the affection and the esteem of all. His heart was good, his improvement was rapid, his manners were chaste, and his morals uncorrupted. While every thing thus seemed to promise happiness, the mother of Leander died. His father survived her death but a short time, and Leander found himself under the guidance of Mr. Herbert, his uncle, to whose protection, his father bequeathed him in his dying moments.

At the university, Leander became the bosom friend of Edward Somerton, a young man of extraordinary talents, and graced with the most fascinating manners. But this smooth exterior covered a corrupted heart. "At an early age (to use the author's own words) he had been deprived of both his parents, and had fallen into the hands of tutors, who made the culture of the heart no part of the system of

education. At the university he became acquainted with Leander, and attempted to make him a proselyte to his libertinism; but, finding him firm in virtue, he felt his own inferiority, and resolved to omit nothing in his power to reduce Leander to a level with himself. Observing his susceptible and unsuspecting temper, he was not without hope that he would, in time, listen to the syren song of temptation. Under the mask of friendship he determined to sap the fortress of his virtue. He cultivated an intimate acquaintance with his intended victim...humoured his taste, flattered his little native prejudices; and, in fine, so ingratiated himself in his affections, that Leander became his most inviolable friend. Self-interest, too, was a predominant passion in Edward's heart. Though his estate was competent to all the necessities of life, it was far from being adequate to his ambition. Too negligent to improve his fortune by the ordinary methods, he was continually projecting schemes of knavery. He knew that Anderson's fortune would be large, and secretly hoped that he should find some method to draw the unguarded youth into the snare he had so artfully constructed. Such was Edward Somerton."

We have hitherto been thus particular, in tracing the first steps of the fair author, because on what is already stated, the whole story depends. A young man, of the best disposition and most excellent heart, with a solemn conviction of the importance of religious truths, and with no intentions but such as glowed with benevolence and virtue to mankind, contracts an ardent friendship for a libertine; and, as it turns out, in the sequel, a professed and determined gamester. We are conducted through a variety of interesting scenes, in which the artful Somerton incessantly attacks the virtue of the devoted Leander; until the solid ramparts of conscience and religion are shook to their very foundations, and the beautiful fabric, erected by the cares and anxieties of his worthy parents, is laid prostrate, a melancholy heap

of ruins. It is impossible for us to attempt giving the detail of the means which were employed to produce such dreadful consequences...our limits will not permit it. The following extract, is, however, so important, in our opinion, that we will venture to transcribe it at length...It is a just description of the fatal surrender of virtue, to the insidious deceptions of vice and immorality...the wretched sophistry of Somerton, contemptible and powerless as it is, assisted by the fumes of wine, and acting upon the inflamed passions of Leander, is a melancholy proof of the weakness of human reason, and ought to operate as a warning to all those who mix in the society of bad men, under a vain and arrogant opinion of the strength of their virtue, and the immovable solidity of their principles.

"Leander found himself in a new society. The companions to whom Somerton introduced him, were a set of mercenary wretches, whose principles were as corrupt as their hearts were vicious, and their minds ignoble. His heart had hitherto beaten in unison with reason and virtue; yet his passions were warm...his temper extremely susceptible...and, his mind, pure as the new fallen snow, and innocent as the sportive lambkin, could ill brook the idea that there were hearts differently moulded from his own. Vice and immorality, he now found, would meet with a welcome reception in society; and a miserable combination of lewdness, profanity, and affected infidelity, obtained the appellation of *wit*. Unused to such a scene, and such society, Leander hung down his head, and unconsciously sunk into a profound meditation. His imagination had flown back to the scenes he had just witnessed; and when he contrasted them with the present scene, and his present companions, a blush of ingenious shame overspread his countenance; and, with his natural benevolence of heart, he tried to persuade himself that the caricature he had drawn of his companions was the offspring of prejudice, rather than

penetration. His silence and seriousness, at length, drew on him the eyes of the whole company, and, unable to stand their united raillery, he felt relieved when cards were introduced to 'kill the time.'

"The character of the company was now more fully developed; the petty tricks of simulation, and all the mean arts of the gamester, were admirably well displayed. Leander was astonished that Somerton, whom he had ever considered a pattern of probity, could feel in the least degree interested in such a scene. Among the passions that slept in Leander's heart, that of gaming was predominant, and this alone would have made his situation tolerable, till he could decently retire. As they were returning, he could not help expressing his surprise to Somerton, that he was so apparently easy and gay in the midst of so much immorality..... 'You would retire then from the world,' replied Somerton, 'a hermit, a recluse?' 'If these are the boasted pleasures of society,' rejoined Leander with warmth, 'far rather would I live a recluse, than mingle in such a motley croud; but the best of parents early taught me to distinguish between innocent diversion, and guilty revelry. The former is consistent even with piety to God, the latter degrades intelligent men, to a company of Bachanalians.' Edward softened his voice, 'My Leander,' said he, 'is 'eloquent on this subject, but he has yet to learn that our passions'.....'Must be regulated!' interrupted Anderson, 'I suppose your grave preceptors tell you so; but if our passions were implanted in our natures, certainly the God of nature intended them as a source of satisfaction.'

"Leander's imagination was heated by wine and merriment, and he listened eagerly. The artful Somerton saw the favorable moment, and entered into an eloquent harangue on the empire of passion over reason, religion and virtue. 'You will confess,' added he, 'that every impulse of your nature, contrary to the dictates of what you call reason, is a passion, which you say you must overcome; but suffer me

to ask, whence were these passions derived? Were they not implanted in the soul when it first animated a mortal form? you will undoubtedly answer, they were; if so, they must proceed from Deity, and is it not the height of presumption and impiety to pretend that any *evil* can flow from the *Fountain of all Good?*' Edward's manner was insinuating, and the tone of voice in which this sophistry was uttered, made it appear less inconsistent. Leander did not attempt to refute, for his guardian angel slept. Edward continued, 'For example (we will look at home, Leander) you have acknowledged that your inclination strongly impels you to gaming: that you find in it an attractive charm, which you are incompetent to resist. This you believe is a passion, which you must restrain, and if possible, overcome. But did it not originate from God himself? You may say no; but will your reason point to any other source? 'All things proceed from God,' virtues and vices, good and evil; acquiesce then in the will of Heaven, and not attempt to stifle the growth of that which God himself implanted in your soul. The inspired penman wrote, 'Take no thought for to-morrow.' Let us obey the heavenly precept. Let us endeavour to make each day pleasurable, and assure ourselves 'that, to-morrow shall be as this day, but much more abundantly.'

"The fatal blow was struck. The foundations of his virtue were sapped, and one after another they must moulder away, till the fair fabric of innocence totter on the brink of destruction."

In the course of the story, Leander marries Amelia Stanhope, a woman of the most exalted character, and rare endowments, both of person and mind. The consequence of this union is a lovely boy, and surely never had mortals in view the fair hope of happiness on earth more delightfully before them, than this interesting and amiable couple. Alas! what havoc is made by that most dreadful of all vices, which is so justly the object of the author's abhorrence? What will not the gamester surrender to ob-

tain the gratification of this accursed passion? Leander, shocked at the ruin he had made, rushes on eternity, and ends a wretched existence by the most unnatural and shocking of crimes...the once virtuous Leander falls a miserable suicide!

During the progress of the story towards this lamentable catastrophe, the villain Somerton is presented to our view as the seducer of Eliza, the fair cousin of Leander; in the ruin of female innocence he is equally artful and successful, as we have already seen him in his triumph over manly virtue and firmness. Eliza, the victim of seduction, sinks broken hearted, into an untimely grave!

From this brief sketch of the main plot of the work, we are convinced our readers would readily subscribe to this general conclusion, that the intentions of the fair writer have been unquestionably to promote the cause of virtue, and that let her pretentions to merit, in other respects, be what they may, she is, at least, entitled to the praise of inculcating a lesson of the purest morality; and of holding up the unprincipled villain to the execration of mankind, and the unhappy victims of treachery and seduction, to its pity and commiseration. Most heartily do we wish, that we could, with such a declaration, conclude our present labors: but we have a paramount duty to perform, which neither our respect for the sex of the author, nor our anxiety to foster the rising genius of America, shall tempt us to forego. However pure her motives may have been (and we are ready to admit their purity to the utmost extent) against the means she has employed in the execution of her novel, we do most solemnly enter our protest. We hope, and are willing to believe, that she will herself start to find us asserting, that, '*The Gamesters*,' in the hands of readers of weak minds (and who will say, that many of that description will not read it?) is likely to become the able advocate of suicide! This is indeed an assertion of the first importance to the moral character of her work, and it hurts us

to be thus constrained to censure a novel, which, for many reasons, it would have delighted us to stamp with our unmixed approbation. To substantiate this heavy charge, we must allude to an under plot, which we should otherwise have passed over, as not materially affecting or forwarding the general story. Celestia, the daughter of Williamson, a worthy and respectable man, becomes the prey of Evander, the associate of Somerton. Evander deceives her with the promise of marriage, and is but too successful in his infamous designs. Betrayed by him, in whom she most confided, unable to bear the scorn of an unfeeling world, and, we will add (we wish the author had spared us the necessity) lost to all sense of religion, and her duty to God, the deluded Celestia hurried herself into the presence of that Being whose laws she had already violated!....She is described, as her father found her, after this dreadful act, to have been stretched on a sofa...' ADDISON'S *Cato*' doubled down at

" This in a moment brings me to an end,"

lay by her side. She appeared to have been reading some of her favorite authors. Two unsealed packets lay on her bureau, the one addressed to her parents, the other to her seducer. From the former of which we take the following extracts. " I have suffered a dreadful conflict in my bosom, but it is over; I have determined on my conduct, and shall act decisively. Forgive me, my revered parents; forgive your lost, despairing child, who, abandoned by him who drew her unguarded footsteps from the paths of peace, finds her only refuge in *death*. At first the struggle was almost insupportable; a sense of guilt, and a dreadful presentiment of retaliating wrath, made me half resolve to live, and dedicate my days to repentence; but the struggle is over; I am resolved on death. A soft angelic voice, 'in strains as sweet as angels use,' whispers, 'there is another and a better world.'

I am fully persuaded that God is everlasting love; the best of parents taught me to consider an all gracious Deity as a father. I have seen an earthly parent look with an eye of pity and forgiveness on his guilty child; and shall I dare presume that an Heavenly Parent will not be infinitely more benevolent; and who shall dare to limit *eternal mercy?*

"But my tears will soon cease to flow; I shall soon taste the inexhaustible cup of celestial bliss. Forgive, my parents, the crime of suicide; forgive, gracious God, the violation of thine ever sacred law. The hand of one whom I still call my friend, has procured me a *deadly draught*, which in a moment wafts me to the shores of Elysium."

That a young woman, who possessed a dignified and exalted mind, as the writer informs us, should thus coolly and deliberately address her father, the moment previous to the commission of so dreadful an act, is a shocking comment on the depravity of human nature; yet, as if all that has been hitherto said, were not sufficiently conclusive in defence of her conduct, nor ample enough in explanation of her principles, hear what this exalted lady says to her seducer: After solemnly declaring, what we think few will be inclined to believe, that, 'she is still the enthusiastic votary of virtue, from which her heart has never deviated;" she thus proceeds:

"As for me, when I am laid low in the grave, the sarcasms of an unfeeling world cannot reach me; the finger of scorn shall point to the turf that covers me, and say, 'there lies the suicide.' Calumny will brood over my grave, and whisper my story to the passenger; but I shall be removed far from the reach of a malignant and indiscriminating world. My woes will be drowned in an *everlasting sleep*. Yet what have I said! An everlasting sleep! No, Theodore. The cordial draught will not end my existence; I *feel* that it will not; I feel that I shall live again; live to receive a compensation in a better world for the ills I have suffered in this."

On such an event as is here described, we certainly expected the fair author would have exerted herself in pointing out to her readers, the sophistry of those arguments (if arguments they can be called) which hurried the unhappy Celestia to the completion of her guilt; but no! we are merely informed of the distress of her father, when the jury of inquest, which sat on the body, returned a verdict of lunacy. Still, however, it may be said, that if she does not treat the conduct of Celestia with abhorrence, she does not attempt to soften it with any palliation of her own...that the letter may have been introduced for the sake of a sort of dramatic propriety; and, after all, it was the unguarded, and ill-judged act of a rash unthinking girl. To such apologists, we ask, what shall we say to the author's repeating the very same reasoning; the very same calm and argumentative sophistry, when she describes the feelings of Leander, at the moment when *he* was about to put a period to his existence?

Read the following account, in the author's own words.... "'Thou glorious orb,' said he, addressing the departing luminary, 'for the last time I gaze on thee....thou art sinking beneath the wave; ere thou rise again I shall sink never to rise; never to rise on earth!....thou shalt again illumine a *waking world*. *Shall I, too, wake?* Can the narrow boundary of an earthly existence limit the flight of an aspiring soul? I *shall wake*, but *where? how?* Oh, chaos of doubt!...oh, vain enquiry!....However the pride of false philosophy and foolish scepticism, may cloud with doubts the sunshine of Revelation, I feel the solemn truth; yet do I not also feel, that mercy is the darling attribute of Deity? The best of parents taught me that God is Love Omnific; they bade me call him Father, for he is the *Parent of all*. Away then, visions of terror! my emancipated spirit shall wing its trembling flight to the bright throne of Eternal Mercy.' As he spoke the last words, he leapt into the stream...nature struggled for a moment, and then released the trembling spirit from its earthly habitation."

Here again it may be said, that the author does not support the plea urged by Leander, or sanction, with her opinion, the blasphemous hopes he appears to have entertained of pardon, for an act, which he was determined to commit: but the following extract, which occurs immediately after the preceeding account, declares her real opinion on the nature of suicide, in terms too plain to be misunderstood.

"Shall we draw aside the curtain of eternity? No; such an effort were presumption. The subject is involved in obscurity; yet the light of Revelation, beaming on the darkness of human reason, like the rays of the sun scattering the mists of the morning, teaches us that he who rushes uncalled, and unprepared, into the presence of his Creator, will 'call upon the rocks and mountains to fall, and hide him from the majesty of an offended God;' yet there is one consoling reflection to sooth the sympathising mind, already depressed with tragic glooms; when with the eye of faith, we look up to 'Him who is invisible,' we see our Almighty Parent seated on a throne of mercy; and, though suicide stands foremost in the black catalogue of crimes, forbidden by the law of God and man; yet we are assured, that the Author of our existence is 'able to save, even to the uttermost.'

"The compassionate reader, who has followed the ill-starred Leander through succeeding scenes of misery and guilt, will drop a tear of forgiveness over his tomb; and dare we suppose, that our hearts are more disposed to forgiveness, than the Fountain of all Goodness, the Source of all Benevolence?"

We now beg leave to ask the fair author, whether the tendency of her novel is not what we have stated it to be, a defence of suicide? We have nothing to do with her motives...nay, we will believe her motives to have been pure; but, is the effect likely to be less hurtful on that account?

Does poison lose its destructive qualities because it was administered by mistake?...It is the duty of every member of the community to contribute, all in his power, by an honest exertion of the talents which God has given him, to support the cause of morality, of virtue and of religion; and, to brand with undisguised infamy every incentive to vice, and every attempt to palliate crimes which however glossed by sophistry, or familiarized by their frequency, remain lamentable proofs of the depravity of human nature. Unpleasant as the task is, it is our duty to state (and we wish we could find language strong enough to express our feelings on the occasion) that whatever may have been the motives of the author, such is the direct tendency of the novel before us. Convinced of the supreme importance of the subject, and how much the happiness of every country depends upon the principles instilled into the minds of the rising generation, we earnestly admonish every mother to withold '*The Gamesters*' from the perusal of her children, unless it be for the solemn purpose of unravelling the sophistry with which it abounds, and of holding the conduct of the suicides to their unmixed abhorrence.

MISCELLANIES.

A VISION OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE.

Les femmes y sont belles et agreeables; mais simples modestes et laborieuses. Elles charment monis par leurs beaute que par leurs vertu.

FENELON.

In the month of May, when nature puts on her gayest robes, I passed a few weeks at the country-house of a friend. As its distance from town was inconsiderable, I walked there, and sauntering along, amused myself with the picturesque scenes presented to my view. Quitting the con-

fined metropolis, I, with nimble foot, tript over the dewy mead, and my heart thrilled with the liveliest sensations of joy:

> "Nor palace, theatre, nor proud exchange
> Here lift their heads, but fir-trees, beech and pine,
> O'er verdant valleys, and on pleasant hills,
> Lift up the thoughtful mind from earth to heaven!"

My friend had relinquished the engagements of commercial life, and wished the residue of his days to steal away, amid the sweets of pastoral rusticity. His villa was remarked for neat simplicity. The garden was portioned out with taste, and the statues and obelisks caught the eye at each opening avenue, and produced a fine effect on the spectator's imagination. From the centre of this enclosure rose an elevated mound of earth, somewhat resembling a cone. From the top of which might be seen a diversified prospect of the surrounding country. Upon the side of this hilloc was a cave, similar to that of TROPHONIUS' of old, but decorated by a fanciful arrangement of curiosities, taken from the fossil and vegetable kingdoms. A groupe of trees concealed the entrance into this hermitage; and its inside inspired the frequenter with the soothing melancholy of solitude.

The proprietor of this little spot was blessed with two amiable daughters. To perceive the young ladies vying with each other in expressions of filial affection, smoothing the brow of declining years, and diminishing the burden, accumulated by the decrepitude of age, might gratify the benevolence of an angel. To *their* lot had fallen no uncommon share of that frail article, beauty; but their tempers were mild, their dispositions sweet, and their minds improved by a suitable education. When at leisure, we rambled through the garden, or diverted ourselves with the music of the harpsichord; for the eldest sister played with superior skill on that delicate instrument. Every morning we hailed the rising sun, and our spirits were exhilirated by contem-

plating the beauties of nature. The cuckoo entertained us with his reiterated note, expressive of spring's return; and our ears were ravished with the carroling of birds, warbling their sprightliest strains.

The song of joy, and the laugh of mirth, were heard among us; and in innocent conviviality glided away the appropriated time of visiting. The period of departure surprised me by its sudden arrival, and I bade the happy family adieu, not without the tenderest sentiments of regret.

Returning homewards, the amiable sisters recurred to my mind, and their private and social virtues pressed forcibly on my heart. Fatigued, near the end of my journey, I threw myself on a bank, over whose verdant surface lay scattered the primrose and the violet, intermingled with other sweet-smelling flowers, whose odoriferous fragrance deliciously regaled the senses. The evening was calm and serene; the declining sun was sinking below the western horizon, and the sky was lightly tinged with the luxuriancy of vareigated colours. Hushed and silent were all things around me....

> " Save where the beetle wheel'd his droning flight,
> And drowsy tinklings lull'd the distant folds!"

Thus situated, I indulged a meditative humour, and leaning pensively on my arm, I exclaimed, in a faint tone of voice..."*Who can estimate female worth? Who can be indifferent to the charms of female excellence?* Uttering this soliloquy, I fell into a deep slumber, and the following imaginary train of circumstances rose to view.

Before me I beheld an extended plain. Upon this plain stood a stately throne, of curious workmanship. Before the throne was gathered together a large concourse of females. The whiteness of their garments rivalled the new-fallen snow, and their spirited countenances betokened an anxiety, derived from eagerness of curiosity. There were numerous spectators of this extraordinary scene. When I enquired

who the individuals were, that composed the assembly, and why they were met together, it was replied....." On yonder plain, sir, are assembled the FAIR SEX, from the middle and higher walks of life. The throne is to be filled by the GODDESS OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE. We wait her descent. She will address her youthful auditors, and furnish them with directions for the regulation of their future lives."

A secret satisfaction stole across my soul, at being present on so very interesting an occasion. But scarcely was the information communicated, when the acclamations of the multitude announced the appearance of the Goddess....Rapid and magnificent was her descent from the sky....Her presence flung a vivid effulgence over every adjacent object. Her person was tall and graceful....Her habiliments simple, yet elegant; in her countenance was blended the bloom of youth, with the sedateness of maturer years...

" Grace was in all her steps....heaven in her eye;
In every gesture, dignity and love!"

The celestial visitant seated herself upon the throne. A silence, not unlike the universal stillness of a summer's noon, pervaded the assembly. Every eye fixed itself on the goddess. Every bosom glowed with fervid expectation. She arose with majestic air, and thus addressed the attentive audience....

" DAUGHTERS of men! this day ye are assembled for an important purpose. I shall communicate sentiments, with which you should be intimately acquainted. I have your dearest interests at heart. I breathe the warmest wishes for your present and future felicity.

" The Creator, in the plentitude of his benevolence, made WOMAN an helpmate to MAN. You are, therefore, possessed of a similar form; endowed with an intelligent soul; and furnished with passions and dispositions necessary to accomplish the purposes of your existence. Upon most of your sex nature bestows the graceful form....the well pro-

portioned feature....the engaging mein....and the delicate complection. These exterior charms, however fascinating, and though many plume themselves upon them, are of little worth, unaccompanied with the more permanent accomplishments of the mind. To *these* I call your attention. May their enumeration kindle a spirit of emulation!....For nobler ends were you designed, than to flutter about like gaudy and insignificant insects, enamoured of outward show. You are capable of elevated attainments. Seek them with assiduity. Cultivate them with enthusiasm.

" Attend carefully to the improvement of the mind. This is of primary importance. I do not mean that you should be versed in the profound parts of literature. I do not require you to be skillful linguists, accute philosophers, or expert mathematicians. The abtruse sciences are unconnected with domestic life. But, why not rendered companions for the more discerning of the other sex? From the too common neglect of intellectual accomplishments flows the false, and illiberal suggestion, that your understanding is weak, and therefore incapable of any considerable culture. But are not the distinguished female writers numerous? Do they not rank high in the annals of literary fame? It may be granted, your minds are formed for relishing works of imagination, rather than for commenting on the productions of a NEWTON. This concession implies only, that the delicacy of your frame, joined to exquisite sensibility, mark you out for the cultivation of one branch of knowledge, in preference to another. The wisdom of Providence is conspicuous in the appointment. You are the better capacitated for the less active, though not less useful sphere, in which you move. By reading and meditating, improve the faculties of the mind. Biography, voyages, travels, and poetry, selected with judgment, repay, amply, the time consumed upon them. Romances peruse with caution. Most of them inflame the juvenile imagination, irritate the fancy, and exhibiting fallacious views of life, cruelly torture

the female heart. The instructive page, both of sacred and profane history, should ever lie open before you. The rise, progress, and fall of kingdoms, and of individuals, teach admirable lessons, and pour upon you that knowledge of human nature, of which none should be destitute, who pretend to any degree of refinement. Geography and chronology, the favorite hand-maids of history, enable you to perceive the beauty and propriety of historic story. Astronomy is as well worthy of your attention. The perspicuity with which its first principles are laid down, facilitates their attainment. Delightful is it, to trace the signatures of wisdom and goodness every where impressed on creation, and to know something of the general laws by which your days and your nights, your summers and your winters, roll round with such astonishing regularity. Nor be unconversant with periodical Essays. They prove an inexhaustible fund of rational entertainment and instruction. Music, painting, and occasional visits, may occupy vacant hours. The informed mind hath been likened to a piece of polished marble, which exhibits to the eye, in all their perfection, those beautiful spots and veins, which, on its ruder surface, but faintly appeared.

" The cultivation of a good temper merits particular attention. It inclines you to be satisfied with the lot assigned by Providence, to forgive the injuries of enemies, and to be unoffended with the foibles of friends. It is the basis of human bliss. The infirmities of mankind call for its perpetual exercise. With the wisdom of the serpent, mingle the innocence of the dove. And may the genius of discord never hover over your habitation ; for, is not domestic felicity, the most dear of sublunary enjoyments, marred by the obliquities of an irritable temper.

" To the nicer sensibilities of the heart be not inattentive. Graceful is the garb of humanity. Generous is the heart, dilated by the milk of human kindness. To melt at another's woe, and to commiserate the unfortunate, are conge-

nial to the female mind. If, unsusceptible of humane sensations, a shade is cast over your best qualities. To raise the dejected....to administer the cup of relief....and to visit the fatherless and the widow, are your almost exclusive province. Sympathy avails, when boasted medicine proves inefficacious. Withold not, then, what is in the power of all to give. Spare no exertion to alleviate human woe.

"In your friendships be firm....in your attachments be decidedly fixed. Coquettish frivolity disgraces those who dare to indulge it. Give no room, then, for the imputation! Having just reason to think favorably of an individual, let not idle report, sordid interest, or volatile caprice, enfeeble your predilection. Believe not all you hear. The breath of calumny sullies the most uncontaminated reputation. Rashly disapprove of none. The human character is complicated, and latent are the excellencies of many. Long acquaintance, and close scrutiny, bring them fully to view. The fickle mind, like the restless ocean, is a stranger to tranquillity and peace.

Let modesty preside over every part of your conduct.... The reign of modesty, is the reign of simplicity and innocence. She is the queen of virtues. She is the patroness of every thing excellent and praise-worthy...With incredible charms she decorates female beauty. Divested of her enchanting influence, the sweetest complexion is unattractive, and the finest features have but a slender power to engage. Modesty is a thin transparent veil, which shews, with superior lustre, the graces it would seem to cover, as a new-blown rose is more beautiful, when its leaves are a *little* folded, than when its glories are *fully* displayed.

"Be virtuous and religious. Ah! of what avail was the consummate beauty of HELEN and of CLEOPATRA, of ROSAMOND, and of SHORE? Un-enamelled by the excellence of moral goodness, it entangled them in fatal snares, and pierced them through with *many sorrows*. But virtue alone, though valuable, is insufficient. Devoid of religion, the female

character is incomplete. The goodly train of charities, unoriginating in a rational and fervent piety, are precariously founded. Mere unasisted virtue is of too delicate a texture, to suffer long the rude blasts of this inhospitable clime. It droops its head, and dies away, like the lilly, nipped by the frozen gale. As religion confers upon virtue, strength and permanency, believe firmly its truths, imbibe its spirits, obey its precepts, imitate the example of its immaculate author, and aspire to the transcendent honours of a blissful immortality.

"Such are the prominent features of FEMALE EXCELLENCE....but here, regard for your best interests forbids me to close. Is not even that flower-garden, the hue and fragrance of whose productions most powerfully hit the senses, injured by the nauseous weed? to the female character also adhere blemishes, which tarnish its beauty, and obscure its glory. Over these, charity refuses to fling her veil. To specify them, is painful. Excuse me. All I utter is dictated by a concern for your truest welfare.

"Watch against the intrusion of pride, affectation and extravagance. Pride renders you disgusting, affectation ridiculous, and extravagance hateful. No esteem is conciliated by the haughty look, the froward gate, or the forbidding mien. Detraction indicates unamiableness of spirit, and is incompatible with the dignity of the sex. Never countenance the obsequious flatterer. His design is evil. His incense is pestilential. The gilded, but empoisoned pill of adulation is administered with deplorable success..... Thus, the innocence and the reputation of the modest, but too credulous virgin, are sacrificed often at the shrine of unhallowed passion. But of all the infelicities of life, is not *his* the greatest, who enlarges the catalogue of female woes?

"Be not the votaries of preposterous fashion. This pernicious turn of mind generates embarrassments, sorely felt, deeply regretted, yet not easily obviated. To the manners

of the country where you reside, a temperate regard is due, dictated by good sense and strict propriety. Repress the rage for popular amusements, which characterizes the present age. Do they not often encroach on the time claimed by domestic affairs? Are they not accompanied with enormous expence? Have they not, sometimes, annihilated sobriety of mind, and banished regularity of conduct, the leading excellencies of the moral character?

"Upon the eye of the impassioned admirer, the ray of female excellence plays with distinguished brilliancy. Direct into an useful channel, whatever ascendancy you obtain. In some cases your influence may be almost authoritative. EVE abused it, when she plucked the forbidden fruit, and gave it to ADAM. HELEN abused it, when she occasioned the Trojan war, which lasted ten long years, and CLEOPATRA abused it when she accelerated the ruin of ANTHONY, in the height and splendour of his military career. Awed by these examples, let your jurisdiction over the other sex be mild and beneficial. Then, you humanize the ferocious, disarm the evil-mindedness of passion, and check the folly of dissipated extravagance.

"In fine, you possess the momentous trust of training up the rising generation. Under your immediate inspection, the individuals of the human race pass the important years of infancy and childhood; important, not indeed in themselves, but on account of their connection with subsequent life. When their memories are retentive, and their minds docile, teach them the inestimable lessons of wisdom, virtue, and religion...

> "'.....in your race
> To rear your graces into second life,
> This be the female dignity and praise.

"May HE, who in the beginning empowered *Women* to captivate, and gave *Man* the susceptibility of impression, guide you through the mazes, and support you under the

perplexities of this transitory existence! To the graceful form....the well-regulated feature....the engaging mien.... and the delicate complexion, may there be added, the improved mind....the mild disposition....and the obliging temper! May you be distinguished for intelligence, modesty, sensibility, virtue and religion! May every avenue to your heart be guarded against the wiles of the insiduous adulator, and the less disguised insinuations of the vicious and unprincipled rake! May the fond hopes of your parents be realised! May your partners in life equal your wishes! May your children rise up to call you blessed! Quitting this troubled theatre, may you be admitted into the ABODE OF BLISS, and clothed with the ROBES OF IMMORTAL BEAUTY!"

Here the GODDESS ceased. The exultations of the assembly roused me from my slumbers; and the VISIONARY scene vanished in the twinkling of an eye! Finding the evening far advanced, and the dews of night fast falling, I sprang from the bank on which I had reclined, and hastened homewards, pleased with my RURAL EXCURSION.

EXTRACTS.

CHARACTER
OF THE CELEBRATED CHARLES TOWNSHEND,
AS DRAWN BY EDMUND BURKE,
In his speech on American taxation, in the House of Commons, in the year 1774.

It is referred to in the historical part, page 253.

"Even then sir....even before this splendid orb* was entirely set; and, while the western horison was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the

* Lord Chatham.

heavens arose another luminary, and for his hour became lord of the ascendant.

"This light, too, passed and set for ever. You understand, to be sure, that I speak of CHARLES TOWNSHEND, officially the re-producer of this fatal scheme; whom I cannot, even now, remember without some degree of sensibility. In truth, sir, he was the delight and ornament of this house; and the charm of every private society which he honored with his presence. Perhaps there never arose, in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit; and, where his passions were not concerned, of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock, as some have had, who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better, by far, than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together, within a short time, all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully; he particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the house just between wind and water. And, not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious, or more earnest, than the preconceived opinions, and present temper of his hearers required; to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the house, and he seemed to guide, because he was always sure to follow it. There are many young members, now in the house, who never saw that prodigy, CHARLES TOWNSHEND; nor, of course, know what a ferment he was able to excite, in every thing, by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings. For failings he had undoubtedly....many of us remember them; we are, this day, considering the effects of them. But he had no failings which were not

owing to a noble cause....to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame; a passion, which is the instinct of all great souls. He worshipped that goddess wheresoever she appeared, but he paid his particular devotion to her in her favorite habitation, in her chosen temple, the house of commons. Besides the characters of the individuals that compose our body, this house, Mr. Speaker, has a collective character of its own. Like all great public collections of men you possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. But, among vices, there is none which the house abhors in the same degree with *obstinacy*. Obstinacy, sir, is certainly a great vice; and in the changeful state of political affairs it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that the whole line of the great and masculine virtues are closely allied to this disagreeable quality, of which you have so just an abhorrence; and, in their excess, all those virtues fall into it. He, who paid such punctilious attention to all your feelings, certainly took care not to shock them by that vice, which is the most disgustful to you.

"That fear of displeasing those who ought most to be pleased, betrayed him, sometimes, into the other extreme. In 1765, he was an advocate for the stamp act. Things, and the dispositions of men's minds, were changed...In short, the stamp act began to be no favourite in the house. He, therefore, voted for the repeal, and would have spoken for it, too, if an illness had not prevented it. The very next session, as the fashion of this world passeth away, the repeal began to be in as bad an odour, in this house, as the stamp act had been in, the session before. To conform to the temper, which began to prevail amongst those most in power, he declared that a revenue must be had out of America. Instantly he was tied down to his engagements, by some who had no objection to such experiments, when made at the cost of persons for whom they had no regard. The whole

body of courtiers drove him onward. His fine spun scheme had the usual fate of all exquisite policy; but the original plan, and the mode of executing it, arose solely from a love of our applause. He was, truly, *the child of the house.* He never thought, did, or said any thing, but with a view to you. He, every day, adapted himself to your disposition, and adjusted himself before it, as at a looking-glass.

GENERAL WOLFE,

When that celebrated general (at the period of the victory gained by the king's troops at Culloden, a lieutenant-colonel in the army) was riding over the field of battle with the duke of CUMBERLAND, they observed a Highlander, who though severely wounded, was yet able to set up, and, leaning on his arm, seem to smile defiance on them..... "WOLFE (said the duke) shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who thus dares to look on us, with such contempt and insolence?"...." My commission, (replied the manly officer) is at your royal highness' disposal, but I never can consent to become an executioner."....The Highlander, it is probable was soon knocked on the head by some ruffian, less scrupulous than the future conqueror of Quebec; but it was remarked, by those who heard the story, that colonel WOLFE, from that day, visibly declined in the favor and confidence of the commander in chief.

FENELON.

One of his clergy congratulating himself in the presence of this amiable bishop, for having effected the abolition of the custom of the peasants, to dance on Sundays and festival days, FENELON replied, "Mr. Rector, let us refrain from dancing; but, let us permit these poor people to dance; why should we prevent them from forgetting for a moment the extent of their griefs?"

The following remark of a literary man, on witnessing the destruction of his library by a fire, has been justly praised...." I should have derived very little advantage from my books, if I had not learnt to support their loss." But FENELON's saying, on a similar occasion, is much more simple and affecting..." I had much rather (said he) that they were burned than a poor man's cottage."

FENELON frequently visited the environs of Cambray on foot; and entering the cottages of peasants, sate himself down by them, and gave them comfort and consolation..... The old men, who had the happiness of seeing him, were accustomed to speak to him with the tenderest respect.... " That (said they) is the wooden chair, on which our good arch-bishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shall never see him more;" and they would shed tears.

ANECDOTES OF DOCTOR BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

.....One not vers'd in schools,
But strong in sense, and wise without the rules....POPE.

A thoughtless relation of doctor FRANKLIN came one day to solicit, from his benevolence, the loan of a small sum of money, to enable him to pay his bills. He preluded his request with a detail of his embarrassments which might have befallen the most circumspect. The doctor enquiring how much he wanted, he replied, with some hesitation, fifty dollars. FRANKLIN when to his escrutoir, and counted him out an hundred. He received them with many promises of prompt payment, and hastily took up the writing implements, to draw a note of hand for the cash. The doctor, who saw into the nature of the borrower's embarrassments better than he was aware, and was prepossessed with the improbability of ever receiving his cash again, stepped across the room, and laying his hand gently, upon his relation's arm, said, " stop, cousin, we will save the paper;

a quarter of a sheet it not of great value, but it is worth saving." Conveying, at once, a liberal gift, and gentle reprimand for the borrower's extravagance.

The conversation having turned, in presence of doctor FRANKLIN, upon riches, and a young person in the company having expressed his surprise, that they should ever be attended with such anxiety and solicitude, instancing one of his acquaintance, who, though in possession of unbounded wealth, yet was as busy, and more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting-house. The doctor took an apple, from a fruit-basket, and presented to a little child, who could just totter about the room. The child could scarce grasp it in his hand. He then gave him another, which occupied the other hand. Then choosing a third, remarkable for its size and beauty, he then presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three, dropped the last upon the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there (said the philosopher) there is a little man with more riches than he can enjoy."

EST! EST! EST!

"On our arrival (relates Mr. WOLFF, in his '*Sketches on a Tour through the South of Europe*,') at Monte Fascione, we stopped at an inn, rendered remarkable by a circumstance, which the landlord took care to impress on our minds. A German count, called JOHANNES DE FOURCRIS, travelled through this part of Italy, some years since, and being in the habit of sending his servant, as an avant courier to ascertain the quality of the best of wines in the country, gave him directions, whenever he found them excellent, to chalk *est*, upon the door of the respective inns.... The servant who appears to have had some knowledge of the juice of the grape, was so pleased with that of Monte Fascione, that he triply obeyed the instructions he had re-

ceived, and in large letters wrote, *est*, *est*, *est*, over this *osteria*.

On the arrival of the German count, he was so much biased by the opinion of his domestic, that he quitted not the tempting liquor, till he had made so extraordinary a sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus, that he absolutely expired with the cup in his hand, filled with the intoxicating beverage. During several subsequent years, it was the custom to pour two barrels of this wine over the tomb of the count, in consequence of the directions of his German heirs..... Now, however the money is distributed, in a more beneficial manner, among the poor of the village. A monument is erected to the memory of this son of Bacchus, in the church of Saint Flairus, on which this inscription is engraved :

Est ! Est! Est !

Propter nimium est Johannes de Fourcris dominus meus mortuis est.

VERMICELLI SOUP.

A poor man begged food at a gentleman's house. The cook gave him some Vermicelli soup. He ladled it about some time with the spoon, and then returned it to her, saying, " I am a poor man, it is true, and I am very hungry, but yet I cannot eat broth with maggots in it."

LOVE OF POWER.

The love of power seems as natural to kings, as the desire of liberty is to their subjects ; the excess of either is vicious, and tends to the ruin of both. There are many, I believe, who wish the present corrupt state of things dissolved, in hope that the pure primitive constitution will spring up from the ruins. But it is not for man, by himself man, to bring order out of confusion : the progress from one to the other is not natural, much less necessary, and, without the intervention of Divine aid, impossible : and they who are for making the hazardous experiment, would certainly find themselves disappointed.

HUMAN NATURE THE SAME IN ALL AGES.

When we look back upon our forefathers, we seem to look back upon the people of another nation....almost upon creatures of another species. Their vast rambling mansions, spacious halls, and painted casements, the gothic porch smothered with honey-suckles, their little gardens and high walls, their box-edgings, balls of holly, and yew-tree statues, are become so entirely unfashionable now, that we can hardly believe it possible, that a people, who resembled us so little in their taste, should resemble us in any thing else. But in every thing else, I suppose they were our counterparts exactly, and time has sewed up the slashed sleeve, and reduced the large trunk-hose to a neat pair of silk stockings, has left human nature just where it found it. The inside of the man, at least, has undergone no change. His passions, appetites, and aims, are just what they ever were. They wear, perhaps, a handsomer disguise than they did in days of yore; for philosophy and literature will have their effect upon the exterior; but, in every other respect, a modern is only an ancient in a different dress.

A CHARACTER.

There is a pleasure annexed to the communication of one's ideas, whether by word of mouth, or by letter, which nothing earthly can supply the place of; and it is the delight, we find, in this mutual intercourse, that not only proves us to be creatures intended for social life, but more than any thing else, perhaps, fits us for it. I have no patience with philosophers....they, one and all, suppose (at least I understand it to be a prevailing opinion among them) that man's weakness, his necessities, his inability to stand alone, have furnished the prevailing motive, under the influence of which he renounced at first a life of solitude, and became a sociable creature. It seems to be more

reasonable, as well as more honourable to my species, to suppose that generosity of soul, and a brotherly attachment to our own kind, drew us, as it were, to the common centre, taught us to build cities, and inhabit them, and welcome every stranger that would cast in his lot amongst us; that we might enjoy fellowship with each other, and the luxury of recriprocal endearments, without which a paradise could afford no comfort. There are, indeed, all sorts of characters in the world; there are some whose understandings are so sluggish, and whose hearts are such mere clods, that they live in society, without either contributing to the sweets of it, or having any relish for them. A man of this stamp passes by our window continually. I never saw him conversing with a neighbour but once in my life, though I have known him by sight, these twelve years; he is of a very sturdy make, and has a round belly, extremely protuberant, which he evidently considers as his best friend, because it is his only companion, and it is the labour of his life to fill it. I can easily conceive that it is merely the love of good eating and drinking, and now and then the want of a new pair of shoes, that attaches this man so much to the neighbourhood of his fellow-mortals: for suppose these exigencies, and others of a like kind, to subsist no longer, and what is there that could possibly give society the preference in his esteem? But other men have something more than guts to satisfy; there are the yearnings of the heart, which (let philosophers say what they will) are more importunate than all the necessities of the body; that will not suffer a creature, worthy to be called human, to be content with an insulated life, or to look for his friends among the beasts of the forest.

POETRY.

We are tempted, by the richness and peculiar beauty of the following LINES, to recommend them to the particular attention of our readers. In the description of the immortal Burke there is a felicity of thought, and a splendour of expression, well suited to the august subject; and it is still more recommended by its truth. They are taken from a London publication of much celebrity.

Britain beware, nor let the insidious foe
Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow,
Thy peace, thy strength, with devilish arts assail
And, when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.
True, thou art rich, art powerful! through thine isle
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile;
Far seas are studded with thy countless sails;
What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails!
True, thou art brave! o'er all the busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand;
Thy foes behold with impotent amaze
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze!

But what avails to guard each outward part,
If subtlest poison settling at the heart,
Spite of thy courage, of thy powers and wealth
Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health.

So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side,
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
Towers from the earth, and rearing to the skies,
Its conscious strength the tempest's wrath defies:
Its ample branches shield the fowls of air;
To its cool shade the panting herds repair.
The treacherous current works its noiseless way;
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay;
Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in the fall.

O thou! lamented sage! whose prescient scan
Pierc'd through foul anarchy's gigantic plan,
Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose
The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes;

Thou, on whose name each distant age shall gaze
The mighty sea-mark of these troubled days!
O large of soul, of genius unconfined,
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind!
BURKE! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd!
Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd,
Well hast thou found (if such thy country's doom)
A timely refuge in the shelt'ring tomb!

As, far in realms, where eastern kings are laid
In pomp of death beneath the cypress shade;
The perfumed lamp, with unextinguish'd light
Flames through the vault, and cheers the gloom of night:
So, mighty BURKE! in thy sepulchral urn,
To Fancy's view, the lamp of truth shall burn;
Thither late times shall turn their reverent eyes
Led by the light, and by thy wisdom wise.

There *are*, to whom (their tastes such pleasures cloy)
No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy.
Peace to their heavy heads, and callous hearts,
Peace, such as sloth, as ignorance imparts!
Pleased may they live to plan their country's good,
And crop, with dull content, their flowery food.

What though thy vent'rous spirit loved to urge
The labouring theme to reason's utmost verge,
Kindling and mounting from th' enraptured sight;
Still anxious wonder, watch'd thy daring flight!
—While vulgar minds with mean malignant stare
Gazed up, the triumph of thy fall to share!
Poor triumph! price of that extorted praise,
Which still to daring genius envy pays.

Oh for thy playful smile....thy potent frown,
T' abash bold vice, and laugh pert folly down!
So should the muse in humour's happiest vein,
With verse that flow'd in metaphoric strain,
And apt allusions to the rural trade,
Tell of *of what wood young* JACOBINS *are made*;
How the skill'd gardner grafts with nicest rule
The slip of coxcomb, on the stock of fool.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

So should the muse, with verse in thunder clothed,
Proclaim the crimes by God and nature loathed,
Which, when fell poison revels in the veins—
(That poison fell, which frantic Gallia drains

From the crude fruit of freedom's blasted tree)
Blots the fair records of humanity.

To feebler nations, let proud France afford
Her damning choice....the chalice or the sword;
To drink or die....O fraud! O spacious lie!
Delusive choice! for if they drink, they die.

The opinion entertained of BURKE, by another elegant poet, COLERIDGE, but of opposite political notions to the writer of the above, will come in properly here. The concurrence of both, with regard to that great man's excellence, is of the more weight as they so essentially differ in other respects.

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,
With wetted cheek and in a mourner's guise
I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise:
She spake! not sadder moans th' autumnal gale.
"Great son of genius! sweet to me thy name,
Ere in an evil hour with alter'd voice
Thou badst Oppression's hireling crew rejoice,
Blasting with wizard spell my laurell'd fame.
Yet never, BURKE! thou drank'st Corruption's bowl!
The stormy Pity, and the cherish'd lure
Of Pomp, and proud Precipitance of soul
Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah spirit pure!
That error's mist had left thy purged eye:
So might I clasp thee with a mother's joy!"

AN EFFUSION:

IMITATED FROM THE WELCH.

If, while my passion I impart,
You deem my words untrue,
O place your hand upon my heart.....
Feel how it throbs for YOU!

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim
In pity to your lover!
That thrilling touch would aid the flame,
It wishes to discover.

LINES

To the Rev. W. J. H. while teaching a Young Lady some song tunes, on his flute.

—

Hush! ye clamorous cares! be mute!
Again, dear harmonist! again
Thro' the hollow of thy flute
Breathe that passion-warbled strain,
Till memory each form shall bring
The loveliest of her shadowy throng;
And hope, that soars on sky-lark wing,
Carol wild her gladdest song!

O skill'd with magic spell to roll
The thrilling tones that concentrate the soul!
Breathe thro' thy flute those tender notes again,
While near thee sits the chaste-eyed maiden mild;
And bid her raise the poet's kindred strain
In soft impassioned voice, correctly wild.

In freedom's UNDIVIDED dell,
Where *toil* and *health*, with mellow'd *love* shall dwell,
Far from folly, far from men,
In the rude romantic glen,
Up the cliff, and thro' the glade,
Wand'ring with the dear-lov'd maid,
I shall listen to the lay,
And ponder on thee far away!
Still, as she bids those thrilling notes aspire
(" Making my fond attuned heart her lyre")
Thy honor'd form, my friend! shall re-appear,
And I will thank thee with a raptur'd tear.

EPITAPH

ON AN INFANT.

—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
DEATH came with friendly care:
The opening bud to heaven convey'd
And bade it blossom there.

EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND, IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER.

Away, those cloudy looks, that lab'ring sigh,
The peevish offspring of a sickly hour!
Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,
When the blind gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting sun flashes a mornful gleam
Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train:
To morrow shall the many-color'd main,
In brightness, roll beneath his orient beam!

W ld, as th' autumnal gust, the hand of time
Flies o'er his mystic lyre: in shadowy dance
Th' alternate groups of joy and grief advance,
Responsive to his varying strains sublime!

Bears on its wing each hour a load of fate.
The swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild murmurs, led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
To-day may rule a tempest-troubled state.

Nor yet shall fortune with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary despot's might,
And haply hurl the pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

There shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown
Round his tir'd limbs to wrap the purple vest;
And mix'd with nails and beads, an equal jest!
Barter for food, the jewels of his crown.

EPISTLE

WRITTEN AFTER A WALK BEFORE SUPPER.

Tho' much averse, dear Jack, to flicker,
To find a likeness for friend V**ker,
I've made thro' earth, and air, and sea,
A voyage of discovery!
And let me add (to ward off strife)
For V**ker, and for V**ker's wife...
She, large and round beyond belief,
A superfluity of beef!

Her mind and body of a piece,
And both compos'd of kitchen-grease.
In short, dame Truth might safely dub her
Vulgarity enshrin'd in blubber!
He, meagre bit of littleness,
All snuff, and musk, and politesse;
So thin, that strip him of his cloathing,
He'd totter on the edge of NOTHING!
In case of foe, he well might hide
Snug in the collops of her side.

Ah then what simile will suit?
Spindle leg in great jack-boot?
Pismire crawling in a rut?
Or a spigot in a butt?
Thus I humm'd and ha'd awhile,
When madam Memory, with a smile,
Thus twitch'd my ear...." Why sure, I ween,
In London streets thou oft hast seen
The very image of this pair:
A little *ape* with huge *she-bear*
Link'd by hapless chain together:
An unlick'd mass the one....the other
An antic huge with nimble crupper."
But stop, my muse! for here comes supper.

EFFUSION.

Methinks, how daintly sweet it were, reclin'd
Beneath the vast o'er shadowing branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie;
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind,
Aught envying! And, O ANNA! mild-eyed maid!
BELOVED! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses the long summer day,
Cheating the time beneath the green-wood shade.
But ah! sweet scenes of fancied bliss, adieu!
On rose-leaf beds amid your fairy bowers
I all too long have lost the dreamy hours!
Beseems it now the sterner muse to woo,
If haply she her golden meed impart
To realize the vision of the heart.

MISCELLANIES.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. . . . . CICERO.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE singularity of the following account has induced us to give it to our readers. That such a confederation should exist in Africa, amongst nations in a savage state, is a fact which may lead to curious investigations of the nature and origin of society. To our recollection it brings the dreadful recitals of that terrible institution, which, under the name of the *Secret Tribunal*, formerly spread such consternation through Germany. Those who are fond of the marvellous will dwell on it for a moment, as on one of the wild visions which decorate the regions of romance; while the philosopher, who reads that such things are, will find in it abundant cause for the most interesting reflections on human nature.

THE PURRAH;

OR, CONFEDERATION OF WARRIORS.

An extraordinary Institution amongst the NATIVES of WESTERN AFRICA.

Between the river of Sierra Leone and Cape Monte, there exist five nations of Foulhas, Sousous or Sousos, who form among themselves a kind of federative republic. Each colony has its particular magistrates and local governments;

but they are subject to an institution, which these negroes call purrah. It is an association or confederation of warriors. Each of these five colonies has its particular purrah, and each purrah has its own chiefs, and its tribunals, and it is the tribunal itself, which is properly called purrah.—From these five provincial purrahs, is formed the grand general and sovereign purrah, whose authority extends over all the colonies above mentioned.

In order to be admitted to the confederation of a cantonal purrah, it is necessary to be thirty years of age; to be a member of the grand purrah, the person must be fifty years old, and the grand or sovereign purrah is generally composed of members from those of the cantons.

A candidate is not admitted to be examined before a cantonial purrah, except all his relations who belong to it, become sureties for his conduct; they bind themselves by oath to sacrifice him, if he flinch during the ceremony, or if, after having been admitted, he betray the mysteries and secrets of the association.

In each canton comprised in the institution of the purrah, there is a secret wood, whither the candidate is conducted; he is obliged to reside in a place appropriated for him; he is confined for several months in a solitary and contracted habitation, where he receives his food from men disguised in masks; he dares neither speak nor quit the dwelling which is assigned him; and, if he attempt to penetrate into the forest which surrounds him, he is instantly struck dead.

After several months preparation the candidate is admitted to the trial. These last proofs are said to be terrible; all the elements are employed to ascertain his resolution and courage: it is even asserted, that lions and leopards in some degree chained, are made use of in these mysteries; that during the time of these proofs and initiations, the sacred woods resound with dreadful howlings; that during the

night vast conflagrations appear, which seem to indicate a general destruction, while, at other times, fire is seen to pervade these mysterious woods in all directions, and every one whose curiosity excites him to profane these recesses, is sacrificed without mercy: for proofs are not wanting, that many who have penetrated them, have disappeared, and never after been heard of.

When the candidate has undergone all the degrees of probation, he is permitted to be initiated; an oath being previously exacted from him, that he will keep all the secrets, and execute, without reflection, all the decisions of the purrah of his tribe, as well as the decrees of the grand and sovereign purah.

If a member of the association should act with treachery, or turn a rebel, he is devoted to death, and is sometimes assassinated in his family.

At a moment when the guilty person least expects it, a warrior appears before him, masked and armed, who says, "the sovereign purrah decrees thy death." On these words, every person present shrinks back, no one makes the least resistance, and the victim falls a sacrifice to his perfidy.

The tribunal of each purrah of a nation is composed of twenty-five members, and from each of these particular tribunals are taken five persons, who form the grand purrah, or supreme tribunal of the general association. This sovereign tribunal is consequently composed of twenty-five members, who appoint their own chief from their number.

The common purrah of a tribe, takes cognizance of the crimes committed within his jurisdiction, tries the criminals and executes their sentences; it also appeases the quarrels and dissentions that arise among powerful families.

The grand purrah assembles only on extraordinary occasions, and tries those who betray the mysteries and secrets of the order, or who rebel against its dictates; and, it is

this assembly which generally puts an end to the wars that sometimes break out between two tribes under the influence of this confederation.

When those people make war, after some months of reciprocal hostility, during which time both parties, as is usual, have sustained material injury, they unanimously wish for peace. They then secretly invoke the grand purrah, and solicit its interference to terminate their quarrels.

The sovereign purrah collects and assembles in a neutral canton. As soon as it has met, it makes known to the belligerent cantons, that it cannot suffer men, who ought to live like friends, brothers, and good neighbours, to make war against each other, and pillage and lay waste their territotories; that it is time to put an end to these excesses; that the grand purrah is about to investigate the causes of war, which it must terminate; and it immediately orders all hostilities to be suspended.

It is a fundamental point of this institution, that, from the instant when the grand purrah has assembled for the purpose of terminating war, till it has decided on this subject, every warrior of the two belligerent cantons is forbidden to shed a drop of blood, under pain of death. This cessastion of hostilities is consequently observed with the greatest scrupulosity.

The supreme tribunal remains assembled for the space of a month, in which time it acquires the necessary and certain information, as to the tribe which first began the provocation and aggression. At the same time, it convokes a sufficient number of warriors of the confederation necessary for executing the decisions which it may resolve upon: and, lastly, when all the information is collected, it judges and condems the guilty tribe to be pillaged during four days.

The warriors who execute this sentence, are taken from the neutral cantons: they set off by night from the place

where the grand purrah had assembled: they are all disguised, and their faces are covered with frightful masks: they are armed with poniards, and carry lighted torches; then, dividing themselves into parties, between forty and sixty in number, they all unexpectedly arrive, before break of day, on the territory which is devoted to plunder, where they declaim with a terrible voice the decree of the sovereign tribunal.

Immediately on their approach, men, women, children, and aged people, fly before them; all retreat into their hovels; and if any of them are met within the fields, streets, or other avenues, they are either killed or carried off, after which they are never more heard of.

The products of this system of plunder are divided into two parts; one is distributed in the canton against which the aggression has been committed; the other part goes to the grand purrah, which distributes it among the warriors it has employed to execute its decree; and this is a reward for their zeal, fidelity and obedience.

When any family of the tribes, under the command of the purrah, becomes too powerful, and excites alarm, the grand purrah assembles to deliberate on the subject, and almost always condemns it to sudden and unexpected plunder, which is executed by night, and always by warriors masked and disguised.

If the chiefs of the dangerous family are inclined to resist the mandates of their rulers, they are immediately put to death or carried off; in the latter case, they are conveyed to the extremity of one of the sacred and solitary forests, where the purrah tries them as to the fact of rebellion, and almost always after such trial they disappear forever.

Such is a partial history of this extraordinary institution; its existence is but too well known; the effects of its power are severely felt, and it is generally dreaded; but the obscurity which envelopes its intentions, deliberations, and

resolutions, is impenetrable ; and it is not until the moment when a prescribed individual receives the stroke of death, that he learns he has been condemned.

The terror and alarm which this confederation excites amongst the inhabitants of the countries where it is established, and even in the neighbouring territories, is beyond the power of description.

The negroes of the bay of Sierra Leone never speak of this society without reserve and apprehension ; they believe that all the members of the confederation are sorcerers ; that they have communication with the devil, and can procure his accession to all their desires, without his being able to do them any injury in return.

The purrah has an interest in propagating these prejudicies, by means of which it exercises an authority that no person dares to dispute, and which, nevertheless, it very seldom abuses, though by its means it acquires respect both far and near.

It is supposed, that the number of warriors initiated and belonging to the purrah, amounts to upwards of six thousand ; and yet the laws, the secrets, and mysteries of this association are religiously kept and preserved by these numerous confederates, who recognize each other, and make themselves understood by certain words and signs.

CHARACTER OF THE ITALIANS.

The inhabitants of Italy are less subject to avarice, envy, or repining at the narrowness of their own circumstances, and the comparative wealth of others, than most of other nations. They are the greatest loungers in the world; and while walking in the fields, or stretched in the shade, seem to enjoy the serenity and genial warmth of their climate, with a degree of luxurious indulgence peculiar to themselves, without running into the daring excess of the

English, or displaying the frisky vivacity of the French, or the invincible phlegm of the Germans. They discover a species of sedate sensibility to every source of enjoyment, from which, perhaps, they derive a greater degree of happiness than any other people. The splendid processions and religious ceremonies, so frequent in Italy, besides comforting and amusing the Italian populace, serve to fill up their time, and prevent that *ennui*, and those immoral practices, which are apt to accompany poverty and idleness.

The Italians are, in general, a sober ingenious people, with quick feelings, and therefore irritable; but, when unprovoked, of a mild and obliging disposition. The murders which occasionally happen, proceed from a deplorable want of police, and some very impolitic customs which have, from various causes, crept in amongst them, and would produce more frequent examples of the same kind, if they prevailed to the same degree in some other countries. The assassinations which disgrace Italy, whatever may have been the case formerely, are now entirely confined to the accidental quarrels which occur among the rabble. No such thing has been known for many years past among people of condition, or the middle rank of citzens; and with regard to the instances which happen among the vulgar, they almost always proceed from an immediate impulse of wrath, and are seldom the effect of previous malice, or a premeditated plan of revenge. It is matter of doubt whether the stories we have of mercenaries, bravos, men who are supposed formely to have made it their profession to assassinate, and live by the murders they committed, are founded in truth; but this may with certainty be avered, that, at present, there is no such trade in Italy. If the horrible practice of drawing the knife and stabbing, still subsists among the Italian vulgar, it is owing to the scandalous impunity with which it is treated. The asylum which churches and

convents offer to criminals, operates againts the peace of society, and tends to the encouragement of this shocking custom. It increases the criminal's hope of escaping, and diminishes in vulgar minds, the idea of the atrocity of the crime.

In England, Germany, or France, a man knows that if he commits a murder, every person around him will from that instant become his enemy, and employ every means to seize him, and bring him to justice. He knows that he will be immediately carried to prison, and put to an ignominious death, amidst the execrations of his countrymen. Imprest with these sentiments, and with the natural horror for murder, the populace of these countries hardly ever have recourse to stabbing in their accidental quarrels, however they may be inflamed with anger and rage.

The murders committed in Germany, France, and England, are, therefore, comparatively few. In Italy the case is different: an Italian is not under the influence of so strong an impression, that certain execution must be the consequence of his committing a murder; he is less careful to restrain his wrath; he hopes to have the good fortune to get within the portico of a church, before he is seized by the sbirri; and if he is carried to prison, he knows that it is not a difficult matter for his friends or relations to prevail, by their intreaties and tears, on some of the cardinals or princes, to interfere in his favor, and endeavour to obtain his pardon. This being the case, we need be no longer surprised that murder is more common among the Italian populace, than among the common people of any other country. As soon as asylums for such criminals are abolished, and justice is allowed to take its natural course, that foul stain will be entirely effaced from the national character of the modern Italians.

This is already verified in the grand duke of Tuscany's dominions. The same edict which declared that churches

and convents should be no longer places of refuge for murderers, has totally put a stop to the use of the stilletto: and the Florentine populace now fight with the same blunt weapons that are used by the common people of other nations.

FOR THE REGISTER.

In the following extract from the *Sermons* of the reverend SYDNEY SMITH, lately published in London, our readers will discern the fine hand of a master. Considered merely with regard to its composition, it possesses a high degree of literaray excellence; but it has a far more powerful claim upon our attention. In an age disgraced by the shameless effronteries of ignorance and infidelity, his is no mean praise who indignantly rises in support of truth and common sense, and holds up the enemy of all religion, natural and revealed, to the universal scorn and detestation of mankind.

THE BIGOTED SCEPTIC.

"What shall we say to that most extraordinary of all characters, A BIGOTED SCEPTIC? who resists the force of proof, where he has every temptation to be convinced; who ought to sigh for refutation, and to bless the man who has reasoned him to silence. Bigotry in him is pure, unadulterated vice. It is not the fear of losing an opinion on which his happiness depends, but the fear of losing an opinion, merely bacause it is an opinion; and this is the very essence of obstinacy and pride. Where men pretend to nothing, the world is indulgent to their faults; but it well behoves those who lord it, in words and thoughts, over the rest of mankind, that they be consistent in their conduct, and perfectly free from those faults which they so liberally impute to others. Ignorance, bigotry, and illiberality, are bad enough in a simple state; but when men of slender information, narrow views, and obstinate dispositions, insult the feelings of such of their fellow creatures as have

fixed their faith on an amiable and benevolent religion, we are called upon by common sense, and by common spirit, to resist and extinguish this dynasty of fools. To those great men, on whom GOD has breathed a great portion of his spirit, and sent into the world to enlarge the empire of talents and of truth, mankind will ever pay a loyal obedience. They are our natural leaders; they are the pillars of fire which brighten the darkness of the night, and make strait the paths of the wilderness. They must move on before us. But while we give loose to our natural veneration for great talents, let us not mistake laxity for liberality; the indelicate boldness of a froward disposition, for the grasping strength and impulsive curiosity of an original mind. Let us steadily discountenance the efforts of bad men and of shallow men, to darken the distinctions between right and wrong, to bring into ridicule and contempt the religion of their country, and to gratify some popular talent, at the expence of the dearest interest of mankind.

"Bigotry and intolerance are their terms of alarm, and some foundation for alarm, in truth, there may be: but the danger is not, that the world should again fall under the dominion of men who will dictate a peculiar belief, but of men who will prohibit all belief; who will enforce incredulity with monastic vigour, and annex a papal infallibility to the decisions of the sceptical school. The danger is, that having escaped from one age of darkness, where nothing was called in question, we shall fall into another, where every thing is discussed; that, having reduced the power of one order of men, who would have hindered us from doubting, we shall have to struggle with another, who would hinder us from deciding; that the fires of persecution may be lighted up, to support an orthodox phyrronism, and to check the heresy of piety."

THE PAINTER:—A FRAGMENT.

———— I admire,
None more admires, the Painter's magic skill,
Who shews me that which I shall never see;
Conveys a distant country into mine;
And throws Italian light on British walls..... COWPER.

Blest be the pencil! which from death can save
The semblance of the virtuous wise, and brave;
That youth and emulation still may gaze
On those inspiring forms of ancient days,
And, from the force of bright example bold,
Rival their worth, 'and be what they beheld.'.. HAYLEY.

Animum pictura pascit inani..... VIRGIL.

He, with the unsubstantial picture feeds his mind.

A few years ago I visited London, and resided, during my stay, in a relative's house. A gentleman lived in the family, of whom I had frequently heard, and for whose character, though I had never seen him, I conceived an high esteem. I was introduced to him, on my arrival in town, and experienced great pleasure and satisfaction in his company. He was a solitary widower, and spoke often of his wife and children, in a strain characteristic of conjugal and paternal tenderness.

A liberal education had enriched his understanding with the treasures of knowledge; and his manners were polished by an intimacy with the polite world. Providence had favored him with an income exceeding competency, and he distributed, among the industrious poor of the neighbourhood, a certain quantity of food and raiment. Every Sabbath saw him present at divine worship; and he paid strict regard to the doctrines and precepts of the Christian Religion. The summer month were passed in the vicinity of London, where he amused himself by surveying the beauties of nature, and tracing the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, displayed in the structure of this material system. In the

winter he returned to town, but gave little countenance to those public diversions, with which, at that season of the year, the metropolis abounds. Having an elegant library of favorite authors, he beguiled the tediousness of a winter's evening by the perusal of the instructive volume. He likewise attended a select circle of friends, who met once a week for mutual improvement.

One trait in this gentleman's character, even a stranger on a slight interview might discover. The love of PAINTING was his darling passion; and its ascendancy over him sensibly affected his conduct. It was not unlike Aaron's rod, which swallowed up those of the magicians. I have observed him using many little innocent arts to make the nature and utility of PAINTING the leading topic of conversation. Whenever he succeeded, his countenance was illumined with gleams of joy.

As I am sketching the outline of this benevolent character—justice requires me to observe, that none were more disposed to patronized the young and unassisted. Many were sheltered beneath his fostering wing, and his ears were never shut to the lamentations of distressed merit. He frequently expressed regret, that no institution was formed adequate to the relief of INDIGENT GENIUS. With what honest indignation did I hear him recount the miseries of Dryden, Otway, Savage, and Chatterton! One day in particular, he pathetically described to me Chatterton's career; and thus concluded the melancholy tale:

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar?
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime,
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of pride—by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar?
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave unpitied and unknown!"

BEATTIE.

During my residence in town, I told the Connoisseur, that paintings gave me exquisite pleasure, and that with the most agreeable emotions I had surveyed the annual exhibition at Somerset-House. He enquired instantly whether I practised myself, and expressed a wish of seeing my juvenile productions.—"I feel, (said I) a predilection for the art—devote much of my time to the study of it, and with my parents' consent shall embrace that line of profession."

The information pleased him, and he again repeated his desire of seeing some of my sketches. I had but few with me, and those I put into his hands. When he returned them, he with candour observed—"They possess considerable merit, and though not void of blemishes, yet these blemishes the improvement of your present good taste will effectually correct."

The day previous to my departure from the metropolis, just after breakfast, he took me aside into his apartment. Having shut the door, he furnished me with a seat, and thus addressed me:

"The choice of an employment, my friend, involves your future felicity. Many destitute of an intelligent adviser, engage in occupations for which they are by no means fitted. I much approve of the choice you have already made. You are blessed with a genius for PAINTING.—Cherish that genius with sedulous care. For want of the soul's being moulded by the hand of nature for this noble art, how few of its *amateurs* attain to eminence! In rewarding merit the present age is not backward; and the reign of GEORGE the IIId. is distinguished for its attention to the fine arts. You will require the tuition of an accomplished master. Should your parents refuse to advance a competent premium, I will afford every necessary aid. Nothing on my part shall be omitted, to ensure you celebrity in your profession, and to render you an useful member of society. Be ambitious of rising above the

common herd of mankind—of attracting the notice of a generous public—and of having your name transmitted with honor to an impartial posterity :

> " For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream ?
> Who would not live in songs of distant days ?
>
> WOLCOTT.

The connoisseur (scarcely giving me time to thank him for the generous proposal) now took up his golden-headed cane, which lay across the table, and pointing to the several parts of the room, described the ornaments with which it was decorated. On the mantle-piece, stood the busts of RAPHAEL, TITIAN, and GUIDO. Having mentioned the persons they represented, he specified the place of their birth—the times in which they flourised—and the *chef d'ouvres* which had immortalized their names. On this last topic, he eloquently expatiated. He not only extolled those masters of the pencil, but reprobating the critics, who had asserted their famous pieces to be defective—he almost averred they were faultless. Demosthenes declaimed not more vehemently against the ambition of the Macedonian monarch than this good man did, at (what he termed) the *insolence* of criticism. The encomist then pointed to a single bust, which graced an elegant pedestal elevated a foot above the rest. " This (said he) is the bust of sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS." He favored me with a brief account of that eminent artist ; and wound up the whole with an apostrophe in his praise.

We next surveyed the different pictures with which the apartment was embellished. They were so numerous, as to occupy almost the whole wainscot ; and so arranged, as to have a peculiar effect on the beholder's imagination when he first entered the room. To whatever part the eye glanced, you perceived a group of portraits, lanscapes, or historic pieces. On each of these the panegyrist descanted. " See (exclaimed he, with a glow on his visage, and a sprightliness

in his eye) how boldly are they sketched !—how vivid the colours !—how delicate the finishing !"

I was, however, astonished that one picture passed unnoticed, which struck me, beyond any of the rest, and seemed full as worthy of praise as those upon which he had bestowed his encomiums. It represented a young woman, about thirty years of age, seated in an elbow chair. Graceful was her appearance, neat her attire, sprightly and intelligent her countenance. Her features were engaging. I think I never beheld a face so thoroughly expressive of female loveliness. The moment I saw her, she reminded me of the beauteous rose in all its glory. In her arms she held a sweet infant, on whom she smiled with maternal fondness; and on her knee leaned a lovely boy, apparently near four or five years old. The little boy was drawn in the attitude of looking up into his mother's face with an interesting earnestness, and his innocent features glowed with the warmth of filial affection. I interrupted the Connoisseur, by begging him to explain this delightful picture, and assign his reason for passing it over in silence. I immediately perceived the question agitated his mind, and his eyes were suffused with tears. "Alas!" said he, in a faultering voice, "it is the dear wife of my youth, and two sweet children—now—no more!" The three last words were scarcely articulated. He sat down, and wept bitterly. That they were to him *no more*, wrung his tender heart. I approached him, and taking him by the hand, said, "My dear sir, abandon not yourself to grief. These misfortunes are incident to frail mortality. Our best tears are due to departed worth, and may be shed frequently o'er the tomb of the deceased. Sorrow not, as those who are *without hope*. Though to you they return not, yet the Christian religion assures you, that you shall again meet each other, *never more to be separated.*" These consolatory hints, though imperfect, proved a cordial to revive his spirits. He gradually recovered. Wishing not to open wounds, which seemed far from be-

ing closed by the lenient hand of time, I enquired no further into particulars. Poor man! I was not surprised at thy amiable sensibility:—

> ——— Busy meddling memory
> In barbarous successions mustered up
> The past endearments of thy softer hours,
> Tenacious of its theme. BLAIR.

My friend having thus surveyed his apartment, rose, and went to his bureau. He brought me a PAPER, folded like a letter, and carefully sealed. "To-morrow (said he) you leave us. This manuscript contains one of my juvenile essays, and was read in a society where each member in his turn produced an essay on some favourite theme.—Accept it, as a token of my affection for you; and when arrived in the country, peruse candidly its contents."

As I was thanking him for his kindness, the dinner-bell rang, and released us from our temporary, though not unpleasing, confinement. The next day I bade him a final adieu. Stepping into the carriage, I heard somebody calling me by name, and turning round, I observed the GENEROUS CONNOISSEUR at his window. As the carriage drove off he waved gently his hand; and I distinctly heard him say, "Farewell, young friend—God bless you!"

In the evening I reached my father's house, and partook of the dear charities of social life. Being the summer time, I the ensuing day rose with the dawn; and, that I might examine the paper put into my possession, I retired to a neighbouring bower. It was a lovely morning, and the objects around me inspired me with delight. Escaped from the tumultuous bustle of a city life, I marked the beauties of creation with additional pleasure. The sun, in the empurpled east was emerging from beneath the horizon; and his rays, trembling through the fleecy clouds, gladdened the face of nature. The birds on the branches, hopping from spray to spray, were saluting the return of day. The golden grain, waved by the gentle pressure of the gale;

whilst the playful cattle, and the sportive lambkins, heightened the gaiety of the landscape. Nature throughout seemed revived; and the creation, as in gratitude to its beneficent Author, was offering up its incense to the great Father of all! Images of benevolence crouded on my delighted imagination; and, flinging my eye around, I with rapture exclaimed,

"Hail to th living light,
Ambrosial Morn! all hail thy roseate lay!
That living ray, whose power benign
Unfolds the scene of glory to my eye.
Where thron'd, in artless majesty,
The cherub Beauty sits on Nature's rustic shrine." MASON.

The sequestered bower, towards which I was tending with hasty step, lay at the foot of an adjacent hill. Near it ran a rivulet, whose waters were clear as crystal; and whose purling stream inviting to repose, sweetened the tranquillity of solitude. Thither I often withdrew for the indulgence of meditation.

I soon gained the hallowed spot. Around the bower the wild honeysuckle and the fragrant jessamine, with many spontaneous productions of nature, wound themselves in graceful evolutions. Their thick foilage, admitting only the glimmering rays of the sun, chased away the glare of open day, and the light fell on my eye with a softened effulgence. Seating myself down, I drew from my pocket the benevolent PANEGYRIST'S juvenile essay. Having broken the seal, and unfolded the manuscript, I with avidity proceeded to examine the contents, and read as follows: * * *

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FOR THE REGISTER.

Nothing relating to a man of so extraordinary a character as BURKE can be indifferent to any one capable of appreciating virtue and talents. To those who are fond of tracing the advances of the human mind from its first dawn to its meridian lustre, and of discerning in its early operations, that genius which afterwards rises to conspicuity, it must be pleasing to perceive in the following letter the first rays of the luminous mind which was destined to adorn, to delight, and to instruct the world. It is so much matter of common place to lament that this wonderful man ever suffered himself to be entangled in the vile web of party-politics, that we should not have had recourse to it, had we not been irresistibly impelled by our feelings, on reading this beautiful composition. We must deplore the strange infatuation which betrayed him from the path in which nature evidently designed him to walk. Fancy and judgment are admirably blended in every line. We are at a loss which most to admire, his sagacity and penetration in his description of scenes till then new to him, or the vivid warmth of fancy, with which he has animated the most common topics. On some occasions he has risen to a degree of sublimity, which perhaps, he himself in his happiest moments never surpassed. Were we called upon to select a subject worthy of the finest pencil we should not hesitate to point to the allegory, in which "HISTORY ARRESTS THE WINGS OF TIME, IN HIS FLIGHT TO THE GULPH OF OBLIVION." In our opinion it has no parallel.

BURKE'S FIRST THOUGHTS ON LONDON.

In a letter to a school-fellow in Ireland.

MY DEAR MICHAEL,

Mr. Balf was so very kind as to deliver me your friendly epistle about half an hour ago. I read it over, blest the first

inventor of letters, and as I have plenty of ink, pens, and paper, and as this is one of my holidays, I intend to dedicate it to friendship. Balzac having once escaped from a company where he found it necessary to weigh every word that he uttered, chanced to meet a friend: "Come," said he to him, "let us retire to some place where we can converse freely together, and commit as many solecisms as we please." I need not tell you the application. You'll expect some short account of my journey to this great city. To tell you the truth, I made very few remarks as I rolled along, for my mind was occupied with many thoughts, and my eyes often filled with tears, when I reflected on all the dear friends I left behind; yet the prospects could not fail to attract the attention of the most indifferent: country seats sprinkled round on every side, some in the modern taste, others in the style of old de Coverly Hall, all smiling on the neat, but humble cottage; every village as gay and compact as a bee-hive, resounding with the busy hum of industry, and inns like palaces. What a contrast between our poor country, where you'll scarce find a cottage ornamented with a chimney! But what pleased me most of all was the progress of agriculture, my favourite study, and my favourite pursuit, if Providence had blest me with a few paternal acres. A description of London and its natives would fill a volume. The buildings are very fine; it may be called the sink of vice; but her hospitals and charitable institutions, whose turrets pierce the skies, like so many electrical conductors, avert the very wrath of heaven. The inhabitants may be divided into two classes, the *undoers* and the *undone;* generally so, I say, for I am persuaded there are many men of honesty, and women of virtue, in every street. An Englishman is cold and distant at first; he is very cautious even in forming an acquaintance; he must know you well before he enters into friendship with you; but if he does, he is not the first to dissolve the sa-

cred band; in short, a real Englishman is one that performs more than he promises; in company he is rather silent, extremely prudent in his expressions, even in politics his favourite topic. The women are not quite so reserved; they consult their glasses to the greatest advantage, and as nature is very liberal in her gifts to their persons, and even mind, it is not easy for a young man to escape their glances, or to shut his ears to their softly flowing accents. As to the state of learning in this city, you know I have not been long enough in it to form a proper judgment of that subject. I don't think, however, there is as much respect paid to a man of letters on this side the water as you imagine. I don't find that genius, the "rath primrose, which forsaken dies," is patronised by any of the nobility; so that writers of the first talents are left to the capricious patronage of the public. Notwithstanding this discouragement, literature is cultivated in a high degree. Poetry raises her enchanting voice to heaven. History arrests the wings of Time in his flight to the gulph of Oblivion. Philosophy, the queen of arts, and the daughter of heaven, is daily extending its intellectual empire. Fancy sports on airy wing, like a meteor on the bosom of a summer cloud, and even Metaphysic spins her cobwebs and catches some flies. The House of Commons not unfrequently exhibits explosions of eloquence, that rise superior to those of Greece and Rome, even in their proudest days. Yet, after all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic, than by the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the trade wind, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sands. As to the stage, it is sunk, in my opinion, into the lowest degree; I mean with regard to the trash that is exhibited on it; but I don't attribute it to the taste of the audience, for when Shakspeare warbles his "native wood notes," the boxes, pit and gallery are crowded—and the gods are true to every word, if properly winged to the heart.

Soon after my arrival in town, I visited Westminster Abbey; the moment I entered, I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind, which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. HENRY the VIIth's chapel is a very fine piece of gothic architecture, particularly the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the university of Cambridge. Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband, in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting. But I always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch, inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly—I don't think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit? When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished Parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form and as fair a face as her own. They shew, besides, how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendship beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion—such is our natural love of immortality; but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high, for when all the pride of the chissel, and the pomp of heraldry, yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half worn out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit! I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean MILTON'S '*Il Penseroso*,' was composed in the long resounding isle of a mouldering cloister or ivyed abbey.—Yet after all, do you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church-yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my

dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression, "family burying-ground," has something pleasing in it, at least to me. I am glad that doctor Sheridan is returned, and determined to spend the rest of his days in your quarter. I should send him some botanic writings which I have in view, if I were not certain that the Irish Hippocrates would rather read nature in her own works. With what pleasure I have seen him trace the delicate texture of a lily, and exclaim that "Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of those;" and you know that our lilies are fairer than new fallen snow. You are quite mistaken when you think I don't admire Plutarch, I prefer his writings to those of any other. *Sacra semper excipio, quo in summa arce locare fas est & aquum nun quam non in manibus habenda.*

I expect, in a day or two, to be introduced to Miss Woffington, our countrywoman. She is rapidly rising into theatric fame; I could wish to publish a few anecdotes of her. She is of low origin it is true, but talents and nature often avenge themselves on fortune in this respect. The roses of Florida spring out of the finest soil; they are the fairest in the universe, but they emit no fragrance. I recollect that she read her recantation in a little country church, somewhere in the county of Cavan. Mr. Fleming of Stahalmuck wrote some verses on that occasion. I wish you could procure a copy of them for me as soon as possible. I also wish that you could procure some anecdotes of Mr. Brooke, author of the justly celebrated tragedy of Gustavus Vasa.

I am, &c.

EDMUND BURKE.

*** The answer to this letter will be given in our next.

FOR THE REGISTER.

The following narrative, in itself very extraordinary and interesting, is rendered still more so by its having been made the basis of a plot, for a variety of dramatic productions, which having recently appeared in different languages in Europe. Abaellino, or the Grand Banditt, the Bravo of Venice, one play at least in the French language, and, lastly, the Venetian Outlaw, lately produced by Mr. Elliston, are all founded upon this singular story.

THE REFORMER OF MESSINA.

This severe corrector is described as an industrious mechanic, whose daily occupation did not prevent his noticing the scenes which passed before him.

He saw, with indignation, a general absence of public virtue, and private principles; honesty oppressed, and vice rewarded; the sword of justice evaded by corruption; an universal degeneracy of manners, and a want of power or inclination in government, to chastise offenders.

Under the impulse of such convictions, and stimulated by a zeal, which individuals cannot be too cautious how they indulge; he boldly resolved to take on himself the arduous task of a reformer.

Having previously determined in his own mind, that the disease was spread too widely, and too deeply rooted to admit of palliative remedies, and conscious that the *verbal* remonstrances of a man in his obscure rank, would not only be ridiculed and disregarded, but draw down destruction on his head, he resolved to work on the fears of the wicked, and those who were inattentive to the voice of conscience, and fearless of *future* punishment, to terrify by *instant visitation*, and signal destruction, from a quarter unknown, unseen, and which it would be out of their power to guard against or avoid.

Providing himself with a short gun, which he loaded and concealed under his cloak, he sallied forth in dark evenings, and as safe opportunities offered, dispatched incorrigible offenders, of various ranks, whose notorious enormities had long condemned them in the public opinion.

In different parts of Messina, and in the course of a few months, many individuals were found shot, but their property untouched; usurers who had ruined thousands by extortion; unjust, oppressive magistrates, who converted the laws of their country into instruments for gratifying avarice or revenge; bad ministers, who had involved their countrymen in unnecessary war; pretended patriots, who indiscriminately opposed and censured every measure of government, for the corrupt purpose of forwarding the interest of themselves and partizans, and ultimately succeeding to the places of those they abused; adulterers and debauchees; husbands who blushed not to live on the price of nuptial prostitution; and wives who considered beauty as a fair resource for repairing the fortunes they had dissipated at the gaming table.

The general astonishment was considerable; no consummate villian of consequence dared to walk the streets; it was in vain that guards and spies were employed to discover the murderer; his systematic caution eluded all the arts of the police; perhaps the great mass of people were not wholly displeased at the judicial and exemplary dispatch he made.

After more than fifty of the worst men of the city had been put to death, without a single circumstance arising, which could enable any one to guess by whom they were assassinated, the viceroy, thinking it necessary to exert himself in every possible way to discover the author, published a proclamation, in which, after enlarging on the general terror, and the melancholy catastrophes which had taken place, he offered a reward of ten thousand crowns, to

any man who should apprehend, or be instrumental in apprehending the offender or offenders; the same sum, and a free pardon were also offered to the person who actually committed the murders in question, if he would confess them, and the motives by which he was actuated.

To render his sincerity unquestionable, the viceroy went publicly, in procession, and with great pomp and splendor, to the cathedral; received the sacrament, and solemnly repeated his promise at the altar, that he would strictly, and without mental reservation, perform his vow in every particular.

The assassin having satisfied his zeal for justice, and being willing to secure safety, as well as that independence which he thought he deserved, immediately repaired to the palace; demanded an audience, and after strong assurances from the prince, that he would religiously observe his oath, confessed himself the murderer of the persons, who at different times, had been found in the streets.

The viceroy paused, and suppressing, as far as he was able, the strong emotions of horror and surprise, which struggled in his breast, proceeded to argue with the reformer on the unjustifiable cruelty and irregularity of his proceeding, in thus putting to death so many persons, without judicial process.

The mechanic defended his conduct on the plea of justice, and the interests of morality and virtue; insisted, that the characters of those he had destroyed, were too notorious to require any legal trial, and concluded with severely reprimanding the chief magistrate for suffering so many bad men to live.

The royal representative, whatever might be his inclination, religiously kept his word, paid the stipulated sum, and as it was judged that Messina might not, in every respect, be a proper residence for the mechanic, after what had happened, he embarked, with his family and effects, in a mer-

chant ship, bound to Genoa, and passed the remainder of his life in the territory of that republic.

However dangerous and unwarrantable it may be to encourage such a species of active zeal, his fellow citizens confessed, that, for many years, they felt the advantage of his severe, but impartial justice.

It is well for the governors of the world, and for the peace of mankind, that this Minos of Messina is not more frequently imitated; for, if every man were to consider himself as authorized to wield the sword of justice, it would be a productive source of bloodshed, anarchy and distress.

Few of us are qualified for the office *he* undertook; he possessed, it is true, several essential and indispensable requisites for a reformer; integrity, disinterestedness, and personal intrepidity; but he was deficient in omniscience, to render his decisions unerring; he was not able to dive, like Him, to whom all hearts are open, into the deep-seated motives of human action.

It is not probable, that he had entirely banished from his heart, those malignant and base passions, which are sometimes concealed under the mask of patriotism and public spirit; passions which, with all our efforts, we find it extremely difficult to shake off, whilst we continue in these tenements of clay.

In an hour of splenetic despondency, or unjustifiable irritation, I have sometimes wished that a celestial, unerring, but invisible spirit, at different ages, and in different parts of the world, had been commissioned by the Almighty, to interfere *more immediately* in punishing, or rather, checking and preventing atrocious offenders, and yet not to *apparently* interrupt the free agency of man.

Without being aware that my reverie was incompatible with the system of a *general* Providence, and without considering its impiety, I have sometimes thus given way to the impulse of predominating imagination.

What reasonable man could have repined, had Eve sunk to the ground, never to rise again, as she was conveying the fatal apple to her lips? Who would not have exulted, in reading that Cain's arm had dropped palsied to his side, while he was raising it, in order to murder his brother? What mischief would have been prevented, had blindness seized on David, while he was casting adulterous looks at the wife of Uriah? How many dangers, and how many difficulties would the Egyptians have escaped, had Pharaoh been removed from the book of life?—The flagrant enormities of a long list of Roman emperors, under whose vices the world, deluged with blood, groaned for so many ages, might have been put an end to, by a slight twist, or the gentle pressure of a nervous fibre.

FILIAL PIETY AND MODEST BENEVOLENCE.

A NARRATIVE.

A young man, named Robert, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger stept in, and took his seat near him, but quickly rose again; observing, that since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat.—"This sir, is mine" said Robert, "would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of the fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor." "Nor am I—yet on Sundays and holidays, I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum." "What, covetous at your age! Your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favor."—Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me." "Well, perhaps I am mistaken, let us take our little cruise of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."

The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue after a short pause proceeded thus:—"I perceive, young man you are sad—what grieves you thus?"

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The stranger having resumed his seat, the dialogue after a short pause proceeded thus:—"I perceive, young man you are sad—what grieves you thus?"

"My father, sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend in person, the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than two thousand crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best; my mother and sister work day and night.—I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and as you perceive, make the most I can on Sunday and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but my mother, apprized of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage." "Pray do you ever hear from your father? Under what name does he pass? Or what is his master's address?" "His master is overseer of the royal garden at Fez, and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan, as at Marseilles." Robert, overseer of the royal gardens?" "Yes, sir." I am touched with your misfortunes, but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing thrust into young Robert's hand, a purse containing eight double louis d'or, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavoury meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb suited to a fugitive prisoner; tenderly embraced his wife and children; and thanked them with tears of gratitude, for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a complete supply of wearing apparel. His astonished relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, madame

Robert suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal.

"Six thousand livres" continued she "is the sum we wanted, and we had already procured somewhat more than the half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "unfortunate boy!" exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expence of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt. Tell the truth at once—and let us all die, if you have forfeited your integrity." "Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him. "No, I am not unworthy of such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment—I am not your deliverer—but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his enqiuires. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavour to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure-boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established; at last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him, as his guardian angel, as the Saviour of a father and his family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but, reader, this stranger was MONTESQUIEU!—

NATURAL HISTORY. The Ichneumon.

The Ichneumon is a small creature, in appearance between a weazel and mungoose. It is of infinite use to the natives of Ceylon, from its inveterate enmity to snakes, which would otherwise render every foostep of the traveller dangerous. The proofs of sagacity in this little animal are truly surprising, and afford a beautiful instance of the wisdom with which providence has fitted the powers of every animal to its particular situation on the globe. This diminutive creature, on seeing a snake, however large, will instantly dart on it, and seize it by the throat, provided he finds himself in an open place, where he has an opportunity of running to a certain herb, which he knows, instinctively, to be an antidote against the poison of the bite, if he should happen to receive one. I was present (says Mr. Percival, the traveller) at an experiment tried at Columbo to ascertain the reality of this circumstance. The Ichneumon procured for the purpose, was first shown to the snake in a close room. On being let down to the ground, he did not discover any inclination whatever to attack his enemy, but ran about the room to discover if there was any aperture by which he might get out. On finding none, he hastily returned to his master, and placing himself in his bosom, could not by any means be induced to quit it, or face the snake. On being, however, carried out of the house, and laid down near his antagonist, in an open place, he instantly flew at the snake, and destroyed it. He then suddenly disappeared for a few minutes, but returned as soon as he had found the herb, and eaten of it. This useful instinct impels the animal to have recourse to the herb, on all occasions, when it is engaged with a snake, whether it be poisonous or not.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN NEW-HOLLAND.

Courtship.—The New-Hollanders, observe no particular ceremony in their marriages, though their mode of courtship is not without its singularity. When a young man sees a female to his fancy, he informs her she must accompany him home; if the lady refuses, he not only enforces compliance with threats *but blows:* thus the gallant, according to the custom, never fails to gain the victory, and bears off the willing, though struggling pugilist. The colonists for some time entertained the idea that the women were compelled and forced away against their consent; but the young ladies informed them, that this mode of gallantry was the custom, and *perfectly to their taste!*

How to catch fish.—Whilst the female child is in its infancy, they deprive it of the two first joints of the little finger of the right hand; the operation being effected by obstructing the circulation, by means of a tight ligature: the dismembered part is thrown into the sea, that the child may be hereafter *fortunate in fishing!*

Tooth-drawing; an easy method.—They have also a custom of extracting from the male children, about the age of puberty, one of their front teeth: this operation is performed *very simply*, by their Curradgies, or wise men, by *knocking it out with a stone.*

WONDERFUL INSTANCE OF OECONOMY AND INDUSTRY.

Among the wants under which the people of Charleston labour, it has been long acknowledged, that want of oeconomy holds a high place. The following statement will therefore not only afford amusement to all our readers, but perhaps, serve as an useful hint to many of them, since it will shew that, while the extravagance of folly, so eminently prevailing at present in the fashionable world, tends to the wasting of patrimony and possessions, prudence and oeconomy, with that, which, in high life, may be termed a

moderate income, will not only afford all the real pleasures and comforts of life, but improve the fortune to an extent almost beyond belief.

The late Benjamin Way, esquire, of the kingdom of Great-Britain, the possessor of the property stated under, lived in the usual syle of a gentleman, kept his carriage, servants, &c. and enjoyed the company of his friends. His income, as a public officer, was estimated at about 6,000*l.* per annum, which he enjoyed twenty or five and twenty years. Should the authenticity of the statement be doubted, any one may be satisfied of its truth, by referring to the will now on record.

Property left by the late B. Way, esquire.

Cash found in the chest---------£.	3,171 00 0	
Cash at his banker's----------	12,542 18 9	
Secured on mortgage----------	116,000 00 0	
Bills, bonds, and notes----------	44,652 0 00	
Interest due on securities---------	3,900 00 0	
£.	180,265 18 9	180,265 18 9
In the public funds.		
Bank stock----------£.	540 00 0	
India ditto----------	1,000 00 0	
Reduced annuities----------	4,600 00 0	
Consolidated 3 per cents--------	56,782 15 10	
Long annuities----------	105,265 00 0	
Four per cents----------	16,746 13 8	
Navy five per cents----------	7,000 00 0	
In Exchequer bills----------	55,000 00 0	
	246,934 9 6	246,934 9 6
In landed property near 1,000*l.* per annum, which at only twenty-five years purchase, would be----------		429,200 8 3
		25,000 00 0
£.		454,200 8 3

VARIETY.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe. . . . . POPE.

It is impossible to peruse the narrative of the '*Reformer of Messina*,' (vide page 247 of the present number) without paying an involuntary tribute of admiration to the daring courage and enterprize of that extraordinary character. He certainly possessed qualities, which in the eye of the world cover a multitude of vices; yet humanity shudders at the dreadful means employed in the execution of his purpose. The reflections drawn by the writer of that account are such as, we doubt not, have been at some period or other excited in the minds of most men, when they have beheld the triumph of successful villainy, and the sufferings of virtue sinking beneath the weight of misery and oppression. But, how unwise, how impious, are such repinings! To those who unhappily give way to this delusion, which tends by certain, though unperceived steps, to the obliteration of every principle of religion from the heart, we would oppose the following beautiful lines of the great and good poet of the seasons:

"——————————And see!
Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heav'n and earth!——————————
Ye vainly wise, ye blind presumptuous! now
Confounded in the dust, adore that power,
And wisdom oft arraign'd. See now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd
And dy'd, neglected: why the goodman's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphan pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought
To form unreal wants.——————————
——————————Ye good distrest
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil is no more.
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded spring encircle all."

LOTTERY TICKETS.

In the early part of the reign of King George the Second, the footman of a lady of quality, under the absurd infatuation of a dream, disposed of the savings of the last twenty years of his life, in two tickets, which proving blanks, after a few melancholy days he put an end to his life.

In his box was found the following plan of the manner in which he would spend the five thousand pound prize, which his mistress preserved as a curiosity.

"As soon as I have received the money, I'll marry Grace Towers, but as she has been cross and coy, I'll use her as a servant.

"Every morning she shall get me a mug of strong beer, with a toast, nutmeg and sugar in it; then I will sleep till ten, after which I will have a large sack posset.

"My dinner shall be on table by one, and never without a good pudding; I'll have a stock of wine and brandy laid in; about five in the afternoon I'll have tarts and jellies and a gallon bowl of punch; at ten a hot supper of two dishes; if I'm in good humour, and Grace *behaves herself*, she shall sit down with me; to bed about twelve."

Anecdote.—The municipality of a corporation town in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, immediately previous to the departure of the Royal Family from that favorite watering place, published the following proclamation:—

"Whereas *his* Majesty the King and Queen is expected to honour this ancient corporation with their presence in the course of their *tower;* in order to prevent *them* from meeting no impediment in *his* journey, the worshipful the *Mare* and Bailiffs have thought proper, that the following regulations shall be *prohibited*, as follows: Nobody must not leave no dust, nor nothing in that shape, before their doors nor shops; and all wheel-barrows, cabbage stalks, marble stones, and other vegetables, must be swept out of

the streets. Any one who shall fail giving offence in any of these articles shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or mainprize.

"God save his Majesty the King and Queen, and his Worship the Mare."

In an historical account of Captain Cook's Voyages, written by Dr. Mavor, there is a rare instance of the *bathos*, of so exquisite a character, that even *Martinus Scriblerus* might have been proud to own it. "The wild rocks raised their lofty summits, till they were lost in the clouds, and the valleys lay covered with everlasting snow; not a tree was to be seen, or a shrub even big enough—*to make a tooth pick!*

The gentle writers on the south side of Tweed are shocked at the severity with which the Edinburgh reviewers exercise the rod of criticism. They declare "these Scotch gentlemen, having an immoderate *itch* for abuse, commenced a review for the gratification of their *natural* propensity." We would rccommend them to be careful how they awaken the wrath of their northern brethern. As authors, they cannot be expected to abound in patience and moderation; and as Scotchmen, their motto is very significant. "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

A Curious proclamation was issued in the reign of king Henry the VIII: "that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses." Barbarous days! how happy are *our* wives who live in this age of civilization!

The historical poem written by a native of Carolina, shall undoubtedly appear in our next, and succeeding numbers. We return our thanks to our obliging correspondent for this mark of his friendly disposition to our literary establishment: we should take this opportunity of indulging our love of genius by speaking of the merits of the poem in question; but our readers will soon be able to judge for themselves; and we will only observe, that we are not in the least doubtful of a favorable decision.

From the gentleman who favoured us with the Song on Bonaparte's proclamation, we received the following lines. He avows the idea to have been taken from the French. We have not seen the original, but in its English dress we confess we are pleased with it, and think many of our readers will be equally so. We look with confidence for occasional communications from the same quarter, and hope we shall not be disappointed.

LOVE AND THE ROSE.—A SIMILE.

Eliza! see, where love's sweet emblem blows,
The Queen of Flow'rs, the matchless, blushing rose!
Both fresh, both frag'rant, both their thorns impart;
The rose your finger wounds, and love, your heart.
Haste then, sweet girl, for swift the minutes fly,
Ev'n while we pause, we loose the transient joy!
While the rose blooms, while love illumes your eyes,
The flow'r is with'ring, and the passion dies! C.

☞ In proportion as the smiles of the public cheer us in our labours, we feel additional motives for exertion: and our greatest anxiety now is, that we may be able to convince our liberal patrons that we know how to estimate their favor and support. Every communication calculated to amuse or instruct, will therefore be gratefully received, as supplying us with the means of proving the truth of our assertions. We have been promised some original contributions, of a nature which cannot fail to gratify our friends; and in addition to these buds of expectation, we have the pleasure to announce to our subscribers, that a *series* of papers for '*The Register*,' under the title of 'THE ARCHER,' is in preparation; and we are authorized to say, that the first number will certainly appear in our next.

POETRY.

The following patriotic effusion was originally sung at a convivial party. It is the composition of a gentleman, at present residing in this city. Independent of all political considerations, it conveys a strong sense of the feelings, which, we doubt not, would animate the breast of every Briton, should the threats of Bonaparte be attempted to be put in execution.

FOR THE REGISTER.

SONG:

Occasioned by Bonaparte's Proclamation to the French Troops, said to be destined to invade England, TO GIVE NO QUARTER *to the inhabitants of that country.*

When the charter of Freedom to Britain was given,
As she sat on a rock, and survey'd the rude waves,
Old Neptune recorded the mandate of heaven,
"The sons of Britannia shall never be slaves!"
Fair Truth sign'd the deed, and in Fate's golden pages
Recorded the boon which to heaven we owe:—
Oh, then, since our sires have preserv'd it for ages,
Shall we *now* loose our birth-right? Oh, no, my friends, no!

In vain would the Corsican's menace alarm us,
Tho' death, instant death, in red characters glare;
The fire of our Edwards and Henrys shall warm us,
And our deeds shall our title to Freedom declare.
In defence of the rights which our ancestors gave us,
Will the last drop of rich British blood freely flow:—
Oh, say then, shall Gallia's vain tyrant enslave us?
Shall we yield to a boaster? Oh, no, my friends, no!

Let him prate to the fetter-bound slaves that surround him !
His blust'ring we fear not, we laugh at his boasts :
Our stout wooden walls will in thunder confound him,
And our volunteer freemen will guard their own coasts.
Oh, say then, my friends, shall we crouch to a stranger ?
Shall our country be giv'n to a blood-thirsty foe ?
Shall we shrink from the fight in the dark hour of danger ?
Shall we forge our own shackles ? Oh, no, my friends, no !

To his people our king's matchless virtues endear him,
Our protector, our father, his cause is our own !
No ruffian invader shall ever come near him ;
Round our sov'regin we'll rally, and die by the throne.
Oh, rise then, my friends, arm'd with justice and bravery,
Tis your right to be free, free as Neptune's waves flow !
Shall we e'er bow the neck to the vile yoke of slav'ry ?
Shall we cease to be Briton's ? Oh, no, my friends, no ! C.

The following pieces were written in the sixteenth century, the former by JOSHUA SYLVESTER, the latter by SIMON WASTELL, a native of Westmoreland in England ; both cotemporaries of SHAKESPEARE.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile,
I joy not much in earthly joys ;
I seek not state, I reck not stile,
I am not fond of fancy's toy's ;
I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack,
I tremble not at noise of war,
I swoon not at the news of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star :
I fear not loss, I hope not gain ;
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased,
I see some Tantals starv'd in store ;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased,
I see e'en Midas gape for more.
I neither want, nor yet abound :
Enough's a feast ; content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great in show,
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low;
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A mind content, a conscience clear.

ON MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd that Jonas had,
Even such is man; whose thread as spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done:
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May;
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of the swan,
Even such is man: who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death:
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death, man's life is done.

THE TEAR.

How seldom, in this desart vale,
Congenial happiness we find;
Seldom, that friendship's steady gale
Re-animates the drooping mind!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dries but awhile the bitter tear!

Scarce bud the wishes of the heart,
When, blighted by distrust, they die;
We feel the sun of bliss depart,
And o'er our fairest prospects sigh!
Some passing breeze, to sorrow dear,
Dried but awhile the bitter tear!

Ah! when, to ills no more a prey,
Shall yet the wearied soul repose?
Soon, and behold earth's toilsome day
And everlasting sabbath close!
Fresh from the tree of life, is near
The breeze that dries the bitter tear!

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

Winter! I hail thy empire drear,
And see thee with a sigh depart;
Others may deem thy frown severe,
I love thee, clouded as thou art!

For what if summer shall afford
Repose in evening's twilight hour,
'Tis thine to crown the social board,
Nor less to charm thy lonely pow'r.

My study clos'd, and stirr'd my fire,
Hence be the threatening tempest hurl'd;
Within myself I can retire—
My shutters have shut out the world.

WEEPING BEAUTY.

From morn to night, or griev'd or glad,
Lucilla's looks are always sad;
Her kerchief she with tears is steeping!
Some think the pretty wretch gone mad,
But lately I the reason had—
'She looks most beautiful when weeping!'

MISCELLANIES.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. . . . . CICERO.

FOR THE REGISTER.

THE ARCHER.

Shoot folly as it flies. . . . . POPE.

No. I.

Initium tamen quodcunque debet habere aliquam proemii speciem: nec enim abrupte, nec unde libuit, incipiendum; quia est aliquid in omni materia naturaliter primum. . . . . QUINTILIAN.

In the fertile groves of Indostan a swarthy Indian sat beneath the ample shade of a majestic palm tree, and moralized to the attentive group that were gathered around him. Age had whitened his venerable locks, and his brow bore the marks of the hand of time. The words of wisdom distilled like the dews of heaven from his lips, refreshing and beautifying the objects on which they fell. "My children (said he) urge not your inability to serve your country, your family and your friends. Behold the stately tree, whose broad canopy shelters us from the fervid rays of the meridian sun. Behold, how the Great Father of all, in blessing us with this pride of our groves, presents to our contemplation a most impressive lesson of instruction. The pendent nuts, which seem to court the hand of man, supply with a delicious repast our temperate board. They afford solid food for the son of labour, and a beverage delicious alike to the tender infant,

and the moisture-lacking lips of age. The shell is a goblet, rounded by the ready and provident hand of nature. The trunk and spreading branches rear for our use the roof that shields us from the inclemency of the weather. They give employment to the fingers of ingenuity, and furnish our cottages with the simple utensils of domestic comfort. Every atom of this excellent gift of providence is convertible to some beneficial purpose. Listen, then, to the language of nature and of reason; to the voice of experience and of truth. Urge no more your incapacity to contribute to the common stock. He who cannot send forth the unerring arrow to the heart of the tyger, may yet spread his delusive snare for the inhabitants of the river. While the warrior sallies out to meet the enemy or the robber, let the careful wife prepare for his return the cheerful meal, and inviting couch of repose. For the young, a thousand occasions present themselves, to awake the spirit of action; and even from age, the means of being useful are not altogether witheld. Worn down by the heavy burthen of years and infirmity, the lessons of experience which he teaches to the youthful tribe around him, supply the place of more active exertion. There is no member of the great family of mankind, but has his appropriated station to fill; no period of life, but has its allotted duties to perform."

Reader, I have often thought the most refined philosopher might gather instruction from the simple moralist of Indostan. Awakened by the forcible appeal of the aged Indian, let me try to discover in what manner I may best perform my share of the common labour. For none, however insignificant, is there a claim of exemption. Even I may be useful. The means of exertion are extended to all.

I was not long in discovering the department for which I seemed to be destined by nature, and by habits scarcely less irresistible than nature herself. Soon after my arrival in this city, I formed the design of endeavouring to amuse and instruct the inhabitants, by occasional essays on various sub-

jects: and I fancied that, with industry, I might collect for my fellow citizens a wreath of flowers, which though not of the choicest fragrance, might be of sufficient utility to recompence me for the hours I had employed in gathering them.

But, my plan being formed, I soon discovered that its execution demanded exertions far beyond the hasty calculations of hope and enthusiasm. The prospect, which at a distance appeared of easy ascent, presented to my nearer observation innumerable obstacles; and many a rugged path frowned at my approach, which my gay imagination had pictured in the most alluring colours. Many a time have I so far roused myself, as to write in fair characters, "THE ARCHER, NUMBER ONE;" when lingering as it were on the brink of enterprize, I have shuddered at the dangers beneath me, and thrown away my pen in despair.

I happened last evening to take up the Night Thoughts of doctor Young. On opening the book, my eye glanced on the following line:

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

I had ever admired this solemn strain of the mournful bard; but never did it reach my heart with such forcible conviction as at that moment. The volume fell from my hand. I will not defer, said I—the thief of time shall plunder no longer!—I always carry about with me a small pocket book, for the purpose of preserving such remarks as occur to me in my rambles; in which I immediately wrote as follows: "I hereby solemnly engage with myself to commence the first number of *The Archer* to morrow." I felt satisfied with this determination. It is said, in the place where I spent my youthful days (of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter) that a thing begun is half finished. My heart bounded with the hope of success. I was now engaged to the performance of my duty. From the contract which I had thus made, I felt that my conscience would not permit me to deviate.

With the authors of periodical essays, it has been an invariable custom to prefix to their works a proemial chapter;

as a herald, to announce their approach, and by many an artful plea to secure for them a good reception. The decrees of custom are sacred. They are the foundations, upon which the most inviolable laws of society have been raised. I have therefore felt the necessity of compliance, although it has cost me more trouble than I am willing to confess, or than many of my readers would easily believe.

Of the importance of first impressions, almost every one's experience must, at some period or other of his life, have convinced him. The first entrance of a stranger—a casual smile or frown, floating on his countenance at the moment of introduction—the attitude in which he is first observed—the first word that falls from his lips—any one of these incidental circumstances has the power of fixing the opinion of every one present, and not unfrequently constitutes the hinge, upon which the fortune of his future life is destined to turn.

I own that I feel deeply the application of these remarks. Many of my readers, I know, will from the perusal of this paper form anticipated opinions of my future labours. I am aware of the critical ground upon which I stand. But who is he, whose firmness has always been adequate to the occasion? For my own part, I sigh while I confess, that even now I feel myself least capable of exertion, when every circumstance conspires most to demand it.

That I am desirous yet doubtful of success, will be acknowledged by those, who have felt the perturbations of an author on his first attempt; and may be understood by all, who have witnessed the confusion of an actor on his first appearance. I am as anxious as most men, to deserve and obtain the good opinion of the honest and the wise; and yet, as little regardful of fame as is, perhaps, compatible with the feelings of a writer. Of the nature and complexion of my future essays, it is not my wish to say much. They will depend, in a great measure, upon circumstances, which time and occasion may produce: and I would rather suffer them

to unfold themselves, as those circumstances might require, than prematurely to expose them to the eye of the world: yet, on these points I would not be altogether silent. The difficulty is, perhaps, on either hand equally great. If I promise little, the concern excited for my performance, will be proportionably small. About him, from whom little can be expected, much anxiety will hardly be raised. If I give free scope to my feelings, and a tongue to all that my wishes and my intentions are prompting me to perform, my duties will be multiplied, and my obligations, already great, will be infinitely increased. Every failure in the course of my journey will recall the flattering professions with which I at first set out.

This city is my home, my resting place. Here are my most interesting associations, my most intimate connections, my best friends. But not to Carolina alone do I mean to confine my speculations. In imagination I will travel over this wide extended continent, in the hope of procuring for my fellow citizens something of literature, of morality, of religion; something to contribute towards the improvement of their minds; and, when nothing better can be done, to fill up with innocent amusement the vacuity of an idle hour.

Of my character, my history, and my modes of thinking and of action; of my political, moral, and religious principles, it will be expected that something should be said. Even the title that I have assumed, will afford matter for speculation: but these topics will engage my attention in a future paper. And now, having introduced myself to my readers, I have only to bespeak their candour, and to hope for the indulgence of good natured criticism. To rouse the latent spirit of genius; to fire the breasts of our American youth with a love of works of taste and of learning; to enlist the arts on the side of virtue and of religion; to array truth in captivating colours; to catch the attentions of the inconsiderate, and to warm the affections of the cold—these are bold aims. To the imperfections of him, who with such motives volunteers

his services in the cause of the public, it may not be arrogance to expect, that some indulgence will be given.

If I am unequal to this hazardous undertaking, my rashness in having attempted it will soon correct itself. Every succeeding essay will convince me of the folly of aspiring to things above my reach. It will require no great struggle to discontinue a work, which a desire of being useful could alone have prompted me to begin; and which, failing in that, I can have no inducement whatever to pursue. Even at the worst, some good may possibly result from my labours. A writer of more adequate ability may be induced to take up the pen, and may gain the prize of public favour, by avoiding the errors which have occasioned my failure. But, whatever may be the fate of these papers, I have one reflection, which I deem of more importance than the smiles or the frowns of the world. I know enough of my own heart to affirm, that they will never contain one expression, capable of wounding the breast of merit, or of raising a blush on the cheek of innocence.

Charleston, April 30, 1806.

REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

In resuming the performance of this part of our engagement with the public, we select with pride and pleasure for the pages of the present number, an honorable specimen of the taste and talents of a native of this city. Although we have invariably endeavoured, and shall continue to endeavour, (earnestly we contend, however feebly) to provide instruction and amusement for our readers in every part of the union, we cannot divest our minds of a clinging partiality to every thing more immediately connected with the community in which we live. The humble tribute of our applause we shall be ever ready to offer to the genius of Columbia, whether glowing beneath the meridian of its most southern sun, or invigorated by the heathful breezes of the north.

For American literature we shall always rejoice to prepare the wreath of honest praise: but we are free to confess, that it affords us still greater delight, when we are warranted by the decisions of truth and impartiality, to bind the fairest flowers round the brows of the Muse of Carolina.

With such feelings, we present to our readers the historical poem mentioned in our last number. It has already been before the public; but more with a view we apprehend to gratify the individual friends of the youthful author, than to lay claim to the palm of public approbation. We think it well deserving a more general notice and are anxious to give it a wider circulation. In our opinion, it ought to be preserved; and, if haply these pages outlive the fleeting productions of the day, it shall not be lost. From our own experience of that love of the arts, which animates the breasts of all men of taste and learning, we are convinced this maiden effort of a young American will meet with a kind reception.

The subject is well chosen, and affords rich materials for the historical muse. Alfred the honor and ornament of his country, whom Hume has described as the model of the most perfect character that ever existed, even in the imagination of philosophy, has more than once awakened the strains of poetry. The charming drama, which bears the name of the great founder of the English monarchy, the joint production of Thompson and Mallet, will be remembered as long as exquisite feeling and fine taste retain their power over the heart: and in our own days an epic poem has appeared from the pen of Mr. Cottle, to celebrate the glorious atchievements of this virtuous prince, and illustrious father of his people. His having selected a hero of a character so truly noble, is creditable to the accuracy of our author's judgement. If any thing be decisive in proof of a bad taste, it is the choice of a mean and barren subject. True genius, like the eagle, rises to gaze upon the sun. Dulness, like the owl, shrinks from the view of all that is grand and beautiful, content to brood over darkness, and feed on the reptiles that surround her.

The poem commences at that interesting part of the life of Alfred, when the three Danish princes Guthram, Oscital, and Amund, having concluded a treaty of peace with the Saxons, intelligence was received of the arrival and dreadful ravages of a fresh band of these northern invaders. Hume thus describes the effect it had on the devoted Saxons. "This last incident quite broke their spirit, and reduced them "to despair. Finding that after all the miserable havoc "which they had undergone in their persons and their pro- "perty, after all the vigorous actions which they had exerted "in their own defence; a new band, equally greedy of spoil "and slaughter, had disembarked among them, they believ- "ed themselves abandoned by heaven to destruction, and "delivered over to those swarms of robbers, which the fer- "tile north thus incessantly poured forth against them. "Some left their country, and retired into Wales, or fled "beyond the sea. Others submitted to the conquerors, in "hopes of appeasing their fury by a servile obedience. "And every man's attention being now engrossed in con- "cern for his own preservation, no one would hearken to "the exhortations of the king, who summoned them to "make one effort more, in defence of their prince, their "country, and their liberty. Alfred himself was obliged to "relinquish the ensigns of his dignity, to dismiss his ser- "vants, and to seek shelter, in the meanest disguises, from "the pursuit and fury of his enemies. He concealed him- "self in a peasant's habit, and lived sometime in the house "of a neat-herd, who had been intrusted with the care of "of some of his cows."

[*To be continued.*]

[From the length of some articles in the present number, which could not, with propriety, be omitted or abridged, we regret it has not been in our power to present our readers with the opening of this poem. In our next, we will furnish as much of it as our limits will admit.]

FOR THE REGISTER.

In our last number we furnished our readers with a letter, written in the early part of his life by that truly astonishing character, EDMUND BURKE. We now present them with the answer which we promised. It was written by an Irish School Master, of the name of SMITH, who had been BURKE'S class-fellow, and who appears to have possessed no small portion of that genius, enriched by the stores of ancient literature, which could not fail to render him a favourite of his illustrious correspondent.

ANSWER TO BURKE'S LETTER,

Inserted in our last.

MY GOOD SIR,

I once read of a king of Spain, Alphonsus, I think, who was cured of a dangerous disease, by reading a passage in Livy. Your kind letter had much the same effect on me, for my spirits were so low the moment I received it, that it is not in the power of words to describe my situation; but scarce had I read six lines, when my heart began to emerge, and the sun shone as bright as ever; and if you pity a poor dealer in Syntax, buried alive, I may say, write to me as often as you can. My school is on the increase, it is true, but the people are so poor that they cannot pay. I have thirteen Latin scholars at a crown a quarter, and six and twenty in writing and figures. I have taken a little farm of about five acres. So that betwixt the cultivation of my fields, and that of the tender mind, I have very little time on my hands, or my feet, I may say, for sometimes I mingle in the dance. As to Greek, there is no attention paid to it in this quarter. Last week I endeavoured to prevail on Mr. Johnson to permit me to give his nephew a few lessons in the language of heaven. He said he had no objection, if I could assure him that it would enable Jack to buy a cow or horse

to more advantage. Having cast his eye on a Greek book, which I had in my hand, "What (said he) would you have my nephew spend his time in learning these pot-hooks and hangers?" Thus you see how learning is prized in this part of the world; and from your own account, I don't find that the Muses are held in such high estimation in England, which I was early taught to consider as the seat of arms and arts. What then is to become of their votaries?—neglected, and I am afraid despised?—You'll forgive me, I feel myself so uneasy and depressed as often as I think on this matter, that I cannot help dropping a tear on my books—the only source and companion of my solitary hours, so that you see we have little cause to boast of the triumph of letters over the breathing marble, or the proudest trophies of war. Yet I join with you in blessing the memory of the man that first introduced the swarthy daughter of Cadmus into these islands. I think I can recollect some lines on this subject in the form of an enigma, which, perhaps, you have not seen.

"Bis venere novem juvenes ad mœnia nostra
Ex aliis, huc ad nos rediere, locis;
Conspicui forma, pariles florentibus annis,
Attamen his minime par decor ovis adest.
Nil est egregiæ quod dicas de esse cohorti,
Quam quod non potis est edere lingua sonos,
Non illis vox est, sed secum quemque godales
Ducunt, ex his, ut verba loquantur, habent;
Submoto nullum dicunt interprete verbum,
Orbe sed est toto gloria magna verum."

Whilst I am on this interesting subject, I am sorry to tell you that our old Irish bard, who could conduct those nymphs through all the mystic mazes of poetic dance, resigned his tuneful breath last week. I accompanied his remains to the grave. He has left me all his manuscripts, and I shall select some of the finest passages of them for you, and translate them for you as well as I can.

My school house was levelled with the ground last week in a storm:—Boreas, of true Russian descent, pays very little

respect to learning. The neighbours, however, assembled the next day, and raised me a new one, on a more pleasing scite; so that my bare-footed pupils are quite happy, as it is better wooded, and of course will afford them an opportunity of playing hound and hare with more art. O'Gara has made me a present of a dial, which I intend to erect in the spring. Oh the wit of man, that can even turn a shadow into use, and teach it to point out the fleeting hours, as unsubstantial as itself? But *Paulo majora canamus.* I once read, in an old Irish poem, that when Jupiter made man, he gave him his choice either of wings or imagination; he accepted the latter, which shews that our first fabulous father had some brains. Let me rise on this divine plume then, and for once cast a glance into futurity. What do I see? Why I see my worthy friend, arrayed in a flowing robe; I hear his voice raised in the cause of innocence and distress; the widow and the orphan bless his name, and the wily villain hunted down through all the mazes of law. Once more Astrea revisits the earth; I see him raised to the seat of judgment, his ermine as pure as his native snow; the golden scales even-balanced in his hands, and the sword of justice tempered in the tears of mercy. The ascent to this eminence is difficult, but

"*Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.*"

I know you will be glad to hear that Tom and I are on good terms. You are right, he drinks whiskey as often as he can get it—*Ore rotundo*, and sometimes

"Warm from the still, and faithful to its fires,"

too, which is worst of all. Your account of London, I believe, is very just. All great cities, from Rome down, are the sinks of vice and the graves of genius. I admire the idea of your public charities. One of the three impossibilities amongst the ancients was *Eripere Jovi fulmen*, and amongst the Christians, *Eripere Deo fulmen iræ*, but charity is the emanation of heaven!

As to Miss Woffington, I can collect very little of her. She was born in Dublin, read her recantation in the parish church of Lurgan, near Virginy, in the county of Cavan, before the reverend Mr. Sterling, who was a great musician. Mr. Fleming did write some verses on that occasion, but it is not easy to procure them: for you know he's a great man—a justice of peace, and one of the grand jury. They began thus, I think:—

> "And now the sun, revolving to the west,
> Bequeath'd the weary'd hemisphere to rest;
> And now the moon, in milder glories dight,
> Resum'd the peaceful empire of the night."

I can recollect no more, and I don't know that these are correct. There is an anecdote told of her, and I believe there is very little doubt of the truth of it.

Mr. **** having spent some time in Paris, soon after his return, happened to dine at Mr. Gore's, where Miss Woffington captivated the company with her sprightly wit and easy manners; our Parisian hero paid such attention to the glass, that the cloth was scarce removed, when the table and chairs exhibited the effects of it, as well as those that were present, particularly Miss Woffington, who, as she happened to be formed of the common mould, was reminded of it, to which she only answered, "Sir, I expected all this; I observed for some time past the yellow clay breaking through the plaister of Paris."

As to Mr. Brooke, I believe I can collect you many particulars relative to him. His father was a clergyman of the church of England. He is married to a Miss Mears, a relation of his own. He has lately built a house at Longfield, one of the most decent spots in the county of Meath. He is an enthusiast in agriculture, and has spent his patrimony in draining lakes, to very little advantage. He has had many children; but heaven was so indulgent as to call them out of this life just as they began to taste the miseries of it.

Doctor Sheridan is well, and desires to be remembered to you. I hope that you will write as often as you can. You can't conceive what pleasure it will afford me to correspond with you. I am, &c.

M. SMITH.

THE TOMB OF THE PROPHET ALI.

From Griffith's Travels.

A desire to explore (as far as was possible for a Christian) the renowned tomb of the prophet Ali, held in estimation by the Persians with a zeal equally enthusiastic with that which the Hadgees of Mecca entertain for the shrine of Mahommed, induced me, contrary to the advice of Mr. H. to set off alone for the village.

It is seated upon an elevated ridge of sand hills: a tolerably good street runs nearly from south to north, about three hundred yards. The houses on each side are flat roofed, many of them being so constructed that their roofs are but little above the level of the street. To enter the habitable part of them, it is necessary to descend from the streets down several steps; so that one is apt to imagine the street has been formed between two rows of houses already built.

After proceeding along this street, another turns abruptly to the right; and on the left of the angle is the grand entrance to the celebrated mosque. In a variety of shops, near the gates of the mosque, were exposed to sale water-melons and other fruits, as well as many dried grains; but in almost all of them the proprietors were reposing themselves; and, on account of the extreme heat, not a single person appeared walking in the streets. Being thirsty, I wished to purchase part of a melon, and addressed myself to a shopkeeper for the purpose; but taking me for a Greek, he loaded me with abuse, and refused to contaminate himself even by selling to me one of the articles on his shop-board. I retired without

making him any reply, and upon my return past his hut, observed he had again laid himself down to sleep. On approaching the gate of the mosque, I perceived that all the good Mussulmauns, at each side of the entrance, were in the same drowsy disposition. Stimulated by an irresistible, yet unpardonable curiosity, I hastily walked into the first court. An elegant fountain, ornamented with coloured tiles, and a profusion of Arabic sentences, was constructed in the centre, and a corridor, round the area, afforded a shady walk to that part of the building, where two handsome doors led to the interior of the mosque. I went to that on the left hand side, and finding no one at prayers, entered it far enough to see the whole of the apartment. The dome is very handsome, but by no means so large as that of St. Paul's, as Colonel Capper judged it to be from its appearance at a distance. The mosque is richly ornamented with balls of ivory, glass, ostriches eggs, and a prodigious number of lamps, not only in the centre, but on every side. Very small-sized rich carpets covered the flooring, and two extraordinary large silver candlesticks were placed near the Mahareb.

Apprehension of discovery now began to operate upon me, and I traced back my steps with caution, greatly dissatisfied at having found nothing extraordinary; but, before I could repass the gate, an old man started up, and called to me in Persian. Not receiving an answer, he awakened two others, when they all jumped from the elevated part where they had been sleeping, and exclaimed most vehemently. One of them, armed with a scymetar, (fortunately for me not unsheathed,) and another with a short stick, made many blows at me; which parrying in the best manner I was able, although not so successfully as I could have wished, I dashed through these bearded heroes, and was assailed in my flight by many large stones, of which, for many days, I bore the marks.

A consciousness of the penalties I might incur by my imprudent behaviour, and the fear of being seized, stimulated my efforts to escape ; and, in spite of the burning sun, or almost equally burning sand, I stopped not until I had left the village very far behind me. Arriving at the tent, Mr. H. who tempered his reproaches with kind expressions, pointed out, in the strongest terms, the danger as well as folly of my proceeding ; and although I could not but acknowledge the propriety of his observations, yet I felt a secret satisfaction as having accomplished what, most probably, no European ever before attempted.

A JOURNEY ACROSS THE DESART.

From the same.

Little conversation took place between my companion and myself : he was very ill ; and we both dreaded the return of noon, when in general the heated air began to affect us, and travelled on in silent hope of speedy relief.

At two o'clock P. M. the simoolets blew stronger than usual from the S. E. and on joining the mohaffah, I soon observed an afflicting change had taken place in the countenance of my friend. It was now that, in aggravation of all my sufferings, I foresaw the impossibility of his long resisting the violent burning blasts, which, with little intermission, continued to assail us. The thermometer hanging round my neck, was set up to 116; and the little remaining water, which was in a leathern bottle, suspended at the corner of the mohaffah, had become so thick, resembling the residuum of an ink-stand, that, parched and thirsty as I felt, I could not relieve my distress by any attempt to swallow it.

At length I perceived evident marks of our approaching the long-looked-for well, where some relief was to be expected. The hasty march of the leading camels and stragglers, all verging towards one point, convinced me we were not far from the place of our destination. Willing to com-

municate the glad tidings to my friend, I rode to him, and expressed my hope, that he would soon be refreshed by a supply of water: he replied, "thank God!—but I am almost dead." I endeavoured to cheer his spirits; and then urging my horse, advanced to the spot where I observed the camels were collecting together. In about half an hour I found myself amongst a circle of animals, greedily contending for a draught of muddy water, confined in a small superficial well, about five feet in diameter. Pressing to the edge, I laid myself upon my belly, and, by means of my hand, supplied myself with a fluid, which, however filthy in itself, and contaminated by the disgusting mouths of as many camels and men as could reach it, was a source of indescribable gratification. It is wholly out of the power of language to convey any idea of the blissful enjoyment of obtaining water, after an almost total want of it, during eight and forty hours, in the scorching regions of an Arabian desart, in the month of July.

But this moment of satisfaction was soon succeeded by one of peculiar horror and anxiety. Scarcely had I quenched my thirst before the mohaffah arrived. I flew with a bowl full of water to my friend, who drank but little of it, and in great haste. Alas! it was his last draught! His lovely child, too, eagerly moistened her mouth of roses, blistered by the noxious blast!

With difficulty Joannes and myself supported my feeble friend to where the tent had been thrown down from the camel's back. He stammered out a question respecting the time of the day; to which I answered it was near four: and requesting the Arabs to hold over him part of the tent (to erect which it required too much time) I unpacked, as speedily as possible, our liquor chest, and hastened to offer him some visnee (a kind of cherry brandy;) but nature was too much exhausted! I sat down, and receiving him in my arms, repeated my endeavours to engage him to swallow a small portion of the liquor. All human efforts were vain! Gust

after gust of pestilential air dried up the springs of life, and he breathed his last upon my bosom!

"Let the reader of sensibility reflect upon the concomitant circumstances which attended this afflicting scene, and then refer to the sensations that will be created in his own breast, to form some idea of those which must have lacerated mine! Let him paint to himself a traveller, of an age alive to every feeling, in the midst of the desart of Arabia, with the corpse of his respected friend, burnt to the appearance of a cinder, black, yet warm, on one side of him; and on the other, the daughter of that friend, the most angelic child that nature ever formed, unconscious of her loss, and with the prattle of innocence enquiring, 'where her dear papa was gone to?' It was a scene as little to be supported as described; and the honest tears I shed, bore ample testimony to the wounded sensibility of my heart.

"But a short time, however, could be allowed to assuage my grief, or to indulge it. Who was to perform those last sad offices of friendship, so requisite, and yet so difficult? Who would undertake to prepare with decency for the grave, the disfigured remains of my kind companion! Who would assist in these disgusting yet pious occupations? The servant and myself were all that professed the christian religion, and we alone could execute its duties.

"With as much propriety as the circumstances admitted, we therefore performed the melancholy task; and having induced the Arabs to dig a grave near the remains of a village not far from the wells, I directed the body to be carried there, following it with the dear Marianne, who knelt by me, whilst I offered up to God the pure effusions of a heart overwhelmed by distress, but submisively bowing to the decrees of his divine will.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE REGISTER.

To record the actions of great and distinguished characters, to hold up to the contemplation of our citizens the brilliant examples of those men who have pursued the perilous paths of glory, and who in serving their country have effected the most important benefits to mankind, is the peculiar province of biography, and affords to every class of readers a most interesting and instructive lesson. We are so fully convinced of the utility of this department of literature, that we shall occasionally dedicate to it a portion of our miscellany; and in thus following the natural bent of our own inclination, we are willing to believe we shall gratify the taste of the majority of our readers.

At the present awful crisis, when the two great powers of Europe are engaged in a contest, involving in its consequences the peace and happiness of the old world, and affecting in no little degree the political and commercial interests of the new, the life of a man, who has acted so distinguished a part on the great theatre of war, as the LATE LORD VISCOUNT NELSON, cannot fail to be interesting. At this moment, when the important effects of the greatest naval victory the world ever witnessed are felt by all Europe, with the accounts of that terrible conflict yet vibrating in our ears, we could not hesitate in our choice of a subject. It has therefore afforded us much pleasure that we have been enabled thus early to lay before our readers, the following, which we believe to be an authentic and faithful record, of the principal transactions which dignified the short, but glorious career, of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

Lord Nelson was the third son of the reverend Edmond Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, he was born in the parsonage house of that parish, September 29, 1758. The honor of educating him was shared by the high school of Norwich, and a seminary at North Walsham, in the same county. A man whose piety was so exalted at the close of life may be supposed to have been brought up with strong religious impressions. His father indeed could give him little else than a good education, strictness of honour, a large and enlightened morality in his conduct towards men, and an unpresuming confidence ABOVE. This was his only patrimony, and this he improved.

In the year 1770, at the age of twelve, he entered on board the Raisonable, 64 guns, under the command of Captain Suckling, his maternal uncle. At this time hostilities between the courts of England and Spain, relative to the Falkland Islands, were threatened, but not commenced. The matter was compromised with some abatement of English honor, and young Nelson made a voyage to the West Indies with a merchant ship, and returned with sufficient improvement in nautical knowledge to be received and rated on board his uncle's ship, the Triumph, in 1772.

Young Nelson conceived, at this time, a disgust for the service of the Royal Navy, which Captain Suckling found great difficulty in removing. It was held out to him, as a reward, that if he attended well to his duty, he should be permitted to go in the cutter and decked longboat, which was attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham: this operated on the mind of young Nelson as was expected; and by degrees he became an excellent pilot for vessels of that class, which sailed from Chatham to the Tower of London; and also down the Swin Channel, and to the North

Foreland. In each subsequent trial of navigating difficult passages, or dangerous coasts, he thus became gradually sensible of his own ability; and created that confidence within himself which essentially forms and establishes the undaunted mind.

In April, 1773, a voyage of discovery was undertaken by Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, towards the North Pole. On this occasion instructions were issued that no boys should be received on board; but the enterprising Horatio was so anxious to be of the party, that he solicited to be appointed cockswain to Captain Lutwidge; and his request was granted. In this expedition he behaved with that peculiar intrepidity which was the character of his life. If any thing was in extremes, it was his courage; indeed, with him, courage was not a passion, but a principle; he could make even an excess virtuous and graceful, and exalt rashness into fortitude. At this early period the eager character of his mind displayed itself. He procured a sort of boat to move either on or off the ice, to explore channels; and a pleasing anecdote is told of the youth at this time. He was missing one night from the ship; search was made for him in all directions—it was imagined he was lost. As the day broke he was discovered at a distance on the ice, with a musket, in pursuit of an immense bear, which he had followed the whole night, in hopes of killing. The lock of the piece having been injured, it would not go off; he had therefore pursued the animal in hopes of tiring him, and at length effected his purpose with the butt end. On his return Captain Lutwidge demanded what motive could have induced him to quit the ship at such an hour, and in such a season. The young hero, with great simplicity, replied, "I wished, Sir, to get the skin for my father."

Returning to England, he obtained a birth in the Sea Horse, of twenty guns, and sailed in it with a squadron to the East Indies. In this ship Mr. Nelson was stationed to

watch in the fore-top, and afterwards he was placed on the quarter deck. In this vessel he visited almost every part of the East Indies, from Bengal to Bussora. A series of ill health, however, rendered it expedient for him to return to England ; in consequence of which the captain caused him to be conveyed hither.

On the 8th of April, 1777, he received his commission as a lieutenant, and was appointed second in command to the Lowestoffe frigate ; and during his continuance in this ship, an incident occurred which deserves notice, as explaining his character at this early time of life. In a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, the Lowestoffe captured an American letter of marque. The captain ordered his first lieutenant to board her, but he was unable to effect it from the tremendous burst of sea. On his return to the ship, Captain Locker exclaimed, "*Have I* NO *officer who can board this prize ?*" On hearing this, the master immediately ran to the gangway, when lieutenant Nelson suddenly interposed, saying, "*It is my turn now ; if I come back it will be your's ?*"

Soon after the arrival of rear admiral sir Peter Parker, at Jamaica, in the year 1778, he appointed lieutenant Nelson third of the Bristol, his flag ship; from which, by rotation, he became the first; and under sir Peter Parker's flag in the Bristol, concluded his services in the rank of a lieutenant. On the eight of December, during the above year, he was appointed on that station commander of the Badger brig ; in which he protected the Musquito shore and the Bay of Honduras, from the depredations of American privateers.

Captain Nelson obtained his post rank in June 1779. The first ship to which he was appointed was the Hinchinbroke. and in the month of January 1780, he was associated with Major Polson in an expedition against Fort Juan, in the Gulf of Mexico. He superintended the transporting of the troops, in boats, one hundred miles up a river, which none but Buccaneers had ever navigated.—The fortress was reduced, principally by the valour of Nelson ; but the fatigues

of the service, together with the climate, materially impaired his health, and he was again compelled to return to England.

As a reward for his exertions he was appointed to the Albemarle; but though his situation was improved, his health received another severe check by being confined to a winter station in the North seas for the whole of the ensuing winter.

He was now actively employed till the peace of 1783, when, with others, he was reduced to half-pay. But his services were required by his country, notwithstanding the war was at an end, and, in the following year, he was appointed to the Boreas, a 28 gun frigate, and was ordered to the Leeward Islands. He was here embroiled in differences of a nature rather civil than military, and compelled to give effect to some restrictions and severities of the custom house and excise. In this disagreeable office he escaped the odium of those whom he was obliged to harrass and restrain, and received the thanks of his employers for his vigilance and zeal.

In 1787, captain Nelson was married to Frances Herbert Nesbitt, widow of Dr. Nesbitt, physician, of the island of Nevis. His royal highness the duke of Clarence gave away the bride.

The Boreas frigate was paid off in the year 1787, and the three succeeding years were passed by captain Nelson in retirement and domestic tranquillity. This short interval was the only one he had ever been able or desirous to snatch from the calls of his country.

In the year 1790, he solicited employment, but his endeavours were ineffectual. On the 20th of January, 1793, he was appointed to the Agamemnon of 94 guns, and placed under the command of lord Hood, in the Mediterranean. The general opinion of his conduct and abilities as an officer was such, that gentlemen were desirous to place their sons under his command. In all circumstances of danger it was his lot to be put forward; if batteries were to be attacked,

troops to be landed, or ships to be cut out of an enemy's port—if any thing was proposed of more than common enterprise and skill, captain Nelson was the man upon whom all eyes were fixed. At Toulon, at Bastia, and Calvi, lord Hood bore ample testimony to his services. At Bastia he superintended the landing of troops, and gave repeated proofs of personal intrepidity; at Calvi his exertions were not less. It was at this siege that he lost the sight of his right eye, by a shot from the enemy's fort striking the upper part of the battery which he commanded, and driving some particles of sand against his face.

Captain Nelson was now in perpetual employment; he distinguished himself in the actions with the French fleet on the 13th and 14th of March, and also on the 13th of July, 1795.

At this period sir John Jervis was appointed to command in the Mediterranean, and captain Nelson removed from the Agamemnon to the Captain of 74 guns. From the month of April he was constantly employed in the most difficult service—in the blockade of Leghorn, the taking of Port Ferrajo, and the evacuation of Bastia. In December, 1796, commodore Nelson, on board the Minerva frigate, was dispatched to Porto Ferrajo for naval stores, accompanied by the Blanche. On the passage thither, in the night of the 19th of December, 1796, the commodore fell in with two Spanish frigates: he immediately attacked the ship which carried the poop-light, and directed the Blanche to bear down to engage the other: at forty minutes past ten at night, the commodore brought his ship to close action, which continued without intermission, until half past one, when La Sabine, of 40 guns, 28 eighteen pounders on her main deck, and 286 men, commanded by captain don Jacobo Stuart, struck to La Minerve. Captain Preston, in La Blanche, silenced the ship he had engaged, but could not effect possession, owing to three more ships heaving in sight.

Commodore Nelson's letter to sir John Jervis, respecting the above action, dated December the 20th, 1796, may be considered as a noble example of that generous and modest spirit which animates the minds of great men: he assumes no merit to himself, but gives the whole to captain Cockburne, his officers and crew.

On the 11th of February, 1797, as he was proceeding in the Minerva to the rendezvous of the grand fleet, captain Nelson was chased by two line of battle ships, and fell in with the whole Spanish fleet off the mouth of the Straits. He effected his escape, and joined the admiral off Cape St. Vincent, on the 13th of February. He had scarcely shifted his pendant to his own ship the Captain, when the signal was thrown out for the whole British fleet to prepare for action. Every circumstance of this celebrated victory has been sufficiently recorded, and the services of lord Nelson, on that memorable day, have been duly appreciated.

In consequence of his eminent services in this action, he was created a knight of the Bath, and rear admiral of the Blue, and was presented with the freedom of the city of London in a gold box.

In estimating the services of lord Nelson, it is not a single atchievement that we admire; but it is a series of successes, for the most part planned with judgment and executed with spirit. "Some men, (says lord Bacon,) *follow* Fortune, others *lead* her." The admiral appeared to adopt the last plan, and he acted wisely, because fortune is *blind*, and wants a guide.

On the 15th of July, he was detached with a small squadron, to make a vigorous attack on the town of Santa Cruz, in the island of Teneriffe.

The boats of the squadron were ordered to be manned with great expedition, and the landing was effected in the course of a dark night. The party were in full possession of the town of Santa Cruz for about seven hours. Finding it impracticable to storm the citadel, they prepared for their

retreat, which the Spaniards allowed them to effect unmolested, agreeably to the stipulations made with captain Troubridge. Although this enterprize did not succeed, his majesty's arms acquired by the attempt a great degree of lustre; and as the rear admiral himself handsomely expresses it, in his letter to earl St. Vincent, *more daring intrepidity never was shewn, than by the captains, officers, and men, he had the honor to command.* Sir Horatio Nelson, in this attack, lost his right arm by a cannon shot; and no less than two hundred and forty-six gallant officers, marines, and seamen, were killed, wounded, and drowned. The life of sir Horatio Nelson was providentially saved by lieutenant Nesbitt, his son-in-law, on this disastrous night: the admiral received his wound soon after the detachment had landed, and while they were pressing on with the usual ardour of British seamen, the shock caused him to fall to the ground, where, for some minutes, he was left to himself; until Mr. Nesbitt, missing him, had the presence of mind to return; when, after some search, in the dark, he at length found his brave father-in-law weltering in his blood on the ground, with his arm shattered, and himself apparently lifeless. Lieutenant Nesbitt, having immediately applied his handkerchief as a tourniquet to the admiral's arm, carried him on his back to the beach; where, with the assistance of some sailors, he conveyed him into one of the boats, and put off to the Theseus, under a tremendous, though ill-directed fire, from the enemy's battery. The next day after the rear admiral had lost his arm, he wrote to lady Nelson, and, in narrating the foregoing transaction, said, "I know it will add much to your pleasure, in finding that your son Josiah, under God's providence, was instrumental in saving my life." The painful operation of amputating the arm, being performed on board in the night, by some mistake in taking up the arteries the rear admiral afterwards suffered the most excruciating pains, and was obliged to come to England for

advice, where he underwent a second operation near the shoulder to prevent mortification.

It was some months before the surgeons who attended him pronounced him fit for service. On sir Horatio Nelson's first appearance at court, accompanied by captain Berry, his sovereign received him in the most gracious and tender manner; and, with the deep sensibility of condolence, lamented the gallant admiral's wounds. "You have lost your right arm," observed his majesty. "*But not my right hand,*" replied sir Horatio, "*as I have the honor of presenting captain Berry to you; and besides, may it please your majesty, I can never think that a loss, which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country.*"

It was in consequence of the wounds he received on this service, that, agreeably to official usage, he drew up the memorial of which the following is an exact copy. The pension he received was one thousand pounds per annum.

"TO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

The memorial of sir HORATIO NELSON, *K. B. and a rear admiral in your majesty's fleet,*

"HUMBLY SHEWETH,

"That during the present war your memorialist has been in four actions with fleets of the enemy, viz. on the 13th and 14th of March 1795, on the 13th of July 1795, on the 14th February 1797, in three actions with frigates, in six engagements against batteries, in ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbours, in destroying vessels and in taking three towns. Your memorialist has also served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi, that during the war he has assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels, and your memorialist has actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of one hundred and twenty times, in which services

your memorialist has lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body, all of which services and wounds your memorialist most humbly submits to your majesty's most gracious consideration.

HORATIO NELSON.

Read before the king in council 4th October, 1797.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

AFFECTING STORY OF

A MERCHANT AND HIS DOG.

A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked about the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, had occasion to alight, and taking the bag of money in his hands, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and, wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then hasted to his master, and, by crying, barking and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in his efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to see if the animal would drink. It was too intent on its master's service to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant, "it must be so; my poor dog is certainly mad. What must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befal me; but with what regret! Oh could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me!—but there is no time to lose: I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, with a trembling hand took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal falls wounded; and, weltering in his blood, still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse, with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffecutal: "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself; "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing—no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame. I could not comprehend the admonition which my best and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw, with half averted eyes, the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood, as he proceeded, he was was oppressed and distracted: but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! His heart was ready to bleed;—he cursed himself

in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone.—The vital tide was ebbing fast: even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal his forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes forever.

FOR THE REGISTER.

We insert the following letter as an interesting, and we doubt not, a faithful account of the unhappy author of the verses which accompany it. In our opinion the poetry is good, and conveys, in very appropriate language, the feelings of a delicate and sensible mind. For this communication our correspondent has our sincere thanks.

To the Editors of the Monthly Register,

If you think the following lines are worthy of a place in your valuable MISCELLANY, they are entirely at your service. The writer of them is an unfortunate youth, a resident in Cumberland, in the north of England. "Alas, poor Henry, I knew him well,"—but his noble faculties have withered beneath the blast of misfortune. Disappointment and sorrow have chilled his warm and vigorous fancy, "and melancholy marked him for her own." He was brought up to the profession of the Law, and gave promise of abilities which time and opportunity might have ripened into excellence. It is now about four years since he bent his whole mind to the management of an important cause, in which he was to make his first attempt at the bar. His youthful breast beat high with the animating prospect of fame and fortune, which glittered before him. But an over anxiety defeated its own purpose. The situation in which he stood, the attention with which the eyes of the whole court was directed towards him, operated too forcibly on a mind "tremblingly alive" to every acute sensation; and he, who on every other occasion had attracted admiration by the splendour of his eloquence, now sunk beneath the weight of his feel-

ings, totally deprived of all power of exertion. From that hour, he has laboured under a load of mental depression, from which I fear he will never in this world be relieved. At the period when this affliction overtook him, he was on the eve of marriage with an amiable young lady—but I detain you too long with this sad tale. In a moment of composure he wrote the following verses, as he wandered over a charming scene, well known in that delightful part of England, in which he lives, and called by the romantic inhabitants, "the Elysian Fields." The classical reader will discern in several of the stanzas an evident allusion to some beautiful lines of Horace. (ode 7, book 4,) He seems as he wrote, to have wandered from his original, until he was totally absorbed in the contemplation of his own unhappy fate. C.

ELEGIACAL STANZAS,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Stern winter wrapt in angry storms is fled,
The chilling snow deserts the cloud-capt hill,
The river flows within a narrower bed,
The melting ice unlocks the murm'ring rill.

The tree again its budding honors bears,
Thro' the green sward the modest daisy springs,
Her blooming tints reviving nature wears,
Again the Lark his cheerful carol sings.

The frugal Bee now feels the genial ray,
And humming culls the half-expanded flow'r;
Ye tender lambs, pursue your thoughtless play,
Sportive enjoy your short and fleeting hour!

The changeful seasons of the varying year
To erring man this lesson may impart,
That anxious life, the sport of hope and fear,
Must yield to death's inexorable dart.

The hardest frosts to balmy zephyr yield,
The temp'rate spring flies summer's ardent heat,
Soon mellow autumn decks the frag'rant field,
Whom hoary winter forces to retreat.

Yet, waining moons again refulgent shine,
And rise refresh'd from out the eastern wave;—
When man shall once his fleeting life resign,
He sinks forever in the silent grave.

In fortune, pow'r, and happiness elate,
And gay in jocund health's luxuriant bloom,
'Ere morrow's dawn, condemned by cruel fate,
He falls the clay-cold tenant of the tomb.

Ah, what avail of wealth the boasted hoards?
The pride of ancestry or splendid fame?
No more it's solace flattery affords,
And all his titles end—an empty name!

Then, this great question strikes the feeling mind,
How were the hours, by bounteous heav'n bestow'd,
Exerted, or to bless or curse mankind,
In acts of virtue or of guilt they flow'd?

Whether in just and honorable deeds
He us'd the talent trusted to his care?
Or, chok'd with vice and folly's baneful weeds,
He sunk the victim of deserv'd despair?

Visions of bliss, that once enchanting smil'd,
Seductive hope, and heart-alluring love,
This harrass'd bosom which you long beguil'd,
Your fairy phantoms ne'er again must move!

To me, no more the winter's social bowl,
Or smiling spring a pleasure can afford,
The summer's sun no more must glad my soul,
Delicious autumn spreads in vain the board.

Fled the gay seasons that I once have known,
When every hour unfolded scenes of joy;—
The rose has budded, flourish'd and has blown,
And left the worm to canker and destroy!

EFFECTS OF CLIMATE ON THE ENGLISH CAHARACTER.

From the Journal of a traveller in England.

A distinguishable characteristic of the climate of this island is its very great variableness, and a considerable degree of humidity. Winds, from whatever quarter they blow, bring with them rain; and, in the fairest days, it is very seldom that the air is not loaded with vapours, more or less perceptible. We are every where enveloped in a fog; and of all the countries I have ever travelled in, never did I find fogs so frequent, or so thick and heavy. This is surely the land

of mists and vapours; and were it not for high winds, which every now and then sweep and dry the earth, it would be constantly damp and wet. For it is easy to imagine that the rays of the sun, having to force a passage constantly through such a dense atmosphere, must be greatly weakened in power and activity. I will not say, with the Marquis de Carracioli, that the brightest sunshine in England is not equal to the brilliancy of a moonlight night at Naples; it is, however, very certain, that the sun appears very seldom in his full splendour; for, when you suppose you are going to enjoy the full comfort of his beams, he is, in a moment, hid from you by impenetrable clouds; and, in general, from what cause I know not, Nature appears to be more lavish in England of her brilliant nights than fair days. Young, so harshly apostrophised by Le Mierre in his Fastes, "the *Night-walker*, eager to see the setting sun," considering the partial distribution of day and night in his country, had more reason for loving night than is generally believed. By an excellent mode of cultivation in England, the land is made to produce the best of corn; and in such abundant crops, that one year's harvest is sufficient for the consumption of fourteen months. The pasturage is rich; potatoes are superior to any grown in France, and hops are very good. But grapes and all fruits and pulse, which owe their perfection to the genial influence of a warm sun, are not to be had. It is only by dint of art that they are raised; and their vegetation being factitious, they have rather the resemblance than the reality of what they are called. It is easy to discover the great labour and painful industry which luxury employs in effecting this imposition upon itself. It is *Vulcan endeavouring to get the better of Apollo.* A sky in which no cloud is to be seen is so great a novelty that it takes place of all other news; and it is impossible for a foreigner not to remark the joyful congratulations which he hears on all sides, when the sun shews himself a little.—"Very fine day—very fine weather indeed."

Is it not from the uncommonness of fine weather in England that the country has produced so many good poets and so few painters of excellence? Nature is rarely seen in her best dress. How much more sensible and lively, then, must the imagination prove! Nature, in the perfection of her charms, is a *mistress* only seen in this island for a short time; and, as it were, in secret. In other countries, as in Switzerland, Italy, and the southern parts of France, she is a *wife;* and her beauty less thought of and admired. Lively impressions may form a great poet, but they will not make great painters. Because it is not enough that the painter is strongly charmed, but he must *copy* nature with the *pencil in his* hand; he requires the advantages of *time* for observation; he must consider his model at leisure; he must have serene weather to view it in, and a perfect daylight to see clearly every object of his imitation. It is only under a *clear sky* that colours appear in their full truth and lustre. Is not the disease to which the English are particularly subject, and which has passed to other nations by the name they have given it, the *spleen*, a plain proof of the two-fold effects of their diet and climate? Do but ask Montaigne whether constantly to look up to a sky obscured with clouds and vapour, will not dispose the mind to gloomy thoughts, and melancholy ideas?

LONGEVITY.

The following extraordinary instance of longevity is given in a late German journal. "There is now living near Polask, on the frontiers of Livonia, a Russian, who served under Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweeden. He was present at the battle of Poltowa in 1709, at which time he was 86 years of age. At the age of 93 he entered into the marriage state, and had children. The family of this patriarch consists of 186 individuals, who reside together in a village which comprehends ten houses. The oldest of his grand children is 102; the age of the next is not less than a century. This old man still enjoys a perfect state of health, though arrived at the amazing age of 180 years."

VARIETY.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe ..... POPE.

In a very ingenious and pious, but whimsical French work, lately published, entitled " *Genie du Christianisme*," we were struck with the following extract. For the beauty of the composition we may safely vouch ; but may we with equal propriety admit the truth of the remark it contains? Read it, ye sons of Scotia—and by this apostrophe we are proud to inform the world, that the sons of Scotia *do* read our lucubrations—Read it, and answer for yourselves.

" Ask a Scottish shepherd if he would change his lot with the first potentate of the earth. At a distance from his beloved clan, he bears about with him the remembrance of it; every where he misses his flocks, his torrents, and his clouds ; he aspires to nothing higher than to eat his barley bread, to drink the milk of his goats, and to sing in the valley the ballads which were sung for his forefathers. *He perishes unless he returns to his native place.* He is a mountain plant, whose root must be in the rock, and which cannot flourish except it is beaten by wind and rain : a rich soil, a sheltered situation, and the sun of the valley, destroy it :" A British critic, speaking of the above elegant passage, says " we apprehend the author has never been in England, or he might have seen that the Scotch bear transplanting, even to the smoky and luxurious town of London, better than he is willing to allow." And we are happy in being able to bear testimony, that the sun of Carolina has not a more unfavourable effect on their growth, than the smoke and luxury of the British metropolis. We can look round with pleasure and behold them thriving in this distant country ; and, while they shoot up with strength and luxuriance, enriching the soil into which they have been transplanted. Reflecting on a scene so exhilerating to every unprejudiced mind, and anticipating with honest enthusiam the increasing wealth and prosperity of this infant country, we exclaim with father Paul, *Esto Perpetua!*

Miss Baillie, the professed imitator of the immortal Shakespeare, has recently published a tragedy, entitled Constantine Palœologus, of which European criticism has spoken in very favourable terms. The subject is taken from Gibbon's account of the siege of Constantinople by the Turks. The character of Constantine, "the last of the Cæsars," appears to have been *felt* by the fair author, and ably delineated in language at once nervous and poetical. We are aware that very different opinions are entertained of the dramatic compositions of this lady. For our part, without attempting to question the judgement of others, we profess to rank on the side of her admirers. We shall, in all probability, take an early opportunity of exhibiting some charming specimens of her ability in this arduous department; but for the present will content ourselves with the following extract from the tragedy already mentioned. It is from the speech of Roderigo, a Genoese naval commander. It is richly poetical, and possesses a considerable portion of that wild imagery, and at the same time, elegant simplicity, so thickly strewn through the works of the great father of the British Drama.

"Believe him not, sweet maid. We seamen, truly,
Small dealings have with learned sorcery;
Nor bead, nor book, nor ring, nor mutter'd rhymes,
Are for our turn; but on the sea-rock's point,
In shape of hern, or gull, or carrion bird,
Our unfeed wizards sit, and, with stretch'd throats,
Speak strange mysterious things to wave-toss'd men,
With many perils compass'd. Nay, oftimes
The mermaid, seated on her coral stool,
Spreading her yellow hair to the sunn'd breeze,
Will sing a song of future fortune's fair
To him who has the luck to meet with her:
And ev'n the nightly winds will through our shrouds
Distinctive voices utter unto those
Who in their storm-rock'd cradles lie, and think
Of their far distant homes.—I do believe
That all good fortune shall betide thy love,
Being thy love: for that doth far outdo
All other fortune."

The late doctor Clarke.—It is gratifying to observe the respect which in other countries is paid to the rising ability and genius of this infant republic: In a late London publication we find the following honorable testimony in favour of an American writer, who nobly exerted himself in support of our holy religion, of which he was a valuable member. Speaking of a treatise entitled, "An answer to the question, why are you a christian? By John Clarke, D. D. of Boston, New England,"—the following remarks are made, which we transcribe with sincere satisfaction. "The late doctor Clarke was a man highly respected in America, for his talents and virtues, and the publication of this little tract extended his well merited reputation. We have no where seen the important question, here proposed, discussed with more clearness and effect; and doctor Clarke reasons in behalf of christianity like a man who has carefully examined, and is thoroughly convinced by its evidences. The character and miracles of Christ, he particularly examines in order to reach the case of those infidels, of which many are to be found in America, who admit the unexampled character and doctrines of Christ, but deny his miraculous power. Such half-christianity is here exposed, as inadmissible." Proud as we are to subscribe with cheerfulness to this tribute of commendation to the memory of the venerable author, we are grieved to the very soul, to admit the truth of the concluding remark. The poisonous effects of such writers as Godwin and Paine, of England, and a host of scribblers, who have deluged France with the monstrous absurdities of the new philosophy, have undoubtedly been felt, and we fear will continue to operate, on the minds of too many of our American youth. But we hope and believe the time is not far distant, when such detestable principles will be viewed in their native deformity. Instead of suffering themselves to be shackled by the very worst species of despotism, an intellectual tyranny, which these writers have struggled to establish, let our young citizens calmly peruse the pages of doctor Clarke.

We will venture to predict the happy result of their temperate and unprejudiced investigation: and it ought to convey to the heart of every American, strong feelings of laudable pride, that so powerful a champion in defence of every thing sacred and awful, has been found in the person of one of their own countrymen.

Singular petrifaction.—A quarrier, in a village near Paris, having detached by means of gunpowder, a large block of stone, split it by the usual process, and found in the middle of it, the petrified skeleton of a ram. Each section of the block contained one half of the animal in perfect preservation, with all the parts exceedingly distinct. The block was detached from the solid rock, at the depth of thirty feet from the summit of the quarry. This curious petrifaction is to be deposited in the museum of natural history.

Subjects for a course of lectures in intellectual philosophy.—Critiques on dramatic productions, viz.—Laughter, a tragedy; weeping, a comedy; and every thing, a farce. A picture of the world; with an illustration of modesty in rags, and impudence in a coach and six. Hypocrisy, a well-known history. Falsehood, a true story. Truth, a vision. Friendship, an eulogium, and Departed Friendship, a funeral oration.

In May last, Master Wigley, aged four years and a half, made his appearance at Drury-Lane, and played some tunes on the bugle horn!!!

☞ THE FOLLOWING LETTER, half comic, half serious, is inserted to account for a *nominal* alteration which has been adopted in the present number of the Register.

"*Messrs. Editors,*

"Doctor Johnson, in his animated exordium on the genius of Shakespeare, has this energetic line:

'And panting time toil'd after him in vain.'

You have reversed the matter—you are toiling after time, and I fear equally in vain: for, as the old adage has it, time will stay for no man. I have somewhere read of a certain English nobleman, of whom George the IId. observed, that he lost an hour every morning, and chased it all the rest of the day. And truly, gentlemen, the remark is not altogether inapplicable to you. In your last number, you were

panting under the hot sun of August, while your readers were refreshed by the delightful showers of April. I confess I can easily imagine a ludicrous scene of confusion, in which you will be involved. In about six months time, how gravely will you inform us, "since our last, the following work has appeared, of which we *hasten* to take a particular notice." In the case of a marriage, the parties would be just in the midst of the festivity of a christening, when you were relating the honours of their wedding-day; and many a husband might read the description of his all accomplished bride, when time had opened his eyes to the sober reality of things about him. In short, there is no end of the serious consequences which this coursing after time may occasion. I merely hint this, and submit it to your better judgements. If you would let your next number appear in April or May, 1806, as I suppose it actually *will*, and *not* in September last, which I must otherwise imagine that it *did* appear, I am sure it would enable you to lay hold of many a passing circumstance, which, on your present plan, must unavoidably escape your attention. A SUBSCRIBER."

We have seriously reflected on the above letter, and are convinced of the propriety of the advice of our friendly and good humoured subscriber. The fact is, we find it almost impossible to bring up the arrears in point of date, or, as our correspondent would have it, to overtake time, who has got so much the start of us. Publications issue from the press, and events occur of the most interesting nature, which, for fear of an anachronism, we dare not notice: and in reserving our remarks for the proper period, our impressions are suffered to cool, and we go unwillingly to a task, in which we have lost all interest, but which we might otherwise have performed with pleasure to ourselves, and more amusement to our readers. We have therefore published this number with a change of the *name* of the *month* only. The *numbers* of the work will proceed in the usual way, and the volume will be completed in twelve numbers, as it would have been if this change had not been made. We are convinced it will enable us to perform our duty with greater advantage to the work, and more satisfaction to the public. It is a measure, to which without this conviction we should not have resorted; and we therefore hope it will meet with the approbation of our subscribers.

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER.

EPITAPH FOR AN INFANT.

With pain oppress'd, in early life
  This infant drew her struggling breath:
Her God beheld th' unequal strife,
  And pitying clos'd her eyes in death.

Thrice happy babe! kind heav'ns decree,
  From ills, that man's sad state molest,
Hath set her gentle spirit free,
  And call'd her to eternal rest! C.

THE EMIGRANT'S GRAVE.

FOUNDED ON A TRUE STORY.

Why mourn ye, why strew ye these flow'rets around,
  To yon new-sodded grave as your slow steps advance?
In yon new-sodded grave (ever dear be the ground!)
  Lies the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

And is the poor exile at rest from his woe,
  No longer the sport of misfortune and chance?
Mourn on, village mourners, my tears too shall flow
  For the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

Oh! kind was his nature, tho' bitter his fate,
  And gay was his converse, tho' broken his heart;
No comfort, no hope, his own heart could elate,
  Tho' comfort and hope he to all could impart.

Ever joyless himself, in the joys of the plain
  Still foremost was he, mirth and pleasure to raise,
And sad was his soul, yet how blithe was his strain,
  When he sung the glad song of more fortunate days!

One pleasure he knew—in his straw-cover'd shed
  For the snow-beaten beggar his faggot to trim,
One tear of delight he could drop on the bread
  Which he shar'd with the poor, who were prouder than him.

And when round his death-bed profusely we cast
Ev'ry gift, ev'ry solace our hamlet could bring,
He blest us with sighs, which we thought were his last;
But he still had a pray'r for his country and king.

Poor exile, adieu! undisturb'd be thy sleep!
From the feast, from the wake, from the village green dance,
How oft shall we wander, by moonlight to weep
O'er the stranger we lov'd, the poor exile from France.

To the church-going bride shall thy mem'ry impart
One pang, as her eyes on thy cold relics glance,
One rose from her garland, one tear from her heart,
Shall drop on the grave of the exile from France.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Herculean strength, and a Stentorian voice,
Of wit a fund, of words a countless choice:
In learning rather various than profound,
In truth intrepid, in religion sound:
A trembling frame, and a distorted sight,
But firm in judgment, and in genius bright;
In controversy rarely known to spare,
But humble as the publican in pray'r;
To more than merited his kindness, kind,
And tho' in manners harsh, of friendly mind:
Deep-ting'd with melancholy's blackest shade,
And, tho' prepar'd to die, of death afraid—
Such Johnson was—of him with justice vain,
When will this nation see his like again?

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The advice to young unmarried ladies shall appear in our next. The hints it contains are indeed most valuable, and cannot fail to command the attention of our fair readers.

"AN ENQUIRER" is informed, that prior arrangements have hitherto prevented our review of the publications to which he alludes: We are aware of our obligations to the public in this respect, and intend to discharge them with as much punctuality as our various engagements will permit.

MISCELLANIES.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. . . . . CICERO.

FOR THE REGISTER.

THE ARCHER.

Shoot folly as it flies. . . . . POPE.

No. II.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told. . . . . SHAKESPEARE.

So soon as sufficient time had been given for the reading of my first number, I felt anxious to learn what the public thought of it, and took a ramble through the town for that purpose. The conjectures with respect to my future papers were various, but it was the prevailing opinion, that I was going to speculate on politics; and, as men naturally imagine that others should dwell on topics which are most interesting to themselves, I was reluctantly led to conclude, that the generality of my readers think more of politics and public matters, than of their own concerns. How far they are right, or otherwise, will be shewn on a proper occasion. In the mean time, I am not displeased to find, in most of them, a curiosity to learn who, and what kind of a being I am—who are my companions—and other particulars of equal importance. I shall, therefore, in the present number, endeavour as far as is consistent with my plan, to give my readers on these points, every satisfaction in my power.

I was born in a small village, near the sea coast, in the north of England, where the vessels frequently passing and repassing, first gave me those notions of wandering, which have attended me through life. I discovered at an early age, a serious disposition, and a fondness for books, and was moreover remarkable for my deliberate manner of speaking and walking, my tongue and my feet seeming to act in concert; for it has often been observed, that on no account did I ever quicken my discourse, or my pace, above common time. I was noted for taking every opportunity of rambling alone, and for preferring the company of old people to that of children of my own age. Many a time, the bell-man has cried me about the village, as lost; on which occasions, I have always been found either slowly pacing the sea side, or listening to the conversation of persons advanced in years. At school, I was the cause of so much mirth to the boys, by my slow way of repeating my lesson, that the master indulged me with studying alone, and the wits of the school used therefore to say, that I was always at the head of my class. Yet, I improved in my learning, and when suffered to finish a sentence, was generally found to speak to the point. The neighbours used to relate, that a captain in the army once told me, in a rallying way, that I would make an excellent officer, by giving the word of command so distinctly—that I would certainly march well in slow time, but he was afraid I would never lead on my men to a brisk charge—upon which I gravely replied, "I shall never run away." But this story I attribute to the partiality of my father, who was uncommonly fond of me, from the circumstance of my being an only child.

As I grew up, my constitution became so delicate, that I was thought unfit for any department of life wherein much bodily labour was required. My mother proposed the study of the law, but this my father over-ruled; very shrewdly observing, "he is, of all things most unfit for a lawyer. The weak-"ness of his lungs is a fatal objection; for who will deny,

" that a cause has been sometimes carried by volubility and " strong lungs, when modesty and fair argument have " failed?" The church, it was thought, would have suited better; but to find a clerk who would not outrun me in repeating the service, was a difficulty which could never be surmounted. In short, it was fortunate for me, that I was heir to just as much property as would secure me a decent independence: I therefore gave up all hope of performing any active part in life, and applied with greater diligence than ever to my studies.

My father died soon after I became of age, and my mother survived him but a few months. Having placed my little property to the best advantage, I commenced a tour through England, on foot—for even the motion of a post chaise was disagreeable, putting all my ideas out of tune; and I preferred a knowledge of my own country to that of the continent, and an acquaintance with the character of my own countryman, to that of foreigners. At length the bad state of my health requiring a warm climate, I resolved on making the West Indies the scene of my travels, and have already visited most of the islands in that part of the world. After some time, impelled by my natural love of variety, I quitted those islands, and directed my course to the southern states of America. I landed in Charleston, where enjoying better health and spirits, I have felt less inclination to change my residence, than I have experienced for many years.

Soon after my arrival, I had the good fortune to become acquainted with three worthy inhabitants of this state. Our friendship, which began on terms of the most disinterested nature, continues to this day, and, like good wine, acquires improvement by age. We meet regularly at my lodgings, on the 3d, 9th, 15th, 21st and 27th of every month, precisely at the hour of seven in the evening, and separate exactly at nine. We limit ourselves to *one* bottle of old wine, and drink but *one* toast—OUR NOBLE SELVES; from which our society

has taken the name of the *Odd Club*, counting my servant as belonging to it, in the capacity of wine cooler, &c.

My greatest favourite, in the society is Mr. VERDICT, the proprietor of a small plantation, not far from town. He was bred to the law, received his education in England, and on his return to his native country, continued in the practice of the profession for several years. He has been known to refuse a fee, when the cause of his client was evidently bad; though he seldom failed in settling it by arbitration; and so acknowledged was the integrity of his character, that he was generally chosen, on such occasions, the judge or umpire of both parties. By the death of a near relation, he became owner of a plantation in a distant part of the state, which he afterwards sold, and purchased that which he now possesses. Mr. VERDICT is a man of the most liberal education and sentiment. He is aware, without the price of experience, that property never thrives so well as when the proprietor is on the spot; and for this reason, he settled on his estate immediately after the bargain was concluded, and now scarcely ever comes to town but on club nights.

Mr. METHOD, a native of Boston, and a merchant of the most scrupulous exactness in all his dealings, is another of our society. He has never been known to have been a minute after our time of meeting. It is a maxim with him, to be as punctual to a visit, as in effecting an order for insurance, or presenting a bill for acceptance. Mr. VERDICT's word is as good as the bond of most men. His commercial engagements enable him to encourage industry, by giving credit where he finds it merited. His own punctuality is the occasion of it in others; for every man, wishing to deal with him a second time, endeavours to be true to his contract. His advice is taken in most matters of difficulty; and though the clear arrangement of his own affairs obviates all misunderstanding, he is almost every day adjusting the disputed accounts of others.

Mr. NED LIVELY, a native of Charleston, the youngest of our club, is just turned of thirty. The constant attendance of the planter on his estate, the occupations of the merchant, and my love of retirement, render this man a most agreeable member. He mixes in all societies, and is universally known and beloved. With the ladies he is gay, convivial at table, and at church conducts himself with the greatest decorum. His real character is perfect good nature, volubility and an immense flow of spirits. He retails us the news of the day, interspersed with a fund of anecdote ; for which purpose we allot him the first fifteen minutes without interruption, by Mr. METHOD's watch laid on the table; and I must do him the justice to declare, that he certainly makes the most of our indulgence, crouding as much matter in that short period, as would employ me until the hour of breaking up. This done he strictly conforms to our rules—so well indeed, that I find, on referring to my pocket book, he has not been called to order more than four times during the last twelve months—once, for endeavouring to introduce an anecdote, at the moment, while Mr. METHOD was impressing on our minds, the necessity of commercial integrity to the well-being of a state. Once, for pulling out a newspaper, when the planter was stating, with evident satisfaction, that the births on his estate exceeded the deaths, a proof, he contended, of the negroes being happy—and twice, for humming a tune, when I was reading for the benefit of the society, a manuscript which I wrote in my youth on the advantages of deliberation in all our actions. But these are, indeed, trifling defects, for which his ready submission to whatever fine we impose, his cheerful way of apologising, and his genuine goodness of heart, make ample amends.

My servant TRUSTY, who waits on our society, a most faithful negro, belonged to an old friend of mine, who has quitted this country. I received him on condition that he is to obtain his freedom, in the event of my marriage, death, or return to Europe. The steady attachment of this poor

fellow is such, that I think I shall have little difficulty in prevailing on him to attend me as long as I live, even though I should marry; a circumstance, by the bye, the mention of which never fails to spread over the face of TRUSTY a smile of merriment. He is the favourite of the society, and on club nights may be said to belong to us in common. A few minutes before seven, he prepares a table just large enough for four persons; a snuff box is placed in the middle of it; on one side is a book case, containing a small, but choice library, and our one bottle of wine is put in cool at a window, on that side which faces the breeze. When we enter he retires to a respectful distance, or to an adjoining room, to be ready when called; but he rarely goes out, seeming in no small degree to enjoy the conversation, especially when Mr. LIVELY is entertaining us; though, I must confess, I have often been mortified at observing him to nod against the wainscot in the midst of some of my most deliberate discourses.

Such are the members of our little society. A president is elected at the first meeting of every month. This honour has been conferred on me for the last twelve months, and they appear so satisfied with my quiet deportment, that I believe I shall be re-elected for twelve months to come. At our last meeting I opened my heart to them on the subject of my present undertaking. They applauded my design, in terms of approbation which it would not become me to repeat. They recommended, that I should afford an opportunity for all such as are desirous of contributing towards my plan, and I therefore, inform my readers, that all letters addressed to *The Archer*, to the care of the editors of *The Charleston Courier*, or left at their office, will be regularly laid before the club; when such communications as may be found calculated to amuse or instruct, shall be given to the public. They have all promised me their assistance; so that I have a much greater hope of success, than I had at my first setting out.

Charleston, June 1, 1806.

REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

[Continued from page 272.]

Having briefly stated the historical facts upon which our author has founded his poem, we shall not detain our readers any longer from the work itself, which opens in a manner at once striking and elegant. We shall continue to publish it in our succeeding numbers, and on the conclusion offer such remarks as have occurred to us in the examination of this pleasing production.

Alfred: an Historical Poem. Delivered at the public commencement at Yale-College, in New-Haven, September 11, 1799. *Written by a Carolinian of eighteen, a student in the said college.*

O'ER Morven's hill, just fading from the view,
The trembling sun-beam, twinkling through the shade,
Gleam'd mournful to the soul. Th' illumin'd orb
Shone faintly; then, immerg'd in darkness drear,
The low'ring clouds obscur'd the evening ray,
And spread a joyless gloom. The raven's cry,
The bittern's mournful sound, sadd'ning yet hoarse,
The gloom augments, while ever and anon
The dismal wailing of the bird of night
Comes fitful on the blast. Beneath the cliff
Stood Alfred, Albion's prince. Griev'd was his mind;
A melancholy deep sorrow'd his heart,
And gloom'd his faded brow; long groans his breast
Heav'd forth: Misfortune's bitter cup had reach'd
His lips—he drain'd the last sad drop. The world
A desert, wild and desolate—his hopes
Destroy'd; while the dear partner of his life
Was left to brave the ruthless spoiler's rage;
His private woes he felt; but more he felt
His country's wrongs.
" My friends," the prince exclaim'd,
" My brave companions—banish from your thoughts
" Unmanly grief. Upon the Danish arms
" Fortune now smiles—the sov'reign God inclines—
We must obey—nor dare t' arraign his will.

" Here let us part: first join our hands and hearts,
" As one, and lift our hopes to brighter days.
" In some lone-cottage, safe from curious eye,
" Clad in the peasant's simple garb, I'll live,
" Watchful to rescue from th' oppressor's grasp
" My love, my subjects, and my hapless realm.
" The bless'd occasion found, soon shall my voice
" Arouse, and prove your prowess in the field."
Before the monarch bends each warrior's knee,
And, with a sigh, each slowly winds his way.
In gloom desponding, while from distant fires,
The shouts of merriment, and Danish joy,
Wave through the woods, and echo from the hills,
Alfred, in dreary solitude involv'd,
Pursues his path. The watch-dog barks; he sees
A light faint breaking thro' the lengthen'd glade;
He knocks; the door unfolds; a lowly hind
Admits the royal guest.
Revolving cares,
Deep in his mind, anxious and restless, long
Without repose, he lay, till lost in thoughts,
A balmy slumber overspread his frame—
Fancy's light wings, in airy visions bright,
Sport playful round; what real day denied,
In pleasing dreams, imagination gave—
His soul's best treasure clasp'd! his kingdom sav'd.
Before his eyes, while distant ages roll,
Instarr'd with gems, whose constellated pow'r
Shed a new splendour, Albion's glory rose.
The prince of light, in crimson robes array'd,
From Ocean's lucid wave emerges bright;
His beams dance on the misty mountain's top,
Gild the soft plumage of the warbling tribe,
Attune their hearts to chaunt the matin song.
Alfred awoke—the morn's orisons paid—
Trod the light grass, and trac d his devious way.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE REGISTER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MONTHLY REGISTER.

Charleston, 31*st May*, 1806.

The spectacle, which was exhibited to the public yesterday, before the gaol door, was one of the most interesting and affecting to the feelings, and at the same time of the most terrible, instructive and admonitary, that was ever exhibited to a multitude. An intelligent being in the prime of life, brought forth to expiate crimes committed against his fellow creatures and their laws; standing, not only to sustain the execution of the fatal sentence of those laws, but, what was infinitely more terrible, going to receive the final sentence and unalterable allotment of his GOD hereafter. His mortal part consigned to the most ignominious mode of extinction, and his spirit sent to an immortality, to which, since the best of mankind have more to hope from the mercy than from the justice of GOD, the consciousness of his errors must have made him look with horrors far more lively than any which the mere agony of death could impart. Dreadful spectacle!—yet this was not all. Other things there were, which served to call up reflections of the most solemn, and if properly considered, of the most useful kind. The suffering of our criminal fellow-creatures by the ordinances of the laws, is familiar to the mind, and known to be in some cases indispensibly necessary to the well-being of society. Scarcely does a day pass which does not proclaim from the bed of sickness, somewhere around us, the dread which the most virtuous entertain of death. The unutterable anguish and consternation, therefore, which appeared in the unhappy culprit, just tottering, as he thought himself to be, on the verge of a new existence—an eternity, of a kind which no heart can conceive—were so natural that they must have been anticipated by every one;

and, though they might heighten feelings before excited, could not suggest any new or uncommon reflection. But from the surrounding multitude the most excellent lesson was to be collected. How TERRIBLE IS DEATH! was pourtrayed in every face. Themselves brought no nearer to it, in reality, by the fate of the wretched victim before them; imagination threw open to them, as it were by surprise, the gates of death, where an eternal void—a dark infinity of they knew not what horrors lay before their eyes, into which their unhappy fellow-being was about to be precipitated before them, by the hands of his incensed brethren, and whither they were assuredly sometime, and not very long hence, to follow him—but how?—or when? Oh, gracious GOD! could the same lucid sense of our condition, and the same lively emotions about eternity, which were excited at that moment in the multitude, be preserved unimpaired in the heart—what a host of horrors should we be spared when we come to stand, ourselves, and in reality, upon the verge of that dark interminable abyss, where crimes innumerable, unexpiated, perhaps unrepented of—to GOD, impiety, infidelity and profaneness—to man, fraud, rapine, malice, uncharitableness, corruption, treachery, deceit—shall (to use the words of the eloquent MASSILLON) burst at once upon the guilty soul, as from an ambuscade, and speak in terrors the sad, and irreversible doom—the doom thus madly incurred for a span of bodily enjoyment, in its best form, scarcely worth the price of one hour's throb of an aching heart; and for a small portion of a life the duration of which, when compared to the eternity that is to follow it, bears not the proportion of one grain of sand bears to millions of such globes as that which we now inhabit. Miraculous disproportion!—Madness, still more miraculous, on such a disproportion to set the precious soul—the effluence of the divinity within us—at a moments hazard!!!

The expiation of crimes against society by the death of the criminal is, next to the death eternal, the bitterest fruit

of original sin. It afflicts, it horror strikes to the very core of the heart; but still worse!—it degrades us in the scale of existence; and brings man, even in that last act, which should cope the whole fabric of his life, to the condition of the brute beast that has been ordained to be killed for the accomodation of mankind. A reflection this, so horrible, so monstrous, and so debasing, that I look upon it to be the most extravagant anomaly in man's nature, indeed, one which reason could never believe, did not experience every year a thousand times attest it, that any man could be led by the highest earthly temptation to run the risk of incurring it. Yet since the evil will be, why should we not draw from it as much benefit as it will afford?—why not make it tributary to the moral and religious interests of mankind, by using it to bring before them the most awful picture of that, to which we must all at last yield—death.

I am aware that it is much the fashion to condemn those who are prone to give their writings to this tremendous subject, and to call them gloomy evil-boders, melancholy enthusiasts, and many other epithets which levity or fear suggests to those who think it safer to postpone the consideration of death till they can make it convenient to mend their lives. Such has been the fate of Johnson, and the awful dictates of truth which flowed from the pen of that great moralist, have been called the sombre effusions of a morbid, half frantic superstition. But, so long as the contemplation of the horrors of death can, in the slightest degree induce, or even stand a chance of inducing the thoughtless to review their lives, and the guilty to amend them, he does most essential service to mankind who pourtrays the picture of that last, unavoidable, irrevocable event, in colours terrible enough to attract the eye of men, and to chain them down to serious attention. It is indeed much to be lamented, that among the ruins of the good old edifice, which has been for sometime tumbling about our ears, the gospel ministry has lost much of its authority. There was a time, when all that can now be impressed only by terrible example, was believed upon the au-

thority of the christian church; but, I fear that stimulants of a stronger kind are now necessary. Adverting to the spectacle which has occasioned this discourse, I cannot help wishing that the impression made on those who witnessed it, could be permanently retained. The horror they felt of death was strongly pourtrayed in their sadness, and, in my opinion, was still more forcibly evinced in the loud shouts of transport which followed the sheriff's proclaiming a pardon. Sympathy having once laid hold of their hearts, hurried them away, irresistibly, along with it—each seemed to be suffering death with the culprit—each seemed, on his reprief, to have escaped from the jaws of the grave. Such emotions must have been useful; and therefore, as well as on many other accounts, I think the mode of pardoning the man was as judicious with respect to society, as humane and beneficent to the unfortunate object himself.

The wisdom, or the orthodoxy of Milton will hardly, I think, be called in question, by any of your readers. And it is plain, that he was of that opinion which I now profess. His '*Paradise Lost*' is evidently designed to convey the most sublime and just conceptions of moral and religious truths; and he represents the first parent of mankind as struck with wonder and dismay at the sight of death.—Having made the arch-angel Michael reveal to him the consequences of his disobedience; the introduction, by it, of sin into the world; and then the murder of his son Abel by Cain, and thus shewn him death, Adam, in consternation, exclaims—

> " Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
> But have I now seen death?—Is this the way
> I must return to native dust? O sight
> Of terror, foul and ugly to behold;
> Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"

But while I am thus far the advocate of keeping alive in the mind of all men a continual remembrance of death, I am not one of those who would send them to a monastery to brood in sullen solitude and useless idleness upon that event. We are ordained, by the constitution of the world, to

other things; all of them making so many parts of our duty not less imperious than that. But surely the remembrance of that last act of our earthly existence—that act which tears us at once from all that have ever been the objects of our senses—all that has before delighted us with its uses, or amused us with its charms, and which pushes us at once into a state of existence, not only wholly unknown, but unsusceptible of being imagined, perhaps into an instantaneous perceptible communication with the GOD of all—surely, I say, the remembrance of such a change ought to pervade our minds, however occupied we may be in the discharge of worldly duties. This remembrance, and a never ceasing conviction of the presence of GOD, ought to predominate as an habitual constant operating principle in our thoughts. Not only are they not inconsistent with the diligent discharge of other duties, but they aid and facilitate them, acting at the same time as an active spring to exertion of every kind of good and useful work, and as an exclusion to every species of prevention and retardment in them. So far from causing us to wander away from our condition here, and its necessities, it binds us to them the closer, by acting as a perpetual admonition that to meet an event so dreadful with the favour of that GOD who witnesses our actions, we must obey him by working after the manner of men, according to our capacities and to his allotment.

Another reason, why I think those striking exhibitions of the horrors attendant upon death are useful, is, that the frequency of death, in its ordinary forms, seems to have extinguished too much of our awe of it. If we look about at what passes, or call to mind what has past, we must be astonished, and indeed ought to be mortified at the little concern which the death, even of those who have been most distinguished for excellence, excites in the far greater part of mankind. A Washington and a Nelson are embalmed with the tears of nations; but it is much to be doubted whether one in a thousand of those who lament at all their loss, experienced from their death a salutary or admonitory reflection touch-

ing their own condition. To the ceremonials of the funeral, which for a while engages our attention, some trivial amusement, or inferior concern succeeds, and we no more think of death than if its name had never met our sight. The alarm of a fit of sickness leaves a slight impression which health again by its physical operation effaces. And it is not until some fresh instance of it, attended with circumstances of more than common horror, awakens us to a sense of the danger we every instant incur, that we live, or speak, or think as if we knew we were to die, and knew that death was terrible.

As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parting wave no furrow from the keel,
So die, in human hearts, the thoughts of death;
Nay, e'en the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave. YOUNG.

To neglect the early cultivation of this subject is dangerous, and the worst of it is that every day, as we advance in life, it grows still more so. The habit of neglecting it makes it more difficult to be attained—the frequency of death familiarises us to the mere act; and as we advance into age we become less susceptible of alarm. And thus, in the very first essentials of life everlasting, we give up ourselves and our souls, first to the tyranny of custom, and then to the mercy of accident. Day after day the passing bell peals in our ears to beware; but we mind it not. Custom has so blunted our feelings that some dreadful excitement alone can rouse us. I sincerely hope the spectacle of Friday may have had that effect, and that the sufferings of the convicted may have amended the hearts of the latently guilty. Since one of the greatest incentives to virtue is the certainty that we must die, he may be considered as a friend to mankind who employs his talents, whatever they may be, to urge them to a remembrance of it. On this account I presume you will treat this letter with indulgence, and consider the importance of the subject as in some degree compensating for the poorness of the style.

PASTOR.

FOR THE REGISTER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

[Continued from page 291.]

The splendid scene of lord Nelson's life is now opening. On the 19th of December, 1797, the ship that was intended for sir Horatio Nelson's flag not being ready, the Vanguard was for this purpose commissioned. On the 1st of April, 1798, he sailed with a convoy from Spithead; but at the back of the Isle of Wight, the wind coming to the westward, was forced to return to St. Helen's. On the 9th he again sailed with a convoy to Lisbon; and on the 29th of April, joined earl St. Vincent, off Cadiz. On the 30th of April, the day following, sir Horatio Nelson was detached from earl St. Vincent, with the Vanguard, Orion, and Alexander, of 74 guns each, the Emerald and Terpsichore frigates, and La Bonne Citoyenne sloop of war, and was afterwards joined by the brave captain Troubridge of the Culloden, with ten sail of the line. The interesting narrative of the proceedings of his majesty's squadron under the gallant admiral, from its first leaving Gibraltar to the conclusion of the glorious victory of the Nile, August the 1st, 1798, has been already published from the minutes of an officer of rank, who was present. To this, some brief observations shall be added; with a correct detail of events subsequent to that glorious and ever memorable day.

> By my hopes
> I do not think a braver gentleman,
> More active-valiant, or more valiant-young;
> More daring, or more bold,
> Hath grac'd this latter age with noble deeds!
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

The consummate judgment with which the plan of attack was immediately formed and executed by rear admiral Nel-

son, on an enemy's fleet moored in a compact line of battle; protected in the van by a battery, and flanked by four frigates, and as many gun-boats; was worthy of the great and intrepid mind of this distinguished officer. He deservedly received the most public and eminent praise—his majesty, in the speech from the throne, styles it—*this great and brilliant victory.*

The French fleet was discovered by captain Samuel Hood, of the Zealous; the action commenced at sun-set. The Goliah, captain T. Foley, and the Zealous, captain Hood, had the honour to receive the first fire of the enemy. The shores of the Bay of Aboukir were soon lined with spectators, who beheld the approach of the English, and the awful conflict of the hostile fleets, in silent astonishment.

Sir Horatio Nelson, as rear admiral of the blue, carried the blue flag at the mizen; but from a standing order of sir John Jervis, the commander in chief, the squadron wore the white, or St. George's ensign in the action; and it is remarkable, that this occasioned the display of the cross upon the renowned and ancient coast of Egypt.

A most animated fire was opened from the Vanguard, which ship covered the approach of those in the rear; in a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the Vanguard's deck, were all down, killed or wounded; and one gun in particular was repeatedly cleared. Sir Horatio Nelson was so entirely resolved to conquer, or to perish in the attempt, that he led into the action, with six ensigns or flags, viz. red, white, and blue, flying in different parts of the rigging; he could not even bear to reflect on the possibility of his colours being carried away by a random shot from the enemy.

According to the information we have been able to collect from the officers who were present, it appears that the flag ship of admiral Bruyes, L'Orient, was certainly subdued before she blew up; and we insert this as an important truth,

that it was even the opinion of many that she had previously struck.

The severe wound which sir Horatio Nelson received, was supposed to have proceeded from langridge shot, or a piece of iron: the skin of his forehead being cut with it at right angles, hung down over his face. Captain Berry, who happened to stand near, caught the admiral in his arms. It was sir Horatio's first idea, and that of every one, that he was shot through the head! On being carried into the cock-pit, where several of his gallant crew were stretched with their shattered limbs, and mangled bodies, the surgeon, with great anxiety, immediately came to attend on the admiral. *No*, replied the hero, *I will take my turn with my brave followers!* —The agony of his wound increasing, he became convinced that the idea he had long indulged of dying in battle, was now about to be accomplished. He immediately therefore sent for his chaplain, the reverend Mr. Comyns, and begged of him to remember him to lady Nelson; and having signed a commission appointing his friend the brave Hardy, commander of the Mutine brig, to the rank of post-captain in the Vanguard, admiral Nelson took an affectionate leave of captain Louis, who had come, by his desire, on board; and then with the utmost composure resigned himself to death.

When the surgeon came to examine the wound, it evidently appeared that it was not mortal: this joyful intelligence quickly circulated through the ship. As soon as the painful operation of dressing was over, admiral Nelson immediately sat down, and that very night wrote the celebrated official letter that appeared in the Gazette. He came on deck just time enough to observe the conflagration of L'Orient. In this battle, which will be recorded in the annals of mankind till the human race shall be wholly extinct, knowing that the wounded of his own ships would be taken care of, he bent his first attention to those of the enemy. He established a truce with the commandant of Aboukir, and through him made a communication to the commandant of

Alexandria, that it was his intention to allow all the wounded Frenchmen to be taken ashore to proper hospitals with their own surgeons to attend them, a proposal which was acceded to by the French and carried into execution the following day. Thus, amidst all the glow of patriotism and the exultation of victory, the hero did not lose sight of humanity and a sense of compassion for his suffering fellow-creatures. On the morning after the victory, he issued the following memorandum to the different captains of his squadron, which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold, as a proof of pious gratitude, and an example to all who may be benefited by divine favour.

"*Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile, August 2d*, 1798.

"Almighty God having blessed his majesty's arms with victory, the admiral intends returning public thanksgiving for the same at two o'clock this day," and he recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient.

[To the respective captains of the squadron.]

Captain Benjamin Hallowell, of the Swiftsure, who had ever been on terms of the most intimate friendship with sir Horatio Nelson, finding his brother officers eager to outvie each other in sending various presents to the admiral, that had been made from the wreck of L'Orient, actually ordered his carpenter to make a coffin, solely from the wreck, both as to wood and iron. His orders were punctually obeyed; and one being finished with considerable elegance from the materials of L'Orient's main-mast, it was presented to the admiral with an affectionate and polite letter. Sir Horatio Nelson highly appreciated the present of his brave officer; and for some months had it placed upright in his cabin. At length, by the tears and entreaties of an old servant, the admiral was prevailed on to allow its being removed. It is now in the care of an undertaker, in Brewer street, and will doubtless accompany the gallant chief to his grave.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the events of this victory. It resusciated Europe, it released Egypt, and raised the honour of the British flag in the eyes of all nations.

Our limits only allow us, in the further prosecution of this interesting task, to give a correct summary of lord Nelson's life, subsequent to his glorious victory of the Nile. On the 22d of September, 1798, he arrived at Naples, and was received as a deliverer by their majesties and the whole kingdom. December the 12th, the blockade of Malta took place; and the 21st his Sicilian majesty and family, embarked in the Vanguard, and were carried to Palermo in Sicily. In March he arranged a plan for taking the islands in the bay of Naples, and for supporting the royalists who were making head in the kingdom: this succeeded in every part. In the month of May he shifted his flag to the Foudroyant, being advanced to be rear admiral of the red; and was obliged to be continually on his guard against the French fleet. In June and July, he went to Naples, and as his Sicilian majesty was pleased to say, "*re-conquered his kingdom, and placed him upon his throne.*" On the 9th of August lord Nelson brought his Sicilian majesty back to Palermo, having been upwards of four weeks on board the Foudroyant. On the 13th his Sicilian majesty presented him with a sword most magnificently enriched with diamonds, said to be worth sixty thousand ducats, conferred on him the title of duke of Bronti; and annexed to it the fief of Bronti. On the arrival of the Russian squadron at Naples, lord Nelson directed commodore Troubridge to go with the squadron, and closely blockade Civita Vecchia; and to offer the French most favourable conditions if they would evacuate Rome and Civita Vecchia; which terms the French general Grenier complied with, and they were signed on board the Culloden: thus a prophecy made to lord Nelson on his arrival at Naples was fulfilled, that he should take Rome by his ships.

Lord Nelson was now regarded as the safeguard of the kingdom, and the prop of the national glory. It is to him

that we are indebted for the victory of Copenhagen on the 2d of April, 1801, and the dissolution of the formidable confederacy of the north of Europe.

An invasion having been threatened on the part of France, and a considerable number of small vessels collected along the coasts of the republic, particularly in the harbour of Boulogne, preparatory to such an attack, lord Nelson had once more an opportunity of exerting his valour and talents. He accordingly hoisted his flag on board the Unité frigate, then lying at Sheerness, and took upon him the command of fifteen other frigates, and a considerable number of gun-boats and craft, stationed at Portsmouth, up the straits of Dover, to the northern extremity of the island. On this undertaking, he was invested with very extensive and unusual powers. He was also allowed by the admiralty three aids-de-camp, an indulgence unprecedented, but granted in consideration of the inconveniencies he was exposed to, through the want of his right arm. During this enterprize, lord Nelson made repeated attacks: his successes, though small in themselves were great and valuable in their aggregate amount; the enemy received an important check; and the individual valour of Britons was, perhaps, never more strikingly displayed.

We pass from this scene to the most glorious epoch of his life—the recent victory—which at once excites our admiration and regret, and mixes our transport with the most unbounded grief. In this last act of his life, his conduct was splendid and magnanimous beyond example; equally pious and brave, deserving success and obtaining it; he died in the fulness of glory, bequeathing to his country a victory which will probably be more valued, in its effects, by future ages, than by the present; for our posterity, whilst they acknowledge it as the basis of their security and the monument of ancient valour, will not have to mingle with their triumphs the poignant recollection that it was obtained by the loss of a man whom their ancestors had personally seen and revered.

In respect to the battle of the 21st of October, the fullest and the only official details are given in the Gazette. It is necessary, however, to subjoin some particulars relative to the last moments of the hero to whom we are so signally indebted. With these details, and a few additional circumstances, we shall close our account; our readers will find it long, we hope not tedious.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE REGISTER.

MR. COOPER.

The anxious wishes of the people of Charleston, to see this celebrated actor, have at length been gratified. He has appeared here in a variety of characters, in Comedy as well as in Tragedy; and in the end carried away with him a great deal of cash, and much reputation, though certain circumstances operated against him. The season was much too far advanced when he performed; verging on that time of the year when the heat becomes scarcely tolerable, and when the planters are much engaged in the country. It was, to Mr. Cooper, a flattering testimony of their expectations, that, to their manifest inconvenience and loss, the greater part of them repaired to the city to see him; and that, with all the disadvantages of the time, he played to houses full, but not always so full as he might reasonably have expected, if he had performed earlier in the year.

Another disadvantage, under which he laboured, arose from the descriptions that had been previously given of his acting, which were so very highly inflamed, that the performance of Garrick himself would probably have fallen short of them. It happened too, that many gentlemen of distinction, in this city, had seen the whole crop of actors of the Augustan day of the British stage (some of them so often, that they still re-

main as familiar to their minds as if it was but yesterday they had seen them) with the volubility, and the matchless expression of countenance of Garrick, and with all the wonders which (to use Churchill's words) lay within the magic circle of his eye: with the heart-melting cadences of the silver-toned Barry, the symmetry of his grand expansive figure, and the unparallelled beauty of his face: with the masterly elocution of Sheridan: with the appaling rage of Mossop, and with his voice, which (to use the words of one of the first critics) had power almost without end—full, harmonious and variable. Many, too, there are who have seen Cooke and Kemble. An actor, announced, as one equal to any that ever existed, to a people thus qualified to judge by so numerous and great objects of comparison, must have had powers far beyond any we know on the stage, at this day, to answer such descriptions; while, not to answer them to the full must have made him appear less great than he really was. The public mind, too, was greatly preocupied by the recollection of Hodgkinson, whose charming convivial qualities added to his great professional excellence, together with the suddenness and recency of his death, left the public mind indelibly stamped with strong predilections in his favour.

Notwithstanding all those disadvantages, the merit of Mr. Cooper gained its just level, and he stands, at this moment, as high in the public opinion, as his judicious friends could have expected. Where thousands are to judge there will be a vast variety of contradictory opinions, even on the same subject. Theatrical merit is composed of so many elementary parts, most of them not only unknown, but unthought of by the multitude, that the opinions of a people must necessarily involve many errors, and get far astray, if there be not some mind trained to the business of annalysing the constituent parts of acting, to point out the true road to inquiry, and furnish the public with the laws by which they are to decide. To this end the claims of Mr. Cooper should have had, before now, a public discussion if circumstances of an imposing nature had not prevented its appearance.—

But critical judgment cannot be the worse, and in most cases will be much the better for delay; provided, that delay be turned to profitable account, and the time which it affords be given to reflection, and to a mature consideration of the subject that stands for judgment. Mr. Cooper stands on too high ground to suffer any thing from the absence of daily panegyric. It is not by the periodical mite of critical applause, following at the heels of each nights performance, and playing the herald to that of the next, that *his* professional fame is to be supported, or his fortune advanced. In common with every enlarged object, his general merit will be contemplated to greater advantage from a distance, whence all the parts of it, whether beautiful or defective, may be collected, as it were, into one focus, and comprehended within one scope of view.

It is a fact, to be regretted, that in criticism, as well as politics, truth is continually obscured, often defaced, by partial prejudices which forbid the fair exercise of the judgment. In the one as in the other there are extreme admirers and extreme dislikers. A work shall be at the same time delightful, according to the sentence of this man, and execrable according to the dictum of that; the same man an idol to one, to another a very nothing. Sober reflection is chased away by passion, and opinion bandied about from one extreme to the other, cannot, like Noah's dove, find a resting place, for its foot. Again, when criticism sets up trade upon the slender stock of will, without a single article from the stores of literature, as is nine hundred and ninety times in a thousand, the case, firm in its incapacity to be injured, and conscious that it can lose nothing by being proved bankrupt, it dashes away in its speculations without fear or abashment; and hence a multitude of notions under the name of critical opinions are generated, which, like the clamorous voices at a contested popular election only serve to put to silence, the temperate, the grave and the impartial. The main instrument of such critics, is generally comparison,

which, when the persons and objects compared have one common quality is, no doubt, a considerable aid to the judgment; but when instituted between those which have no quality common to both, is little less ridiculous than it would be to compare St. Paul's cathedral to an elephant, or an algebraic equation to the poem of '*Paradise Lost*.'

No man likes to have the opinion he has once formed, shewn to be erroneous. The children of the brain are as dear as any others to the parent's heart—they will still be hugged with a fond grasp to the bosom, even when seen to be deformed. When the minds of a community therefore are strongly excited upon any particular topic, the public critic should lye by, till the ferment is over, and then present his opinions, with modesty and due deference indeed, but with firmness and decision. We have patiently listened to all that has been said of Mr. Cooper, for and against him; we have heard comparisons incessantly instituted, and have felt convinced that we could not give an opinion in any way, or at all conformable to our ideas of truth, without flatly contradicting those of a host of our friends. At the same time we felt that the professional rank of that gentleman rendered it of no small importance to establish a judgment respecting him, upon the solid grounds of true criticism, and imposed it as a duty upon us not to leave the public mind respecting him tottering on the sandy foundation of capricious will, or overweening partiality. Such men as Mr. Cooper are not to be treated like the ordinaries of his profession. The tenderness, the lenity, and the merciful support, which to the one is acceptable, to the other would be an affront; and we are much deceived if Mr. Cooper's mind is not vigorous enough to prefer the critic, who for the sake of a cure, will not spare the salutary cautery, to him who would film over his defects, and hide them artfully from the sight of the public.

At an early period of Mr. Cooper's appearance here, a few short remarks upon his Hamlet, Macbeth, Glenalvon and

Penruddock, were offered in another publication, *(The Courier.)* With those observations we entirely coincided; but, at the same time, conceived it to be, on many accounts better to postpone our general observations on his acting till the whole of his performances should have given better means of judging, and consequently more consistence to our opinion respecting him. Speaking generally of his acting, it is a composition of many and superlative excellencies; and of some, and pretty considerable defects. Nothing can be more clear than that nature has furnished him for his profession with almost every external endowment. His person is not only of the best size—(tall enough for picturing dignity, yet not so high as to produce uncouthness) but of a finely symetrised shape, and proportion. His face too is very handsome—but being from its symmetry rather deficient in means of vehement expression, he sometimes injures it by an over-strained effort to produce stage effect correspondent to the character he personates. At the same time his person is deprived of much of the advantages over which nature has given it such ample power, by neglect in the management of walk and deportment; which perhaps may arise from an over-done disdain of what is vulgarly called tragedy strut. In this, as in every thing, the happy course lies in the middle path. Mr. Cooper cannot abhor more than we do the tragedy strut; but there is a certain manner raised a little above the simply dignified deportment of real life, yet not touching upon the extravagant affected stalk of the stage, which we think Mr. Cooper is as well qualified as any man to attain, and which he should study to adopt. All the features of real life in their various departments ought, when exhibited on the stage to be enlarged. If they be not, they must be inoperative. The humourous ought to be made more broad, the grave more serious, levity more insignificant, and dignity rather aggrandized: else they will lose their effect, as the features of a well proportioned statue placed on an eminence become

undistinguishable. It may be said that a neglect of those artificial accessories renders dramatic representation more natural; but this we take to be a misconception—the Apollo of Belvedere (says a profound philosopher) is not less in nature than the rustic revels of Teniers. Man is never more natural than when he exhibits himself with all the advantages of dignified externals. Mr. Cooper also injures his deportment by bending on his knees, and at times by even turning in his toes. We are greatly mistaken if we do not divine the source of those errors; but be the source what it may, Mr. Cooper may be assured that they are defects, which greatly detract from his excellence. Had Praxiteles so chiselled out the conqueror of the world, the statue would never be an object of imitation to men of taste. With all those deductions from his external appearance, which being matters of either neglect or adoption, he can readily mend, Mr. Cooper's person, taken altogether, is the finest we have seen on the American stage, and in certain modes of dress and certain attitudes, must strike every beholder with admiration. In that respect nature has done her share—the rest is in his own power.

The next thing that claims attention is his voice, for which he is also greatly indebted to nature. It is strong, harmonious, and capable of producing astonishing effects by the lower tones; or by the higher, in the characters where the furious passions are to be expressed. It seems however to be unsuited to tenderness and love. Perhaps it may be, that the absence of those feelings (we mean merely as an actor) may occasion it to appear so. The power may be there, but lie dormant for want of a correspondent excitement.

On the use which Mr. Cooper makes of those great natural endowments, we have much to say in praise, something in regret, something also in censure. It appears to us, that when he follows his own nature, he seldom fails to be great—where he does fail, he fails, we think, from

overstudiously following an erroneous model. As soon as passion breaks him loose from the fetters of studied action and enunciation—when he ceases to measure his words, and to poise his action *secundum artem*, he blazes out into beauties which nature never bestowed the powers of disclosing, without giving along with them many more, if they were let to have their full scope. In every character, the parts where he fails are those of the cold, didactic and declamatory kind—particularly soliloquies:—In the impassioned parts he rouses every latent spark of feeling in the audience. Let any one call to mind the scene with Ophelia, that with the queen, and that at the play in Hamlet, and compare them with his soliloquies of

"To be, or not to be."

and

"Oh that this too solid flesh, &c."

let them also compare almost the whole of his Macbeth with his delivery of the soliloquy beginning with

"If it were done, when 'tis done,"

and they will recognise the truth of our observations.

In uttering that celebrated soliloquy of Macbeth, an effort to give beauty produced a striking defect.

"Then, as his host
"Who should against his murderer *shut the door*,
"Not bear the knife myself."

In the words "*shut the door*," he raised his voice so that they appeared as if insulated in a parenthesis, and uttered in the angry imperative, as though he had been ordering the door to be shut. Indeed it is to be lamented that high powers should ever be suborned, as they sometimes are, to tickle the dull ear of the many, by a sacrifice of strict critical judgment and refined taste; by readings which, being new, are, nineteen times in twenty, wrong. Mr. Cooper may be assured that Mr. Garrick and Mr. Sheridan left very little for any actor coming after them to do, in illustration of Shakespeare; though it has been much the fashion with the present elders of the British stage, to strike out as many

novelties as they can, different from the plain readings, and the natural acting of those illustrious commentators.

If we may be permitted to offer it, our opinion is, that it would be well for Mr. Cooper if he had never taken any one for a model, or else had taken more than one. We think that by his having, when very young, kept that model too much in his eye, he has trammelled his own genius. His extensive natural powers impose not upon him any necessity to recur to higher authorities for his acting, then those which he possesses in his own genius. And we should think that the instructive intimacy of which, it is said, he had at an early age the advantage with one of the most acute, discerning and tasteful critics and writers in England (Mr. Holcroft) joined to his own sound sense, would have suggested, that the slow, measured, monotonous speech of the new school is fitter for the pulpit than the stage, where nature ought ever to reign paramount. The distinct utterance of words indeed is indispensibly necessary to good speaking; but an excessive sedulity to separate the words from each other by strong terminations, not only gives pain as it conveys the idea of laborious effort, but divorces the words from that legitimate connection and close contiguity with each other, in which they ought to roll into the ear. In the new school, this extreme sometimes extends even to a harsh distinction of the syllables. In elegant elocution, syllables sometimes ought to run into each other so as that two should sound like one. Trisyllables are frequently sounded, so as to seem to the ear as if they were composed of two syllables only. But when the syllables are very strongly and distinctively marked, the sound is hardened, and that mellifluence which it should be the aim of every speaker to attain, is marred. This accompanied with too great deliberation and slowness never fails to give great ruggedness to speech. In terminating his sentences Mr. Cooper sometimes carries this so far as to make the sound of consonants continue on the tongue after the period is closed. When the sentence has ended with a *d* or a *t*, we

have found this very disagreeable to the sense. But when the sentence has ended with an *s* it has been peculiarly so. The recurrence of the same sound from *ci*, *ti*, and *s*, has justly caused the English language to be censured for sibillation. Every judicious speaker or writer therefore will endeavour to lessen this evil in the language, upon which other nations rest so much of their objections to it. Mr. Cooper has some times hurt us by a continued sibillation at the end of periods ending with *s*, with *ce*, or *se*.

We have also frequently had to lament in Mr. Cooper, a leaning to the mispronunciation of the *u* in *true*, *truly*, &c. of which so much has hitherto been so justly said by THESPIS in the cases of Mr. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Whitlock, and of others who had not the same means of knowing the true pronunciation. An inspection of any good pronouncing dictionary will shew that the *u* is in those words ought to be pronounced as *oo*. *Troo* not *tru*. Whenever the reciprocation of animated, warm or disdainful dialogue absolves Mr. Cooper from the trammels of mere speech, and gives quickness to his words, he appears as if he were a different personage: then intellectual excellence and correspondent force of expression pervade every sentence. Hence in Glenalvon as well as Macbeth, he was astonishingly great. All this time let it be understood, that when we speak of Mr. Cooper's deficiencies, we speak of him as compared with himself. We think it is not enough that he should be, as nature has made him, superior to others—he ought not to fall below Mr. Cooper.

It has been the habit of most people to compare this gentleman with Mr. Hodgkinson. In our mind they were so very different in their departments, that the cases are but very few, in which the slightest comparison could fairly be made between them. One might praise each for ever, without injury to the other. The universality of Hodgkinson's powers was his chief praise. Mr. Cooper's walk is narrow, but in it he has few competitors; and, in some parts of it, is not exceeded by any man. We are fearless of

this assertion being controverted; and will rest, for the truth of it on Macbeth alone, his performance of which is deserving of a very long and strict analysis. Nature husbands her gifts so carefully, that where equality appears in all the parts of any object, supreme excellence is rarely seen, where beauties are founed they are generally mixed with some considerable alloy. Of all the actors we have ever seen, Mr. Mossop was that one whom Mr. Cooper in this respect most resembles. With him when it was not a blaze, it was a cloud. No man, not even Garrick, ever equalled his beauties; but his defects were great. The beauties however were so far superior in number to the defects, and in quality to the excellencies of all others, that he obtained from the greatest critic of that day the title of "the tragedy sheet anchor." And we yet recollect, that though perhaps strict critical taste would have preferred more equal playing, upon an inferior level, his whole performance derived wonderful lustre from the inequalities, which in his acting had an effect similar to that produced by the *chiaro scuro* in painting. In Macbeth Mr. Cooper several times brought that great actor to our mind. His dagger scene was a piece of unparalleled beauty; he rose above himself in it. In the scene, after returning from the chamber, where he had murdered the king, he was as much below himself. In the banquet scene he was truly great, and in one or two points took a high flight. In that with the witches in the pit of Acheron, he again fell to the ground. In his first address

> "How now you secret black and midnight hags,
> "What is't you do?"

and in that wonderful speech which follows it, he exhibited none of those feelings that a man in his state, addressing such personages, and being in such a place, must be supposed to have felt. All the fifth act he performed truly to admiration. So that with the few defects and the very many exquisite beauties he exhibited during the performance,

we do not hesitate to place him in Macbeth very high indeed upon the first form of his profession.*

In Leon too, Mr. Cooper was inimitably great. Perhaps this is the only character in which the scales were balanced between him and Hodgkinson. We know that some will be startled at our opinion upon that subject—but we are firmly persuaded that the part in which he took the lead of Hodgkinson in Leon, was that in which he might have been least expected to do so. We mean the comic part in which he was not so broadly humorous, and being therefore more chaste and natural than Hodgkinson, was superior to him. In the subsequent part Hodgkinson was at least his full match. His duke in the Honey-Moon, in some parts merited high praise; in others deserved censure as cold, stiff, and formally declamatory. But his Beverley, particularly the last scene of it, received, as it deserved, abundant applause. The Rolla of Mr. Cooper is a noble exhibition. The character of Horatio too he conceives with strict correctness, and executes in a masterly style. For Richard he wants weight. To our infinite regret sickness prevented our seeing him in Osmond and Octavian. On the whole, what we have seen makes us wish to see him often. With the exception of his Romeo, there is not a character in which we did not see him with pleasure, and in some of them, it must be owned, we contemplated his performance with more than ordinary delight.

* Speaking of Macbeth, we could not see without admiration, the astonishing increase, even of her powers, which Mrs. Whitlock seemed to derive in some characters from Mr. Cooper's acting. In Lady Macbeth she appeared to have caught fresh fire from the splendid blaze of his performance of the Thane. After having seen six of the greatest Macbeth's, and the greatest lady Macbeth that ever lived—Mrs. Siddons, we scruple not to declare, that we never have seen the fifth scene of the first act better performed than by Mr. Cooper and Mrs. Whitlock.

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER.

The following POEM comes from the same pen as that which, some time ago, appeared in '*The Charleston Courier*' with the same signature, and attracted such universal attention and applause. The merit of that elegant performance will, no doubt, obtain for this a welcome reception. Such is our opinion of its value that we have appropriated to it nearly the whole space usually allotted for poetry; and we are persuaded that our readers will think themselves amply repaid for the loss of the accustomed diversity in that article, by the pleasure they will derive from the perusal of a production of such excellence.

THE RESOLVE.

HAPLESS the poor mistaken wight,
Of manners rude and unpolite,
Who trusting to an honest mind,
Intrudes himself upon mankind.
Tho' he possess'd Homerian pow'rs:
Could charm the lazy footed hours,
By all the magic of the soul,
Alternate raise, depress, controul;
Wielding the passions at his will,
With more than Demosthenian skill:
Trace learning to the fountain head,
Hold converse with the mighty dead;
Bid former ages rapid rise,
In vivid lustre on the eyes;
Collate, unite, correct, increase,
The ample stores of Rome and Greece:
Explaining nature's plastic laws,
And from effects deduce the cause,
Why planets vast, incessant run,
Their certain circles round the sun:

The secret laws of comets scan,
Anom'lous to the gen'ral plan;
All their eccentric roamings trace,
Athwart illimitable space:
Why, gathering in their devious way,
They, heav'n-directed, re-convey
Th' electric, all-pervading flame,
Back to the fountain whence it came:
Descry, with optic tube afar,
A sun, or world, in ev'ry star;
And, as each orb its course pursues,
How each, the other's strength renews;
Or, stooping to the teeming earth,
Say whence have trees and flow'rs their birth:
Explore the subterranean pores;
Elucidate the mystic stores
That min'rals, plants and fruits bestow,
To soften pain, and banish woe;
At monarch reason's potent call,
And magic touch, transforming all
Contain'd within this narrow span,
Subservient to the good of man;
In lasting characters display,
The protean manners of the day,
Stamping the present fickle age,
In living likeness on his page;
Or equal Johnson's godlike art,
Anatomise the subtile heart,
Disrobe of every specious guise
Error, however conceal'd it lies;
Corrode, or leniently assuage
The most destructive passion's rage;
Invigorate all-pow'rfull truth,
Clothe virtue in immortal youth,
And gain a name that far out springs
The blood stain'd, puny fame of kings:
Could he instruct, (O task divine,
The least frequented by the nine)
To be content with what is giv'n
By the protecting pow'rs of Heaven,
Who prize not from extrinsic show,
But for the pure etherial glow

Of modest virtue, truth sincere,
Unbounded love, and conscience clear;
And as the lowly feeling breast,
Internally with these is blest,
Alike impartial they regard
A king or beggar, dunce or bard:
Teaching to reason's dictates true,
What few can find, but all pursue;
The heav'nly soul exalting road
That leads to happiness and God.
Altho' possess'd of pow'rs like these,
If void of other arts to please,
Unnotic'd he may trudge along,
Pour to responsive woods his song,
In gloomy pines companions find,
And talk of virtue to the wind.
But he, who bends at fashion's shrine,
Digs deep in Mammon's dirty mine;
Who can with an insidious grace,
Cajole and flatter to your face;
And loaded by the cumbrous ore,
Deceiving, shifting still for more;
His unremitted, dear employ,
To gain what he can ne'er enjoy;
How meanly is his smile desir'd,
His merit prais'd, his sense admir'd,
Tho' all his shallow pate contains,
Would scarce supply a turkey's brains;
For men the futile maxim hold,
Worth, genius, wisdom, all are gold:
Poor I, with pockets light as air,
And the politeness of a bear,
Whose cheeks assume a crimson dye,
Whene'er my lips attempt to lie;
Whose stubborn tongue would never bend,
By flatt'ry to procure a friend;
Flatt'ry, the fascinating charm
Which can the coldest bosom warm,
Forming the wise, the, good, the brave,
Or to a partizan or slave;
For ev'n where praise is justly due,
(Ah, justly it belongs to few!)
When it is baseness to restrain

The honours merit ought to gain,
It drawls so slowly from my mouth,
In terms so aukward, and uncouth,
What e'er the speaker may intend,
The blund'ring manner must offend.
Now loaded thus, what mortal can,
Be company for any man?
Or loaded thus what mortal dare,
Obtrude his presence on the fair?
But as 'tis gen'rally confest,
That common sense within my breast,
Some partial seeds of worth has sown,
And culture made the fruit his own,
Sometimes the sad misfortune's mine,
To be invited out to dine:
Asham'd politely to deny,
Yes, is the conseqeuent reply;
And then, if any poet saw,
Who could with master pencil draw
My rustic conduct, blockhead stare,
Confus'd, nay downright stupid air,
Each marking with perspicious ken,
It would immortalize his pen;
For certainly there ne'er has been,
Pourtray'd so risible a scene:
And should unlucky stars agree,
That I be ask'd to wait till tea;
Lounging uneasy thro' the room,
In all the shame of silent gloom,
I dwindle down to be, at best,
A tedious, half-neglected guest,
The heavy moments slow proceed,
With nothing like a lobster's speed,
Altho' such beauty bless my sight,
As ev'n a stoic would delight,
And female wit so brilliant shone,
As might elicit fire from stone.
At last, the painful trial o'er,
Keener than all I felt before,
The lady-visitors conspire,
To think it time they should retire;
The clock strikes ten, no beaux are come,
I proffer to conduct them home;

Idea-hunting all the way,
For something elegant to say,
And, if at last the lab'ring brain,
Produce a thought of modish strain,
'Tis ten to one, the fault'ring tongue,
Bring forth the weak conception wrong;
Guessing the smile, list'ning to hear,
The titter tingle thro' his ear;
The bashful, blund'ring, would-be-spark,
Feels happy that the night is dark.
No more shall I harrass my life,
Unequal to the giddy strife;
But in this academic shade,
Pursue fair science, heavenly maid,
My future care, and time consign
To make her ev'ry beauty mine:
Yes, let the proud, ambitious great,
Gemm'd in the tinsell toys of state,
Impatient urge their baleful course
By secret guile, or open force,
Attorney's quibble o'er the laws,
Shaping the worse, the better cause;
Let lover's watch their mistress' nod;
And misers make their gold a god:
If I one hidden truth can trace,
Important to the human race,
'Twill yield more pleasure to my mind,
Then they in all their projects find.
Perhaps some flutt'ring coxcomb may
With puppy simper sneering say,
The fellow need not go to school,
Or study to become a fool;
Hush! mister fopling, not a word!
Your impudence is most absurd,
How dare you offer a pretence,
Even to judge of common sense?
It is enough for you to know
The present fashionable show;
The newest mode arrived from France,
How to evolve the mazy dance,
The most polite and easy air
To hand the ladies from their chair,

Adjust a tippet, flirt a fan,
Nicely arrange a party plan,
Attend obsequious to the play,
Sad when they frown, glad when they're gay
Chief-waiter at the tea preside,
Say who will next become a bride,
What miss unmarried swells her gown,
And all the scandal of the town:
These, and such little trifling arts,
Are fitter for a coxcomb's parts
Than critically to direct,
Beauties perceive, or faults correct.
But Goldsmith, whom we all admit,
A connoisseur, on points of wit,
Says, who can steadily pursue
The shade, will catch the substance two,
Nor science ever will beguile,
Him, who devoutly courts her smile.
And thou, congenial, pensive muse!
Do not thy sacred aid refuse;
Thou, who on Scotia's rugged shore,
Midst cloud-capt hills, and torrents roar,
First taught it my humble voice to raise,
The votive lay in virtue's praise;
Thou, who hast sooth'd my early woes,
And keenest sorrows, to repose;
When o'er the pathless ocean bound,
Dark heaving billows roaring round,
Wast ever present in my dream,
And lightest up the chearing gleam
Of ardent hope, within my breast,
By danger, nor dismay repress;
If thou wilt still my soul inspire,
With thy celestial fervent fire,
Let fortune on her vot'ry's head,
Ten thousand, thousand millions shed;
Be mine the lot to live, with thee,
From venal cares and troubles free;
Excentric from the beaten track,
Pursu'd by ev'ry common hack;
Lead me in some romantic road,
By human footstep never trode;

Bid chasten'd fancy be our guide,
And nature o'er the band preside.
United we will gayly stray,
Along the lovely, lengthen'd way,
And cull'd from ev'ry verdant field
Of flow'rs the choicest which they yield,
Teach me with artless strength to twine
Such chaplets for their brows and thine,
As may in brightest beauty bloom,
Till time receive his final doom.
Let no neglected charming spot,
In all our wand'rings be forgot;
Nor any prospect miss our sight,
That can a noble thought excite.
Let us, before the early dawn,
Trip o'er the dew-bespangled lawn;
Joining the birds on ev'ry thorn,
To hail the sweetly blushing morn.
When flaming fierce the mighty Sun,
His middle course triumphant run,
Shall in the south his orb display,
Pouring intolerable day;
Within some cool, impervious bow'r,
Let us defy the sultry hour;
Together, when at ev'ning's close,
Pale night her sable mantle throws
Athwart the bosom of the vale,
Fann'd lightly by the breathing gale,
Winding along some rushing rill,
Or climbling slow a rising hill,
Impartial retrospection cast,
Over the roll of ages past;
With candour scan the present view;
Plan wisely what I shall pursue;
In fortune, and in folly's spite,
Firm fix the dear resolve of right;
To heav'n turn an anxious eye,
And hold high commerce with the sky.
Whatever garb the seasons wear,
Thro' all the variegated year,
Will add to heighten ev ry joy,
Variety, that cannot cloy;

Whether gay spring with lib'ral hand,
In flow'rs array the smiling land:
Summer congenial nurse the plain,
Swelling the latent embryo grain:
Autumn diffuse her blessings round,
Graceful in wheat and olives crown'd:
Or gloomy winter's haggard form,
Stride sullen in his bursting storm:
Then, when the raging tempests driv'n,
Impetuous thro' the vault of heav'n,
Scatter abroad their boundless sway,
Darkness involves the face of day,
Clouds roll'd on clouds horrific lour,
Dense dismal rains in torrents pour,
Tremendous thunders downward hurl'd,
Shake the deep centre of the world,
And livid fires enflame the sky,
Flashing destruction on the eye;
Then on some huge stupendous rock,
High rear'd above the awful shock,
May we, superior and serene,
Enjoy the dread terrific scene!
Thus free from all that man alarms,
Will nature ope her matchless charms;
Fancy in glowing language dress,
Whate'er her sister can express;
And thou, with voice sublimely strong,
Exalt the energetic song,
Make coward vice dejected stand,
Trembling beneath thy scourging hand:
Raising the lovely moral lay,
Crown merit with unfading bay,
Bid fear, or joy, or grief prevail,
As winds the soul-commanding tale:
With native vigour strong rehearse,
In Milton's powerful epic verse,
Or pure immortalizing rhymes,
The noble theme of olden times.
If these thou never wilt bestow,
But dull, and trite my numbers flow;
If vainly I essay to raise
On fashion's base the fane of praise:

Bid chasten'd fancy be our guide,
And nature o'er the band preside.
United we will gayly stray,
Along the lovely, lengthen'd way,
And cull'd from ev'ry verdant field
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The noble theme of olden times.
If these thou never wilt bestow,
But dull, and trite my numbers flow;
If vainly I essay to raise
On fashion's base the fane of praise:

Should fear, or faction, e'er controul,
Or sordid int'rest sway my soul:
Should I, insensible of shame,
In honour deck a villain's name;
Meanly desirous to deceive,
Insidiously attempt to weave
A wreath for him, but which adorns
His forehead with convulsive thorns;
Or darkly aim the poison'd dart
Of envy at an honest heart:
Then let my lyre no more be strung,
And lasting silence seal my tongue.
Firm, independent may I tend
Onward to meet a placid end,
Surrounded by a chosen few,
Of old companions, try'd and true,
When rev'rend age has thinly spread
His hoary honours o'er my head;
Retaining still the fire of youth,
Temper'd by sage experienc'd truth;
Then be the task delightful mine,
To form the human soul divine;
Aspiring virtue careful rear,
Curb folly in her first career,
Direct to shun the devious course,
That leads to guilt and dark remorse;
Nor prune the wild luxuriant bough,
With captious hand, and sullen brow;
But teach the daring plant to climb
Majestic in the vale of time,
Until the branching tree expand
Its fragrant odours o'er the land.
And when a long respected age,
Shall quit life's busy bustling stage;
Bless'd by my God; at peace with all
My brothers on this fleeting ball;
Unfeigned, may the mournful tear
Of weeping friendship dew my bier,
Leaving behind a spotless fame,
And, O fond hope! a deathless name!

THE WANDERER.

Charleston, 1806.

MISCELLANIES.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. . . . . CICERO.

FOR THE REGISTER.

THE ARCHER.

Shoot folly as it flies. . . . . POPE.

No. III.

THE estate which Mr. VERDICT possesses is situated in a beautiful spot, and as I observed in my last paper, not far from town. The dwelling house was built under his inspection, and is fitted up in a stile of neatness and elegance, that calls to my recollection the charming country seats which every where meet the eye of the traveller in England. It stands on a rising ground, and commands a fine view of Cooper's river and the scenery beyond it. His manager has a small but commodious lodging on the right, the works are in front, and the negro houses on the left, where they are sheltered from the north-west wind by an almost impenetrable forest, which extends on that side far beyond the boundary of the estate.

In this spot I have spent a considerable portion of my time since my arrival in Carolina. As my friend always sleeps at my lodgings when he attends the club, I not unfrequently walk out to his estate on the morning following. On account of my slow pace I rise with the first peep of day, and

set off alone. My friend generally overtakes me on the road; and having kept company with me until he is tired, leaves me, and walks onwardto prepare breakfast for my arrival.

The tranquillity which the scenes of the country inspire, is of the greatest benefit to my health and spirits. The good humour and hospitality of Mr. VERDICT give an indescribable charm to every thing about him; and as I am one of those beings who are willing to be made happy, I never set my foot on his plantation without a sensation of pleasure, nor quit it without feeling myself improved both in body and mind.

The manager is a steady North Briton, a little advanced in years, of a robust constitution, and trained to habits of persevering industry. He prides himself as much on his skill in medicine and surgery, as in the art of planting. He asserts that he will prescribe a dose, draw a tooth, or rear a cotton plant, with any man in Carolina; and we have his positive assurance, that he can ascertain the health of the negroes with as much precision as the moment for flowing a field of rice. He boasts not a little of his knowledge in ancient history; and this innocent vanity shews itself in various ways, some of which it must be confessed, are rather ludicrous. The first male child that was born on the estate since he lived on it, he called Cincinnatus; then came the twins, Romulus and Remus; and Cato, Pompey, and many others of equal note, followed in succession. To hear him call over the list of the negroes (which he does every morning at sunrise, and by the bye in a distinct and deliberate manner, very creditable to his judgement) you would imagine he was haranging in the Roman capitol. His stock of ancient names being nearly exhausted, he is now running through the long catalogue of naval heroes—"This source (he says) is inexhaustible; and I will match our moderns with the most famous of the heroes of antiquity. Duncan there (pointing to the finest negro on the

estate) is a cleverer fellow than Brutus, and Nelson will go through more fatigue than Cæsar and Mark Anthony put together." I have more than once hinted to him that there was no necessity of travelling across the Atlantic in search of names to dignify his muster roll; but he turns a deaf ear to my remarks. He is whimsical it is true, and not a little obstinate in his way. There are many with whom it is certain he would not live on good terms for a week; but Mr. VERDICT, with equal kindness and prudence, bears with these trifling peculiarities, and suffers him to make good crops and keep his negroes healthy and comfortable, without perpetually interfering in the business of the estate, or quarreling with an honest servant for matters of such imaginary concern.

It was on last Friday that I took a morning ramble round the plantation, charmed with the scenes around me, and totally forgeting that I had to attend the club in the evening. At my return to breakfast I was surprised to find TRUSTY, whom I had left in the city, delivering letters to my friend. "They arrived this morning by a vessel from Boston, sir, (said TRUSTY) Mr. LIVELY sent me with them immediately." Mr. VERDICT opened his letters. I marked an anxiety in his manner which I had never till then observed. I watched as he read, and saw the emotions of his mind strongly expressed in his countenance. "My dear friend, said he (as he came nearer to me, while his eyes were filling with tears, and he seemed struggling for words) this is an event for which I was not quite prepared; read that, he continued, putting a letter into my hand, it is the last memorial of an aged and respected father, who died the day after it was written." He then retired precipitantly into his room; and I knew too well the force of his feelings to attempt to check them by any unseasonable interference. The letter was dated at a small village in Connecticut, where the venerable father of my friend had passed the greater part of his life. I read it as follows:

" MY DEAR SON,

" In all human probability, before you can possibly receive " this letter, the hand that writes it will be mouldering in the " grave, and the eye that now dimly traces the characters " as I write them, will be closed in death. My physician " has candidly declared the nature of my situation, and I feel " an internal conviction, that I am fast hastening to the man- " sion appointed for all. To you it will be a source of com- " fort to learn from myself, that I experience no unmanly " apprehension at my approaching fate. I have passed the " ordinary boundaries of the life of man, and acknowledge " with gratitude, that Providence has blessed me with the " attainment of a good old age. When I look back on my " past life, I reflect with a satisfaction, the want of which " worlds would not compensate, that as far as the frailty of " my nature would admit, I have persevered in the steady " and uniform practice of virtue. At this awful moment, " how unavailing is every other support but that which is " produced by the solemn truths of religion ! how exhilerat- " ing the recollection of even the most trifling act of good- " ness which I have performed in life; and how consoling " the reflection, that I know not one person who will say " when I am laid in the grave, " death has released me from " an enemy !" Thank heaven! the strong assurance of a state " of future existence, which now presses with such convic- " tion on my mind, is not the forced and terrible effect of the " bed of death, but the completion of hopes which I have ever " cherished, and the final demonstration of truths which I " have believed through life.

" While I have yet strength remaining, I feel I am dis- " charging a most affecting and important duty in thus ex- " pressing my last thoughts to you. In life I have ever " found you a dutiful son, and my heart acknowledges you " my pride and my comfort in death. Such is the invalua- " ble reward of my care, in having early stored your mind " with the principles of morality, and impressed on your

"young and susceptible breast the sacred precepts of our "holy religion. I already feel what your sufferings will be, "on the receipt of this letter, as a man, but have no doubt "of your patience as a christian. If I have a wish on earth "yet unsatisfied, it is that my eyes might once more behold "you before I die; but that is impossible, and I check so vain "a desire, in resignation to the will of heaven. I have so "habituated myself to contemplate the awful crisis now at "hand, that the face of death has lost its terror. My tem-"poral arrangements are all made, and I have now nothing "to perform but to await the moment of dissolution.

"You will find in my will that, with the exception of some "legacies, which I know you will lose no time in discharg-"ing, my possessions fall wholly to yourself. I have but "one request to make, which is that as soon as your concerns "will permit, you will revisit the place of your birth, and "pass at least a short time among the scenes of your early "days. This has always been to my mind a cherished ex-"pectation. Every tree which my hand has reared, if it had "utterance, could bear witness that this hope animated all "my exertions. Adieu, my son—my strength fails me; my "hour of departure draws near. May you find that happi-"ness in life which has been my lot; and when it shall please "God to place you in this trying situation, may you feel that "internal conviction of the Divine Favour, and that approba-"tion of a good conscience, which now support the spirit of "your father."

If my readers knew how highly we prize our worthy friend Mr. VERDICT, how assured we are of the noble heart which he possesses, and the affectionate regard which he has for us all, they would not wonder at the deep sorrow which prevailed in our club on Friday evening. It was the first time he had been absent since the commencement of the society. When we looked at the vacant chair which he had been accustomed to fill, we felt an indescribable regret, heightened by the thought of how soon we were to lose,

though for a short time, so agreeable a member, so good and sincere a friend. Even Mr. LIVELY did not attempt to relate the news of the day. We neglected to drink our accustomed toast; and TRUSTY, looking at me in a dejected manner, took up Mr. VERDICT's chair, and walked softly out of the room, without speaking a word.

A little before the hour of breaking up, TRUSTY brought me the following letter, which I read immediately, and it served in some degree to divert our attention from the melancholy subject of our friend's affliction. We felt its importance, and I was directed to give it to the public, with such remarks as might occur to me; but I present my readers with it just as I received it. It requires no comment. The instance complained of is, I fear, far from being an uncommon one; and I can only add my sincere wishes, that its publication may have the effect which it was intended to produce.

"MR. ARCHER,

"I was born in the state of Virginia, an only son, and im-
"mediate heir to a tobacco plantation, which for several ge-
"nerations had been in possession of my father's family. I
"was sent at an early age to England to receive my educa-
"tion, and positive injunctions were given to my guardian
"in London, that I should in all respects be treated as a
"young gentleman, born to a fortune, and all the hereditary
"consequence of a rich Virginian. My father's orders were
"strictly obeyed, and I had every distinction and atten-
"tion shewn me, which regular remittances and profuse
"presents could command. I soon became conscious of my
"importance, and used to exult, that I should one day be
"master of more land than all the fields in sight of my guar-
"dian's house, and of more slaves than there were scholars
"in the school. Every letter from America informed me
"of the negroes sending their respects to their young mas-
"ter; and annual accounts were received of splendid dances
"in commemoration of my birth day. In one word, I was

" regularly brought up to be vain, proud and overbearing;
" and returned to my native country, with as much of arro-
" gance in my disposition as could be reasonably expected.

" On my arrival, the dinners, balls and parties of every
" description, in honour of my return to my family estate,
" served not a little to nourish that self consequence which
" had already taken deep root in my heart. All reflection
" was lost in the perpetual bustle of gaiety and profusion;
" and, intent only on the gratification of my wishes, I hardly
" deigned to bestow a thought on the crowd around me, and
" fancied that I was born for myself alone. But love aroused
" me from this state of apathy, and in less than a month after
" my landing, I found my heart subdued by the charms of
" a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring planter.
" Unaccustomed to delay, confident of success, and antici-
" pating how much the whole family would consider them-
" selves honoured by so advantageous an alliance, I declared
" myself at once to the old gentleman, as the admirer of his
" daughter. But language has no terms to convey an ade-
" quate idea of my feelings, when he answered my proposal,
" in the following words: " Young gentleman (said he) I
" am truly sensible of the preference you have given to
" one of my family, and of the honour you intend us;
" but, as my daughter's fortune will not be very great, I
" cannot consent to her marriage with a person with-
" out a shilling." I pass over, Mr. ARCHER, my rage
" and disappointment, and the bitter explanation which
" my father made to me on account of this unexpected event.
" It was too true—I was not worth a shilling. The planta-
" tion had been deeply mortgaged to a merchant in London,
" and in the course of the next year was brought to sale, and
" found barely sufficient to satisfy the demands against it.

" My father did not long survive a blow so fatal to his con-
" sequence, and I, disgusted at the scenes which reminded
" me of his folly and my own misfortune, sailed for this
" place. So sudden a change in my circumstances has made

" an impression on my mind, which no time can obliterate,
" and aroused me to a true knowledge of my situation in
" life. I am now employed on a plantation, the property of
" a man, who was once manager of my father's estate. He
" has extended to me the hand of kindness; and I feel a sin-
" cere concern for his welfare. I have watched his actions
" with an eye of anxious solicitude; and I fear a few years
" more of negligence and profusion, will sink him to that
" state of dependence, from which he has risen by prudent
" œconomy and industry. Seduced by the enchanting allure-
" ments of gay companions, he riots from day to day in ex-
" pensive pleasures, which are wasting both his health and
" his revenue. His crops are anticipated by loans, on terms
" pregnant with inevitable ruin. A heavy sigh, which
" escapes him in the moments of reflection, convinces me
" that he is not insensible of the perils of his situation; yet
" has he not courage to refuse the visits of thoughtless or de-
" signing men, the former of whom plunge him still deeper
" in error by the gaiety of their manners, while the latter feed
" his folly by the poison of flattery.

" I feel that I ought to point out to this victim of de-
" lusion, the gulph that is yawning before him. I have
" frequently endeavoured to introduce the subject of his
" affairs; but he starts at serious conversation, as he would
" at a ghost; and vainly flies to excess for that peace of
" mind, which is only to be procured by a return to the ha-
" bits of temperance and sober reflection.

" Should his eye glance over this letter, it may awaken
" him from the dream of madness which now chains down
" his understanding. This faithful picture may arrest his
" attention, and restore to him the proper use and enjoy-
" ment of the blessings which Providence has entrusted to
" him, and which a vigorous exertion may yet rescue from
" being lost for ever."

Charleston, July 1, 1805.

LORD SELKIRK ON EMIGRATION.

At a time when the attention of the British government is forcibly attracted by the increasing power and resources of America, and when more than at any former period, the prosperity of the old and the new world depends upon a mutual exchange of interests and advantages, any publication, which in the remotest degree glances at the political situation of this country, acquires an interest in the breast of every friend to America. The earl of SELKIRK has recently given to the world a work entitled "*Observations on the present state of the Highlands of Scotland, with a View of the causes and probable consequences of Emigration.*" Of this publication European criticism has spoken in very favourable terms. It is not our intention to attempt either to controvert the opinions and principles it maintains, or to investigate the actual merits of its execution; but we judged that some account of the work itself, and of the circumstances which led to it, would naturally be expected from us. Our readers are, no doubt, informed that the noble author is expected to arrive in this country in a high diplomatic capacity, for the purpose, it may be presumed, of forming political arangements of the first importance to our national existence, and of ascertaining those neutral rights, the discussion of which has for some time past taken almost entire possession of the public mind.

The constant and increasing emigrations, during the last twenty years, from the Highlands of Scotland, have excited considerable alarm in the mind of every person attached to the interests of Great-Britain, and awakened the attention of all parties. Both individuals and public bodies have employed their talents in attempting to remedy this encreasing evil; and the legislature of the country has from time to time adopted various expedients to controul and impede the progress of a malady, for the prevention of which no adequate means have been hitherto discovered.

The earl of SELKIRK early in life bent his attention to discover the nature of those causes which seemed likely to depopulate a portion of his country. With this view, he made in the year 1792, an extensive tour in the Highlands of Scotland, and, as he informs us in his introduction, he was forced to draw this conclusion: "that emigration was an unavoid-"able result of the general state of the country, arising "from causes above all controul, and in itself of essential "consequences to the tranquillity and permanent welfare "of the kingdom." It became, therefore, of great importance, in his mind, to divert the stream of emigration from the United States of America, to which it generally flowed, to the British settlements; so that, though it was impossible to keep them at home, the emigrants should not be wholly lost to their country. The patriotism of his lordship we cannot but admire. However we may differ from him, in our opinions of the practicability of his plan, or in our wishes, as Americans, with regard to its success, we cannot withold our applause from the motives which dictated it.

After an ineffectual application to the British government for assistance, to enable him to execute his project on an extended scale, he at length succeeded in obtaining from them the assurance of a grant of land to indemnify him ultimately for the expences of the undertaking: having collected a sufficient number of persons disposed to emigrate, he accompanied them to the Prince of Wales'-Island, in the gulph of St. Laurence, in the year 1803, and before his return at the conclusion of 1804, he had the satisfaction to find his new colony already in a state that promised the happiest results.

The opinions of a man, who has bestowed such attention on the subject, and who not content with mere speculation, sacrificed his personal ease and comfort in attempting to reduce his opinions to practice, are entitled to a fuller consideration than our prescribed limits will allow. We must

therefore in this and our next number, content ourselves with stating as briefly as we are able, the principles upon which he proceeded in the formation and execution of his plan, and the conclusions which result from his view of this interesting subject.

Having adverted to the independence of the Scottish chieftains in former times, he proceeds to state the great and sudden change which the highlands underwent, immediately after the rebellion of 1745. The authority of government was now extended to every quarter, and a numerous population on their estates ceased to be an object of importance to the chiefs, who no longer depended for security on their assistance. The tenantry formerly bestowed no more labour on the land than a scanty subsistence demanded, and had therefore abundance of leisure on all occasions, to attend the call of the landlord. A chieftain when on a visit to his neighbour, was usually attended by a retinue equal to that of an ambassador in numbers, though not in splendor. Even after 1745, many preferred this flattering attachment and attendance to all the increase of wealth that might have accrued from a different management of their estates. But these ideas have at length almost universally given way, and it is now in general the study of the highland proprietors to turn their lands to the best advantage.

In the highlands of Scotland, the cultivated parts were occupied, not by the number of hands sufficient merely to their cultivation, but by as many as the produce of the lands could maintain. To enable the tenant to pay his landlord the utmost value for the land which it could afford, it was found necessary to throw several small farms into one, and to remove all the inhabitants not essentially requisite for its cultivation. Hence a number of persons were compelled to emigrate; and this necessity was increased by the superior profits of sheep farming, for which the mountains in Scotland are, from their height and steepness, much better calculated than for the feeding of black cattle, with which they

were formerly stocked. A few shepherds with their dogs are sufficient to manage a district which is occupied by many hundreds of inhabitants; and when a large extent of country is converted into sheep-walks, the number of superfluous inhabitants must be prodigious; and hence, the alarming emigration which has every where attended the introduction of this system. Having given a very particular account of the persons who are thus compelled to quit their ancient possessions, and a minute description of the manner in which the farms in the highlands are conducted, lord SELKIRK makes the following remarks:

"Of this description of people it has often happened that thirty or forty families have been dispossessed all at once, to make way for a great sheep-farm—and those who have attended to the preceding details will easily understand the dilemma to which every one of these people must be reduced. The country affords no means of living without a possession of land, and how is that to be procured? The farms that are not already in the hands of the graziers, are all full of inhabitants, themselves perhaps in dread of the same fate, and at any rate too crowded to make room for him. Should he, in spite of every difficulty, resolve to earn his bread as a labourer, he can expect no employment in a neighbourhood, where every spot is occupied by many more people than are necessary for its own work; and if any casual opportunity of employment occur, it is too uncertain to be depended upon. Let his industrious dispositions be ever so great, he must, in the total want of manufacturing employment in his own neighbourhood, quit his native spot; and, if he do not leave the kingdom altogether, must resort to some of those situations where the increasing demand for labour affords a prospect of employment."

To the highlanders thus reduced to the necessity of emigrating somewhere, two objects present themselves, the low country of Scotland, and the continent of America. It is not difficult to anticipate their choice. In the former, all they

could expect, was employment and wages, barely adequate to the support of existence ; in the latter, from the moderate price of land, they might indulge the hope of becoming proprietors themselves. A contrast so obvious would seem not to require the pains of delineation; but it is so ably pourtrayed in a respectable British publication, from which we have taken the materials of this article, that we think we cannot do better than with the following extract to conclude our remarks for the present number.

" As they must quit the possession of their fathers, it is indifferent to them whether they emigrate to a greater or a less distance. In the lowlands of Scotland, it is chiefly in the manufacturing towns that they can hope for employment; and the confined life of persons employed in manufactures, appears most revolting to those who have formerly been accustomed to breathe the free air and traverse the fields as husbandmen and shepherds. That portion of the emigrants, which consists of *small tenants*, are rendered reluctant to engage in labour for a master, by feelings of a different description, but still more powerful. That aversion which all mankind feel, to descend from a better to a worse condition in life, is one of those wise provisions by which nature stimulates the human race to exertion. The small tenants cannot but feel a sensible mortification in being reduced, from being their own masters, to labour for others. On the contrary, in America they may expect not only to regain their former rank, but even to attain an equality in point of independence, with those proprietors who now turn them out from their ancient possessions."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ALFRED: an Historical Poem. Written by a Carolinian of 18.

[Continued from page 312.]

FROM a dark grove, beneath the mountain's brow,
Stretching in full luxuriance to the mead,
With verdure crown'd, a beauteous form appears:
A robe of purest white her limbs adorned;
A zone of azure clasp'd her slender waist;
And zephyrs round her locks disporting play'd.
With extacy he view'd; then panting cried,
"It must—it cannot—oh! it is Elfrida!"
Warm to his breast he clasp'd her fainting form,
Dissolved in joy extreme. Sweet is th' embrace,
Where souls congenial meet: love, sentiment
And friendship, pure desire, all blend in one.
Straight to the cottage door he led the fair.
Amid a desart wild and desolate,
Where Thone and Parrett roll their turbid waves,
Environ'd round by fens, in woods immur'd,
He fix'd his lone retreat. Hence from a fort,
Rais'd by a few bold peers, his chosen friends,
Upon th' unweary Danes, in sleep dissolv'd,
Or banqueting in mirth, he sallied forth:
They fled in wonder; for they felt the blow,
Yet knew not whence it came.
One morn, with joy
Beam'd from his eye, a messenger arriv'd,
And loud exclaim'd—"Hail! happy monarch, hail!
"Glad tidings to thy royal ear I bring:
"The brave Oddune, prince of Northumberland,
"Has bravely fought the foe: bloody the strife;
"But glorious vict'ry on his standard perch'd.
"Their magic banner with enchantment wove,
"Sad downfall to their hopes, our trophy waves."
New fires now light; new hopes inspire the prince;
He hails th' auspicious era, now arriv'd,
To crown his wish. Throughout his realm, quick fly
The royal summons to his lurking bands;
On a set morn, before the day-star dawns,

At Sherwood's wavy grove, all arm'd t' appear.
Meantime, to view the Danish camps, and learn
Their force, position, strength, the chief resolves.
Pond'ring on this, and clad in deep disguise,
Prepar'd for bold adventure, at the cot
Elfrida mournful met his raptur'd view—
Rumour had reach'd her ear of his design—
A deed of dreadful name; th' alarm of death,
All dar d in battle; for her tender mind,
The seat of innocence and gentlest grace,
Recoil'd at carnage. She indeed possess'd
" All that can gaily charm, or softly please;"
Still in her bosom, love sole empress reign'd,
Nor knew a rival. Tremulous she spoke—
" Partner of all my hopes, my other self,
" Who shar'st my sorrows and partak'st my joys,
" Whom to possess is heav'n, to lose is death,
" Grant me this boon; deep anguish then shall cease
" To rend my bosom:—If, when pleasure calls,
" On the same stream we both serenely glide,
" Why should I fly when dark'ning tempests low'r?
" Give me to join thee in the field of war."
" Cease thus to wound my peace, (the prince replies)
" God never form'd thy gentle limbs for toil;
" Nor could thy angel spirit e'er sustain
" The boistrous tumults of the deathful field;
" But by our mutual love, we here must part—
" God grant not long." Dissolv'd in tears, she stood
In all the silent dignity of grief:—
He gaz'd, nor longer dar'd to trust his view.
A minstrel now he goes: tun'd in his hand,
A harp he bore, fit symbol of his mind,
Plaintive, but bold. The din of arms is heard—
Light, airy notes now warble from the lyre:
The Danes receive the sound: In rapture won,
They lead him straight to royal Guthrum's tent.
The cautious minstrel strikes the trembling strings;
Gay melody quick vibrates from the touch,
Then slowly sinks, and, lost in silence, dies.
Now soothing, tender, wildly plaintive notes
Stream from the harp, and touch the monarch's breast;
The list'ning Danes, to catch the floating sounds,
Thick throng the tent. With praise and presents grac'd
Alfred retires. His piercing eye had mark'd

Their strength, their numbers and the camp's weak part.
From a dark covert hid, up sprung a youth,
Well form'd and fair; a blush o'erspread his cheek:
Though tremulous his dulcet voice breath d forth
His proffer'd aid in battle. Pleas'd the prince
Welcom'd and led him on to Sherwood's grove.
As down the mountain's side a sudden gust,
Swift sweeps, and roars within the vale below,
So hoarse applauses loud rang through the wood,
When the brave nobles, with their loyal bands,
Beheld their monarch. "Gallant warriors, hail!
"And you, brave yeomanry," the prince exclaims,
"Array'd in manly arms, for war prepar'd;
"Behold yon blue expanse, yon lurid clouds,
"In sullen grandeur roll; the lightnings flash—
"Here in bright streaks, there in one gen'ral blaze;
"In solemn broken peals, heav'n's thunder roars—
"Does this appal you? 'Tis an omen bless'd;
"The God of worlds frowns on the Danish arms,
"And bids you hasten to the embattled plain—
"Before him bend the knee, then rise to fight,
"And bravely dare for England, and for life."

DR. CALDWELL'S MEDICAL CLASSICS.

The pronuctions of men of letters, in all their varieties of shape and purpose, may be classed under two heads, the useful and the entertaining. Whatever the pleasure may be which unemployed individuals receive from the latter, no one can hesitate to acknowledge that mankind in general derive advantages from the former which render them incomparably superior. In the composition of those, though invention take the higher rank of glory, industry merits no less reward, and often deserves for the judicious selection of its object, little less praise. When invention and industry are both united, and labour becomes the handmaid of genius, the world is made debtor to an extent difficult to be calculated, and scarcely to be repaid. We have been led to these

suggestions by a prospectus which has casually fallen into our hands, of a work preparing for the press in Philadelphia, by doctor Caldwell, whose ingenious productions in various lines of literature, are well enough known to preclude the necessity of enlarging upon his talents, and warrant us in the very sanguine expectations we have formed respecting his promised publication. It is to be entitled "*Medical Classics*," and will comprehend the works of the most celebrated writers on the science and practice of medicine.*

In unfolding the plan of the work we should do it injury by taking it out of the doctor's own words. We therefore extract from his prospectus a few lines which we have no doubt will be not less satisfactory than clear to those of our readers who have at heart the extension of science, and particularly to those who either are or aspire to be proficients in medicine.

"Having briefly spoken of the qualifications and opportunities of the authors of the works about to appear under the title of "Medical Classics," it may be further expected of the editor that he should offer a few remarks on the general character of the works themselves. He will, therefore, observe, (and he feels that he has the sanction of truth in making the assertion) that the works are in no respect unworthy of the enlightened sources from which they sprang. That they have a well-founded claim to the title of "Medical Classics," appears from the extensive circulation they have experienced, and the distinguished estimation in which they have been always held: for the united voice of the most competent judges in different countries has pronounced them to

* Hillary, on the diseases of Barbadoes; Pringle, on the diseases of the army; Huxham, on fevers; Cleghorn, on the diseases of Minorca; Lind, on the diseases incident to Europeans in hot climates; Hunter, on the diseases of the army in Jamaica; Sydenham's works; Clarke, on the diseases of long voyages; Jackson, on the fevers of Jamaica and America; Mosely, on tropical diseases; Blane, on the diseases of seamen; and Alibert on ataxique intermittents.

be the works "of the first order" in medicine. Many of them have been translated into foreign languages, and, when perfectly understood, have seldom failed to be regarded by physicians, not only as rules of practice, but as sources of reference and standing authority, in most controverted points to which they relate. In this respect they may be compared to the writings of Homer, Longinus, and Xenophon in Greek, Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal in Latin, Fenelon, Voltaire, and Rousseau in French, and Addison, Steele, and Johnson in English. As these latter works are used as so many touchstones to determine the purity, correctness, and other qualities of style, in the languages to which they respectively belong, so may the "Medical Classics" be selected to test the purity and soundness of principles, opinions, and modes of practice, advanced and inculcated by other writers in medicine. Nor is it elevating them above their proper sphere to apply them to this pre-eminent purpose. For, to be conformable to them, is, in many respects, to be conformable to nature and truth. As long, therefore, as man shall retain in his present nature, and physical causes, their present powers and modes of action, so long will these works wherever they may be known, and wherever genuine science shall be cultivated, continue to be sought after, and ranked among the highest of medical authorities. It is only from a conviction of the essential and immutable truths which they set forth, and of the comprehensive system of principles and precepts which they contain, that a distinguished writer and teacher of the present day, has emphatically denominated them "the twelve apostles in medicine."

"Another excellence of the "Medical Classics" is, that being in a great measure purged of the theoretical dreams and errors of preceding writers, and consisting principally of well selected facts, correct statements of the effects of physical causes, and rational inductions from the whole, they furnish able specimens of the best mode of conducting medical enquiries. The editor would not be supposed to intimate,

by any thing here expressed, that these works are characterised by a want of learning either medical or general. So far is this from being the case, that the very reverse of it is true. Most of them bear as strong and honourable testimony to the erudition as they do to the judgment and accuracy of their authors. Their references to medical authorities both ancient and modern are sufficiently numerous, and their quotations from them abundantly copious. But these references and quotations very properly relate to facts rather than to opinions, to matters of practice rather than to matters of theory. Considered in this point of view the works are highly important, not merely on account of what they contain in themselves, but in serving as indexes to direct the enquirer to further authorities."

In every department of science, writings have been multiplied to an excess which greatly tends to retard its attainment by those who have not the advantage of judicious instructors, to distinguish the little that are luminous and truly instructive, from the erroneous mass of dulness and ignorance which encumbers the bookseller's catalogues. A work therefore in any department of literature, which, on this plan of doctor Caldwell's in medicine, would collect into one compact, unalloyed mass the precious ore, without any of the dross of the particular science, would be of incalculable utility. In investigating subjects of difficulty, and searching for authorities, much time would be gained, and much confusion would be saved; as the principles would be drawn all at once from the purest sources of intelligence, without the labour of hunting them through *the darkness visible* of innumerable volumes filled with chimerical speculations, self-evident propositions, and matter so universally known as to constitute the common place of every superficial dabbler in the science. He, for instance, who would collate a system of ethics and politics from the great classical writers, ancient and modern, by well devised indices and notes, enabling the reader to collect together, and bring into one view the opi-

nions of them all upon each particular topic, would be a benefactor to mankind, and a faithful servant to science. With the advantage of such an arrangement they would form a system which might be compared to that of our sun and its circumvolving planets, whose magnitude are accurately ascertained, and whose various degrees of light and heat, and utility are universally known: but without it would resemble those meteors which shoot across our sight and vanish; or those wandering comets, known but to the eye of science, which burst upon the rest of the world as it were by chance, and without any apparent benefit; and dart with eccentric rapidity through the boundless void, leaving no permanent trace behind them.

The project of doctor Caldwell, if it does not entirely amount to this, approximates it in substance so closely, that we feel ourselves authorised to assert, that in giving it to the world, he does honour to his country, confers an important favour on the profession to which he belongs, and evinces himself a benefactor to science and to mankind.

FOR THE REGISTER.

DEFENCE OF MARTIN LUTHER.

The following elegant delineation of the appearance, before the Diet of Worms, of the great Reformer of the Christian Church, to answer the accusation of his powerful adversaries, is extracted from the life and pontificate of Leo the Xth, by the celebrated Mr. Roscoe. It brings to our recollection the dignity and classical purity of Hume, and we have no hesitation in stating our opinion, that it is one of the finest pieces of historical composition in any modern language.

"On receiving the imperial mandate, Luther lost no time in preparing for his journey. To the remonstrances of his friends, who endeavoured to deter him from this expedition, by reminding him of the examples of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, who by the shameless violation of a similar passport, were betrayed to their destruction, he firmly replied, that if there were as many devils at Worms, as there were tiles on the houses, he would not be deterred from his purpose. He arrived at Worms on the sixteenth day of April. On his journey he was accompanied by his zealous adherent Amsdorff, and several other friends, and preceded by the imperial messenger in his official habit. On passing through Erfurt he was met by the inhabitants and honourably received. By the connivance of the messenger, who had orders to prevent his preaching on the journey, Luther harangued the populace in this city and other places. The papists, as they now began to be called, having flattered themselves with the expectation that he would have refused to make his appearance at Worms, and thereby have afforded a sufficient pretext for his condemnation, were alarmed and mortified at his approach with so respectable a retinue. On his arrival at that city, he was surrounded by upwards of two thousand persons, many of them attached to his opinions, and all of them desirous of seeing a man who had rendered himself famous throughout Europe.

"In the afternoon of the following day Luther was introduced to the diet, by the marshal count Pappenheim, who informed him that he was not to be allowed to address the assembly, but was merely expected to reply to the questions which might be proposed to him. The person appointed to interrogate him was John ab Eyk, or Eccius, not his avowed adversary, but another person of the same name, chancellor or official to the archbishop of Treves. The first question proposed to Luther was, whether he acknowledged himself to be the author of the books published in his name. The second, whether he was ready to retract what had been con-

demned in those books. To the first question he answered, after hearing the titles of the books read, that he was the author of them, and should never deny them. But in reply to the second, he observed, that as it was a question concerning faith, and the salvation of souls, and as it involved the divine word, than which nothing is greater in heaven or on earth, it would be rash and dangerous in him to give an unpremeditated answer, which might either fall short of the dignity of his cause, or exceed the bounds of truth; and might subject him to the sentence pronounced by Christ, *whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my father who is in heaven.* He therefore entreated that he might be allowed time to deliberate, so that he might answer without injury to the divine word, or danger to his own soul. The emperor, having advised with the members of the diet, complied with his request, and directed that he should appear again on the following day to deliver his final answer, which he was informed would not be allowed to be in writing.

"On his first interview, some circumstances occurred which deserve particular notice. Whilst Luther was passing to the assembly, he was surrounded with immense crowds, and even the roofs of the houses were almost covered with spectators. Among these, and even when he stood in the presence of the diet, he had the satisfaction to hear frequent exhortations addressed to him to keep up his courage, to act like a man, accompanied with passages from Scripture, *Not to fear those who can kill the body only, but to fear him who can cast both body and soul into hell.* And again, *When ye shall stand before kings, think not how you shall speak; for it shall be given to you in that same hour.* His adversaries were, however, gratified to find that instead of replying, he had thought it necessary to ask time to deliberate; and the apologists of the Roman see have affected to consider it as a proof that he possessed no portion of the divine spirit; otherwise he would not, by his delay, have given rise to a doubt whether he meant to retract his opinions. We are also in-

formed, that his conduct on this occasion fell so far short of what was expected from him, that the emperor said, *This man will certainly never induce me to become a heretic.* To observations of this kind, the friends of Luther might have replied, that the prohibition imposed upon him before the assembly, prevented him from entering into a general vindication either of his opinions or his conduct. That with respect to his having exhibited no symptoms of divine inspiration, he had never asserted any pretensions to such an endowment; but, on the contrary, had represented himself as a fallible mortal, anxious only to discharge his duty, and to consult the safety of his own soul. And that, as to the remark of the emperor, if in fact such an assertion escaped him, it proved no more than that he had been already prejudiced against Luther; and that, by a youthful impatience which he ought to have restrained, he had slready anticipated his condemnation.

"On the following day, Luther appeared again before the diet, and being called upon to answer whether he meant to retract the opinions asserted in his writings; in reply, he first observed, that these writings were of different kinds, and on different subjects. That some related only to the inculcation of piety and morality, which his enemies must confess to be innocent, and even useful; and that he could not, therefore, retract these without condemning what both his friends and his foes must equally approve. That others were written against the papacy, and the doctrines of the papists, which had been so generally complained of, particularly in Germany, and by which the consciences of the faithful had been so long ensnared and tormented. That he could not retract these writings without adding new strength to the cause of tyranny, sanctioning and perpetuating that impiety which he had hitherto so firmly opposed, and betraying the cause which he had undertaken to defend. That among his writings there was a third kind, in which, he had inveighed against those who had undertaken to defend the

tyranny of Rome, and attacked his own opinions, in which, he confessed, he had been more severe than became his religion and profession. That, however, he did not consider himself as a saint, but as a man liable to error, and that he could only say, in the words of Jesus Christ, *If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil.* That he was at all times ready to retract any of them which might be proved from reason and scripture, and not from authority, to be erroneous; and would even, in such case, be the first to commit his own books to the flames. That with respect to the dissentions which it had been said would be occasioned in the world by his doctrines, it was of all things the most pleasant to him to see dissentions arise on account of the word of God. That such dissentions were incident to its very nature, course, and purpose, as was said by our Saviour, *I come not to send peace among you, but a sword.* He then with great dignity and firmness, admonished the young emperor to be cautious in the commencement of his authority, not to give occasion to those calamities which might arise from the condemnation of the word of God, and cited the example of Pharoh, and of the kings of Israel, who had incurred the greatest dangers when they had been surrounded by their counsellors, and employed as they supposed, in the establishment and pacification of their dominions. When Luther had finished, the orator of the assembly observed, in terms of reprehension, that he had not answered to the purpose; that what had been defined and condemned by the council, ought not to be called in question, and that he must therefore give a simple and unequivocal answer, whether he would retract or not; Luther replied in Latin, in which language he had before spoken, in these terms.

" Since your majesty, and the sovereigns now present, re-
" quire a simple answer, I shall reply thus, without evasion,
" and without vehemence. Unless I be convinced, by the
" testimony of scripture, or by evident reason (for I cannot
" rely on the authority of the pope and councils alone, since

" it appears that they have frequently erred, and contradicted " each other) and unless my conscience be subdued by the " word of God, I neither can nor will retract any thing; see- " ing that to act against my own conscience is neither safe " nor honest." After which he added in his native German, *Here I take my stand; I can do no other; God be my help. Amen.*

" The orator made another effort to induce him to relax from his determination, but to no purpose; and night approaching, the assembly separated; several of the Spaniards who attended the emperor, having expressed their disapprobation of Luther by hisses and groans.

" Such was the result of this memorable interview which each of the adverse parties seems to have considered as a cause of triumph and exultation. The Romish historians assert that the conduct of Luther on this occasion diminished his credit, and greatly disappointed the expectations which had been formed of him; whilst his apologists represent it as highly to be commended, and in every respect worthy of his character. Nor can it be denied, that when the acuteness of his interrogator compelled him either to assert or to retract the doctrines which he had maintained, he rose to the height of his great task with that inflexible intrepidity, which was the characteristic feature of his mind. Of the theological tenets so eatnestly inculcated by Luther, different opinions will be entertained; and whilst some approve, and some condemn them, there are p.rhaps others who consider many of them as unimportant, and founded merely on scholastic and artificial distinctions; as equivocal, from the uncertainty of their effects on the life and conduct of those who embrace them; or as unintelligible, being totally beyond the limits and comprehension of human reason; but all parties must unite in admiring and venerating the man, who, undaunted and alone, could stand before such an assembly, and vindicate, with unshaken courage, what he conceived to be the cause of religion, of liberty, and of truth; fearless of

any reproaches but those of his own conscience, or of any disapprobation but that of his God. This transaction may, indeed, be esteemed as the most remarkable and the most honourable incident in the life of that great reformer; by which his integrity, and his sincerity, were put to the test, no less than his talents and his resolution. That he considered it as a proof of uncommon fortitude, appears from the language in which he adverted to it a short time before his death, *Thus* (said he) *God gives us fortitude for the occasion; but I doubt whether I shall now find myself equal to such a task.*"

FOR THE REGISTER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

[Continued from page 325.]

Lord Nelson had received from the Admiralty, on the 1st or 2d of Oct. such information as induced him to believe that the enemy would soon put to sea. He had arranged, before he left London, to assume the command of the fleet, a plan by which he would fight the enemy upon a new principle; it was, we understand, extremely simple, but it was no sooner made known than it carried conviction to every naval officer; it afforded a complete remedy for that inconvenient system, which requires a vast variety and frequent changes of signals. "I shall never distract my fleet (he said) in the day of battle, with a superabundance of signals." On the 4th of October he ordered all captains on board the Victory, and laid before them his new plan. It was one of the peculiar features of lord Nelson's character, to be able, by the clearness and precision of his plans and orders, to make every man understand him in an instant—the new plan carried

immediate conviction to them—they all exclaimed, that it could not but be successful. The last signal given before the action was a short but comprehensive one—"England expects every man to do his duty." When he came in sight of them, he exclaimed with his usual energy and piety, "Thank God! we have them at last." He determined himself to fight the Spanish admiral's ship, the superb Santissima Trinidada. It is worthy of remark, that he had before gained the highest honour in grappling with the Santissima Trinidada, in the action of the 14th of February, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent. She was the largest ship in the world; carried 136 guns, and had four decks. Lord Nelson ordered his own ship to be carried along-side his *old acquaintance*, as he called her, and she was lashed to her.

How well the action was fought, how severe the conflict, admiral Collingwood's excellent letter sufficiently informs us. The enemy was engaged at the muzzle of their guns. Every one knows how full their ships always are of men; every 74 gun ship has about nine hundred men; the Santissima Trinidada had sixteen hundred, including a corps of troops, amongst whom were some sharp shooters. Captain Hardy, who saw from the manner in which these sharpshooters fired from the main-top of the Santissima Trinidada into the Victory, that their object was to pick out the officers, and more particularly of course that greatest of all heroes, repeatedly requested lord Nelson to change his coat, which was decorated with the stars of the different orders, or at least to put on a great coat over it. His lordship replied that he had not time to do it.—The first that was killed near his lordship, was his secretary Mr. Scott; he was killed by a musket ball, which entered his head, and he fell dead instantly. The second shot, a few minutes after, struck his lordship, and entering below his left shoulder, took a direction through the vital parts; he staggered against the officer near him, and was immediately carried below. The surgeons were busy upon the wounded—his lordship

desired to take his turn. As soon as the surgeon examined the wound, he saw it was mortal. The gallant hero had his eyes fixed attentively upon him—he saw the surgeon turn pale, and his countenance assume the deepest impression of grief—"It is mortal, I see," he said. The surgeon did not, or could not speak. He desired to be placed upon a chair, and directed captain Hardy to attend him—He spoke no more of his wound, except when he first communicated to the captain the surgeon's conviction. He employed the short time he lived, about an hour, in dictating orders relative to the battle, in receiving reports, in enquiring what was the condition of the enemy, and what ships had struck.

He had from the first, thought that he should be wounded; but he spoke of the probability of it with his usual calmness. When he found, just before the action, that he had placed the enemy in such a situation that they could not avoid an engagement, he displayed the utmost animation, and his usual confidence of victory; he said to captain Hardy, and the other officers who surrounded him on the quarter deck, "Now they cannot escape us; I think we shall at least make sure of twenty of them—I shall probably lose a leg, but that will be purchasing a victory cheaply." Even had the victory been purchased with that loss alone, it would not have been cheaply purchased; but how much dearer a price has been paid for it! To the last moment of his precious life, though the cavity of the chest was filling with blood, he was able to give directions with the utmost clearness and precision. Like general Wolfe, breathing out his life on the heights of Abraham, he enquired "whether the enemy gave way?" He was gratified with the intelligence conveyed to him almost every moment, that more of the enemy's ships had struck. As life ebbed fast away, the number augmented. He was told that fifteen had struck; he seemed enraptured with the intelligence. The last that struck before his death was the superb Santissima Trinidada. When he heard that she had struck, he appeared convulsed with

joy; he lived but a few moments afterwards. In his last moments, with that piety which had ever formed a distinguishing feature of his character, he returned thanks to God that he had permitted him to die in the arms of victory. He desired his blessing to be conveyed to all who were the nearest to his heart, and whom he could have wished to have again embraced—"I know (said he) I am dying; I could have wished to survive to breathe my last upon British ground, but the will of God be done." He laid his head upon the shoulder of captain Hardy, who remained with him to the last, and in a few moments his gallant soul escaped for ever!—Admiral Collingwood had previously received the account of his being mortally wounded. Lord Nelson had sent him his final instructions, his affectionate regard, and his last farewel. It was known too on board the Santissima Trinidada that he had been wounded: just after he had received the wound there was a general shout on board the Spanish ship.

[*To be continued.*]

ADVICE TO YOUNG UNMARRIED LADIES.

If you have blue eyes, you need not languish.

If black eyes, you need not leer.

If you have pretty feet, there is no necessity to wear short petticoats.

If you are doubtful as to that point there can be no harm in letting them be long.

If you have good teeth do not laugh.

If you have bad ones, do not laugh less than the occasion may justify.

If you have pretty hands and arms, there can be no objection to your playing on the lute, if you play well.

If they are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry.

If you have a bad voice rather speak in a low tone.

If you have the finest voice in the world, never speak in a high one.

If you dance well, dance but seldom.

If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no previous excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked; for few people are judges of singing, but every one is sensible of a desire to please.

If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

If you discover a person to be telling an absolute falsehood, unless it is particularly injurious, let it pass in silence; for it is not worth your while to make any one your enemy, by proving him or her a liar.

Never touch the sore place in any one's character; for be assured, whoever you are, that you have a sore place in your own; and a young woman is a flower that may be blasted in a moment.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles—what a folly then to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, appear at least to do it with reluctance.

Make it a rule to please all, and never appear insensible to any desire of pleasing or obeying you, however aukwardly it may be executed.

If you are disposed to be pettish or insolent, it is better to exercise your ill-homours on your dog, your cat, or your femme de chambre, than on your friends.

If you would preserve beauty, rise early.

If you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

If you would obtain power be condescending.

If you would live happy, endeavour to promote the happiness of others.

VARIETY.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe. . . . . POPE.

The venerable Mr. Cumberland, who may not improperly be stiled the Father of Polite Literature, has recently given to the world an interesting work, containing memoirs of himself, interspersed with anecdotes, and characters of several of the most distinguished persons of his time. We have not hitherto had the pleasure of perusing this last production of an author, who for near half a century has both amused and instructed the public, and now at the advanced age of seventy two produces a new claim to their gratitude and applause; but from the extracts which we have seen we are convinced it will not detract from his literary reputation.

Speaking of the celebrated young Roscius, Mr. Cumberland makes the following sensible remarks, in language at once delicate and perspicuous. The concluding anecdote reminds us of the simplicity of Addison.

"A little straw will serve to light a great fire, and after the acting of The West Indian, I would say, if the comparison was not too presumptuous, I was almost the *Master Betty* of the time; but as I dare say that young gentleman is even now too old and too wise to be spoilt by popularity, so was I then not quite boy enough to be tickled by it, and not quite fool enough to confide in it. In short I took the same course then which he is taking now; as he keeps on acting part after part so did I persist in writing play after play; and this, if I am not mistaken, is the surest course we either of us could take of running through our period of popularity, and of finding our true level at the conclusion of it."

"I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonshire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeples; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds, was of

prodigious height; it overpeered all its neighbours, as Shakespear does all his rivals; the young adventurer was employed to fix the wea her-cock; he mounted to the top-most stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in his ascent; he found himself at the very achme of his fame, but glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock; standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the rustic multitude below; what the song was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know that he came to his cadence before his song did, and falling from his height left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate."

Anecdote of sir Isaac Newton.—Corneille le Bruyn, the Dutch painter, ralates, that happening to dine one day, with other foreigners, at the table of Newton, when the dessert was served up, Newton proposed an "health to the man of of every country who believed in God." This was drinking the health of the whole human race. The belief in God is not the result of traditions, or of profound metaphysical disquisition only. It arises from the spectacle of nature simply. Newton, who pursued his researches into the laws of nature so profoundly, never pronounced the name of God without moving his hat; and otherwise expressing the most devout respect. A poor Arabian of the desert, ignorant as most of the Arabians are, was one day asked how he came to be assured there was a God?—"In the same way (replied he) "that I am enabled to tell, by a print impressed on the sand, whether it was a man or beast that passed that way."

Funeral Hymn of the Russians.—The following hymn, recited over the dead body of a Russian, previous to its inhumation, is taken from "*Carr's Northern Summer*," and is beautifully solemn and impressive:

"Oh, what is life? a blossom! a vapour or dew of the morning! Approach and contemplate the grave. Where

how is the graceful form! where is youth! where the organs of sight! and where the beauty of complexion!

"What lamentation and wailing, and mourning and struggling, when the soul is separated from the body! Human life seems altogether vanity; a transient shadow: the sleep of error; the unavailing iabour of imagined existence; let us therefore fly from every corruption of the world, that we may inherit the kingdom of heaven."

"Thou mother of the sun that never sets; Parent of God, we beseech thee intercede with thy divine offspring, that he who hath departed hence, may enjoy repose with the souls of the just. Unblemished Virgin! may he enjoy the eternal inheritance of heaven in the abodes of the righteous."

The late Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Faulkner the printer.—The following anecdote is so honorable to the memory of both of these well known characters, that we cannot refuse it a place in our miscellany. Such instances of generosity on the one hand, and of integrity on the other, are truly gratifying to every liberal and feeling mind. They dignify human nature and repair in some degree the shocks which she daily receives from the rude attacks of baseness and ingratitude.

"Mr. Sheridan obtained an Irish act of parliament, protecting him from arrests, on account of his debts in Dublin, amounting to sixteen hundred pounds; but having, the following season, saved eight hundred pounds, he gave notice that he was ready to pay his creditors ten shillings in the pound, and desired them to call on him for that purpose with an account of their respective demands. Mr. Faulkner, the printer of one of the Dublin papers, was one of them: this gentleman told Mr. Sheridan, he would not trouble him with his demand till he dined with him: Mr. Sheridan accordingly called on Mr. Faulkner, who, after dinner, put a sealed paper into his hand, which he told him contained his demand, at the same time requesting Mr. Sheridan to examine it at his leisure at home. When he came home, he found under seal, a bond for two hundred pounds, due

Mr. Faulkner, cancelled, together with a receipt in full of a book debt, to the extent of one hundred pounds. Whether is the conduct of the actor or printer the more generous and laudable?"

English Masquerade. The following remarks taken from a London publication are pointedly severe. "An English masquerade may perhaps be described in some such manner as a horse race. The latter, we are told, consists simply in "*There they go*, and "*Here they come;*" and the former, as to its wit, is principally composed of "*I know you!*"—"*Do you know me?*"—"*Ha! ha! ha!*" The masquerade given at the king's theatre, on the 13th February, was of course not wanting in this distinguishing quality of *British liveliness* and *gaiete de cæur*. John Bull, more renowned however for putting good things into his mouth, than for letting them out, *at a short notice*, made up for his inertness in the last by his keen activity in the first, when, at the usual hour, a plenteous supper afforded a fair field for the exercise of his peculiar talent, and the gratification of his peculiar *taste*."

French Theatre.—In the last century the managers of the Parisian theatre were very unsparing in the use of the pruning knife—M. du Fresny wrote a comedy, called The Lover in Masquerade, in *three* acts, which the actors reduced to *one*. Those which he had composed in *five* were always contracted to *three*. "What! (said he, one day, much vexed) shall I never have a play performed of *five acts?*"—"Pardon me, (replied the Abbe Pellegrin) write a comedy in *eleven* acts, the comedians will cut away *six*, and then you will have *five* remaining." If their object was to cut away all that was superfluous and unworthy of public notice, and the managers of the present day should be induced to follow their example, might we not expect to see some of our modern plays reduced to a couple of scenes, and the drama of the last few years so admirably compressed as to be enclosed like the Iliad in a nut shell?

Curious lines on queen Elizabeth's funeral procession.—By many a critic, who either will not or cannot, make a

fair allowance for the imperfection that naturally attaches itself to every thing human, the great master of the British drama has been censured with relentless severity for his unconquerable fondness for a pun. But how could Shakespeare himself be expected to deviate wholly from that path which led so directly to public favour; or resist at all times the employment of means so certain of securing applause? The wonder is, not that he was so often betrayed into witticisms beneath his genius, but that he still preserved so much of his natural love of true beauty and sublimity, and soared, in so many instances, above the corrupting influence of fashion and almost universal example. The following lines, written, as Camden informs us, on the funeral procession of queen Elizabeth, afford a diverting specimen of the conceit and quaintness which were so studiously affected, even on serious subjects, by the writers of that age.

"The queen was brought by water to Whitehall;
At every stroke the oars did *tear* let fall;
More clung about the barge; fish under water
Wept out their *eyes* of *pearl*, and swam *blind* after.
I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs,
Have row'd her thither in the people's eyes,
For howsoe'er, thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
She had come by *water*, had she come by *land*."

Anecdote.—It is well known that queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently (as was the custom with people of great rank in those days) to appear upon the stage before the audience, and to sit delighted behind the scenes while the plays of the bard were performed. One evening Shakespeare performed the part of the king (probably *Henry the Fourth:)* the audience knew of her majesty's being in the house.—She crossed the stage while Shakespeare was performing his part, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it!—when behind the scenes, she caught his eye and moved again, but still he would not throw off his cha-

racter to notice her; this made her majesty think of some means to know *whether he would, or not, depart from the dignity of his character, while on the stage.* Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words (so immediately after finishing his speech, that they seemed as belonging to it)

" And tho' now bent on this *high* embassy,
" Yet *stoop* we to take up our cousin's glove!"

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was highly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him on its propriety.

The 'Alexander's Feast' of Dryden has been long and universally admired as a most astonishing proof of the splendour and strength of his genius, which, under the pressure of age and infirmity, could rise to a height that he never attained even in the boldest flights of his youthful vigour. But it seems as if the praise of music had power to kindle all the fire of his imagination. The following lines, written by him on the same subject, are adduced in proof of this opinion. The whole stanza is delightfully musical: the circumstance of the rude auditors worshiping the instrument is exquisitely fine; and the frequent recurrence of the same rhyme, and the repetition of the first line, evince the most consummate judgment, and give a charm to the whole, which every reader of taste will instantly feel, but which no language can describe.

" What passions cannot Music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethern stood around,
Then prost'rate on their faces fell,
To worship the celestial sound.
Less than a God thy thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well;
What passions cannot Music raise and quell!"

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The following lines were sent to a young lady of this city, a few days previous to her marriage. If you think them worthy of a corner in the Register, they are at your service.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Charleston, July.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MISS ****

For you, sweet maid, with no unwilling hand,
Though silent long has lain her slighted lyre,
The muse, at sacred friendship's dear command,
Strikes a bold chord, and feels unwonted fire.

For you, sweet maid, a heart which once possest
Joys pure as those kind Heav'n decrees for you,
Though chilled by care, and widow'd and unblest,
Glows at the prospect opening to your view.

Indulgent were the powers that guard mankind,
Who fir'd your virgin fancy for my friend;
'Twas the mysterious bond of mind to mind,
Which Heav'n began, nor time, nor death shall end.

Why need I sing the virtues of the youth?
Oh, blest, so soon to call that youth your own!
Why paint his manly heart of matchless truth,
To you so well, so exquisitely known?

A heart, that never sought another's pain,
Stor'd with sound judgment, taste, and solid sense,
Which neither vice can taint, nor flatt'ry gain,
And blest with wit, that never gave offence.

Ingenuous girl, yes! let your bosom glow
With greatful fervour to the POWER SUPREME,

Who bids your cup of happiness o'erflow:
Yes! let HIS goodness be your daily theme!

For your's, Eliza! is a matchless prize;
Affection gave it, and esteem secures;
'Tis your's through life, 'twill flourish in the skies;
A man of worth, a feeling heart is yours!

AMICUS.

THE FUNERAL.

Hark! how the funeral bell, with sullen sweep,
Pours its stern music on the twilight air;
Whose long, reluctant numbers seem to keep
A measure with the language of despair.

This is the general messenger to all;
Its awful token sinks the heart elate,
Pervades the secret mansion of the soul,
And teaches patience to the tasks of Fate.

Then, oft as falls the sacred peal profound,
Should we the solemn syllables upbraid?
Should our pain'd ears disdain the warning sound
That breathes the pious dictates of the dead?

Does not each note some parted friend recall,
Some old acquaintance of life's early days,
Some tender tie; perhaps, some kindred soul,
That now looks down, the guardian of our ways?

At each short pause, what human thousands die!
Whate'er their birth, date, talent, pow'r, or fame:
Of life how soon the fairy visions fly,
And leave behind them little but a name!

The moral Muse, who strung the deep-ton'd lyre,
To thine attentive ear will now relate
For whom yon earth is hollow'd, and inspire
The dirge of pity o'er her hapless fate.

Say, in thy list of favourites, hast thou
A sister, tutor'd in fair honour's ways,
To whom the virtues and the graces bow,
And admiration gives the wreath of praise?

Such once had he, whose lonely wandering feet
Near yonder gateway stalk regardless by,
See! how he pauses at each hollow beat,
While his heart vents th' insufferable sigh.

'Tis his in bitterness of thought to mourn,
Long as to him yon orb her aid shall lend,
A friend, alike from life and virtue torn,
An injur'd sister's melancholy end.

Brief be her tale—lur'd from her parent shed,
By gifts and lavish promises beguil'd,
On the stain'd pillow she reclin'd her head,
And from that guilty moment never smil'd.

No more to her the orient beam diffus'd
The warm, glad radiance of the genial day,
Nor could the shade of evening, once abus'd,
Excite her gaze to trace the milky way.

Lost to the charms of purity and peace,
Lost to reflection's sweetly-soothing lore,
Lost to all hope, and shrinking from disgrace,
She fell, and saw the light of heav'n no more.

As shrinks the plant, touch'd by the human hand,
Whose sense-fraught leaves no pow'rs repulsive guide;
Thus fell her blossom by the tempter bland,
Thus sunk her tender heart, and thus she died.

See! where the slow procession moves along;
Smit with an awful, melancholy grace,
The choir, low-bending, chaunts the funeral song,
And living sorrow dignifies the place.

Farewell, Eliza! Long as human hearts
Possess the conscious dignity of men,
While virtue warms, or grief a pang imparts,
For thee the tear shall flow, nor flow in vain.

Hither shall young Remembrance often come,
And soft Compassion lean to hear the tale;
While Vice shall reap instruction from thy tomb,
And pour repentance on the sighing gale.

And but for this, no record should display
Commemoration sad to after times;
Tho' Pity weeps, her heart revives, that they
Who read thy fortune may avoid thy crimes.

POUR DIRE ADIEU.

LINES

On seeing a farewell Card left by a lady at the house of a friend.

—

When Delia calls *pour dire adieu,*
What eye but drops the tear of sorrow!
What heart that half her merits knew,
But heaves a sigh, and dreads to-morrow.

To-MORROW! sure no darker day
Can frown upon the front of Time:
To-morrow wafts each joy away
With Delia to a distant clime.

O Delia! 'tis a pain to part,
Or bid a common friend adieu;
But what a pang must rend the heart
That takes a long farewell of you!

Of you, adorn'd with every grace,
To whom each gentler virtue's given;
Whose temper far transcends a face
That symbols all we hope of heaven!

Be hush'd, ye winds! ye seas subside!
Let no rude blast nor billow roar:
Her course, good angels, hov'ring guide,
And guard her to the destined shore.

May friendship fondly greet her there;
Love, peace, and joy, compose her train:
May health still bless the blooming fair,
And Time restore her soon again.

Yet think, lov'd Delia, while you stray
Where brighter suns gild Nature's dome,
'Tis sunless here while you're away,
'Tis night in all our hearts at home.

And should conjecture e'er suggest
One thought of him who thinks of you,
Believe his heart is here express'd,
And take these lines, *pour dire adieu!*

MISCELLANIES.

Quid munus reipublicæ majus aut melius afferre possumus, quam si juventutem bene erudiamus. . . . . CICERO.

FOR THE REGISTER.

THE ARCHER.

Shoot folly as it flies. . . . . POPE.

No. IV.

Oh, folly worthy of the nurse's lap!
Is it incredible, or can it seem
A dream to any except those that dream,
That man should love his Maker, and *that* fire,
Warming his heart, should at his lips transpire? . . COWPER.

WHENEVER our society meets on a Sunday, we make it a rule to suit our discourse to the sacredness of the day; and I assure my readers, that we never rise better satisfied with the evening's entertainment, than when it has been spent in the discussion of religious subjects. To the sensualist, whom the world falsely calls the man of pleasure, this sort of satisfaction will appear paradoxical, and contrary to all his ideas of enjoyment; and he, whom the errors of education and the influence of depraved habits, have caused to shrink from religion, as from the destroyer of every thing delightful, will with difficulty believe, that subjects so serious should produce so happy an effect. But, I should be sorry to suppose, that there are not many who think in a manner more worthy

of rational beings, and who will confess, that the true spirit of religion subtracts nothing from our real comforts; but is in itself, independent of the certain reward which it insures for us hereafter, the greatest relish to every enjoyment of this life.

At our last meeting, the conversation turned on the delightful appearance of a Sunday, in those parts where this holy day is observed in a manner suited to its divine origin. I have always considered a life spent in the country as eminently favourable to piety and virtue; and I think this is not more evident in any one particular, than in that hallowed observance of the Sabbath, which in general prevails among the rustic inhabitants. I know nothing that presents to my mind a more charming picture, than the recollection of the calm delights which the return of Sunday never failed to bring to the days of youth and innocence. Happy period! Every face wore the smile of content; and the whole village on that day presented a scene of tranquil happiness, on which it is not too daring to suppose that angelic beings might have looked down with sensations of pleasure.

A wish to commend, where truth will bear me out, is natural to my disposition; and it therefore grieves me that I cannot indulge myself in speaking of the conduct in this respect of the young men of Charleston. The shameful indifference, and almost total neglect, with which they treat the Sabbath, and indeed every thing connected with religion, are too glaring to escape the eye of the most careless observer; and would convert the slightest term of commendation into the bitterest satire and reproach. If I possessed the power, as I am sure I do the inclination, to render an essential service to my young fellow citizens, I could not do it more effectually, than by impressing on their minds the unhappy consequences, which are sure to result from those irreligious habits, of which I now complain. I know it will be said, that a subject of this kind is better adapted to the pulpit than to the pages of the '*Register*;' and I admit, that so solemn a

discourse never comes so strongly recommended, as when it flows from the mouth of the preacher: but, of what avails is the preacher's eloquence, to him whose steps rarely or never enter the house of prayer? By those, whom I now attempt to awake to reason and to duty, the sacred sounds of the gospel are seldom heard. I am therefore led to this topic by the hope, that many may take up '*The Archer*,' who would not be so easily persuaded to attend Divine service; and that some unthinking youth, who would shrink from the perusal of a sermon, may be induced by motives of curiosity, or the desire of amusement, to glance at the light columns of a Monthly Review.

I never see the arrival in this place of a youth, who has been educated in the strictest principles of religion, and with the lessons of pious and worthy parents yet warm on his heart, without a sigh of regret, that such principles are about to be tainted by the contagion of immoral example, and every virtuous impression effaced by the powerful influence of fashionable vice and folly. HILARIUS was sent from one of the northern states to this country, at the age of fifteen. I saw him on the day of his arrival. His cheek glowed with the bloom of health, and the modesty of his behaviour gave an irresistible charm to his every word and action. The attention which had been bestowed on his education was evident in his manners, and promised to verify the character which his friends had given him, of an unassuming and virtuous young man. I passed him the other day. Late hours and irregularity of living, had assisted the climate to steal the rose of health from his cheek; and the charm of modesty, which had rendered him so interesting, was gone. He now shocks the ears of decency and good morals, by an indelicate allusion or a fashionable oath; and in these respects is scarcely inferior to the most depraved of his profligate associates. He has forgot those sacred precepts which it was the hope of his parents that he would recollect through life; but it cannot be denied, that he has made wonderful

progress in the game of billiards: and although he has not visited the inside of the church since the first month after his arrival, it must be confessed, that he frequently at the door exposes to the pity of the reflecting, and to the sarcasms of the morose, his faded and emaciated form. Unhappy HILARIUS! yet HILARIUS is what is termed a gay young man, the laughing son of festivity, the boon companion, the life of every party! Tell him of his inattention to the ordinances of religion, and if he does not bite you with the keenness of his satire, he has an excuse ever ready at hand; proving the wonderful fertility of the invention of man, in forming pleas for the neglect of every duty which he is not inclined to perform. At one time, he will plead the fatigue of the past evening's amusement, perhaps spent at the theatre, in the tavern, or in society which even *he* is yet ashamed to confess; at another, indispensible business must be performed, and letters require to be answered, which he always does on a Sunday, as that is an idle day. In winter, either the weather is too cold, or he cannot be excused from an agreeable party in the country. In summer, it is unhealthy to assemble in a hot church; though the day before he scrupled not to attend an oration, of which he did not hear one word; or the debilitated state of his health, pants for the fresh air of Sullivan's island. Surely those to whom our youths are intrusted, have never considered the heavy responsibility which attaches to their situation. I wish I could sufficiently impress on their minds, that to watch over the morals of their inexperienced charge, forms some part of their duty, as well as to instruct them in the art of amassing wealth and of rising to eminence.

For the honour of the females of this community, I am bound to declare, that their conduct in this respect, is far less censurable than that of our sex. In their conversation they manifest a reverence for religion, and merit commendation for a regular attendance at church: I am willing to attribute these marks of exterior respect to a genuine goodness of

heart, and a cultivated habit of thinking and speaking with becoming seriousness on subjects of such incalculable importance. But I am not prepared to speak of their conduct with unmixed applause. I am fully convinced that they have an almost unlimitted influence on the manners of our sex; and it appears to me, that a certain degree of blame attaches itself to their toleration of the pernicious habits of which I have been speaking. It is the predominant wish of a young man to be considered pleasing in the eyes of females; and I am certain it is in the power of my fair readers to make even religion fashionable. A young gentleman would then be as much esteemed for the decorum of his conduct at church, as he is now admired for his elegant manner of leading down a dance; and the contemptible arts of foppery and frivolity, which are now studied as the means of securing their favour, would then deservedly exclude the whole race of impertinent coxcombs from the company of sensible women. Let not the ladies who may honor '*The Archer*' with a perusal, imagine, that by their sincere observance of the important duties of religion, they will run a hazard of being less captivating, or suffer any disadvantage in the display of their personal charms. The eye that does so much execution in the fluttering circles of gaiety, will lose nothing of its brilliancy by being directed towards heaven; and the voice which charms all ears by its melody, will not be less sweet and enchanting, when swelling the chorus of thanksgiving and praise.

The falsity of that opinion cannot be too often exposed, which imagines religion to be composed of severity and moroseness, and contends that her dictates cannot be obeyed without a surrender of all that is fascinating to the passions of mankind. Universal experience gives the lie to it. It is an error which has done more harm to the cause of virtue than all the ravings of atheism, or the more dangerous and specious sophisms of modern infidelity. "The true spirit of religion (said Addison) cheers, as well as composes the

soul. It is not the business of virtue to extirpate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them ;" and the cheerfulness which smiled on the last moments of that excellent man, is a proof of the truth of what he asserted, and furnishes the best comment on a life spent in the performance of the duties of piety and virtue.

Independent of its Divine origin, the morals and general conduct of the people depend, more than on any other circumstance, on the state of religion. It is not possible for a good christian to be a bad neighbour: and I believe it will be admitted, that the more attentive a man is to his duty to his Creator, the more friendly and benevolent he will be to his fellow creatures. May we not then reasonably fear, that a continuance of the present disregard of the most sacred of all obligations, will implant, in the minds of the rising generation, the pernicious weeds of every vice; and terminate in the ruin of every thing great and beautiful; in the corruption of all that is valuable in society; and in the total destruction of civil order and good government?

It is related of Diogenes, that when he had been discoursing of virtue, and explaining the sacred principles of philosophy, and had observed that nobody attended to him, he fell a singing. Immediately every one crouded around him, and listened with the greatest attention. "Immortal powers, (exclaimed the indignant philosopher) how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" I am afraid this anecdote is not altogether inapplicable, and that a topic of a much livelier turn than the present, would be greatly preferred by many. But I felt the importance of the subject, and I have discharged what I conceived to be my duty. I own, for my own part, I am in pain for the honour and credit of our religion. Surrounded as we are by persons professing religious principles so different from ours, and exposed on every side to the rude and malignant attacks of infidelity, the professors of the christian faith are called upon to stand forth in defence of their sacred cause, and to prove

by the lusture and purity of their example the sincerity of their attachment to their Divine Master. It is unreasonable to hope that others should feel a proper respect for that religion, which we, ourselves, treat with such indifference and neglect.

Charleston, 1*st August*, 1806.

REVIEW OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

ALFRED: an Historical Poem. Written by a Carolinian of 18.

[Continued from page 360.]

Now shouts convulse the air—the clarion sounds—
The startled Danes spring from the bed of sleep—
"To arms! to arms!" tremendous Guthrum cries,
"Bid the trump's clangor sound—the foe appears."
As two contending oceans, driv'n by wind,
Heap their proud waves, and meet, and foam, and roar,
So fierce to combat rush th' embattled hosts.
Helmets are cleft on high; on the bright shield,
Harsh clangs the reeking blade; huge clouds of dust,
Involve the plain in gloom. Swift flew the Danes,
Confounded at the shock. Holgar, a chief,
Far fam'd through Norway's realm, who chas'd the stag
On the bleak mountain's top, rallies their ranks,
And cried, "Base dastards, turn where vict'ry calls."
Loud as the furious tempests of the North,
The Danes throng round. He rear'd his falchion bright,
Hew'd through the foe, till Oscar stopp'd his course.
A blooming youth, his mother's hope and joy,
That on fair Avon's bank the sylvan reed
Had tun'd, melodious; woodland nymphs flock'd round,
Danc'd to his lays, but lov'd the youth far more:
Holgar's keen blade rush'd through his yielding side:
The vital crimson stream'd—his beauteous limbs
Lay welt'ring in his gore. Oddune beheld,
And high in air a gleaming jav'lin pois'd;
Whizzing it flew, and pierc'd stern Holgar's heart—
Hoarse groans were heard, and clouds of jav'lins show'r'd—
The hills re-echo'd—crimson torrents ran—
Earth shook, and uproar wild convuls'd the skies.

Fierce Guthrum strow'd, as whirlwinds sweep the plain,
Mov'd down whole ranks, and spread the streaming gore.
Proudly serene amid the troubled storm,
A watchful radiance blazing from his eye,
Bold Alfred brav'd the chief: In horror lost,
Both armies stood, while front to front oppos'd,
The gen'rous heroes fought. Empire in suspence,
Hung on their swords. Each glittering falchion wav'd—
Now rais'd on high—now swift descending clash'd:
Guthrum full on the heroes nodding crest,
Drove the keen blade; shiv'ring it strew'd the ground:
Quick through his breast a jav'lin found its way,
And Guthrum fell. Loud clamours rent the air,
And the wide concave rung: Amaz'd, aghast,
Back rush'd the Danes abrupt. Lurking behind,
A vile assassin sprung to pierce the prince:
The youth, who side by side with Alfred fought,
Rush'd on the villain, and the monarch sav'd.
" Brave youth, my guardian angel, (Alfred cried)
" Declare thy rank, thy name, and recompence."
(The youth) " My lineage noble; all I ask
" Is constant love; in me Elfrida view!"
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once;
Joy warm'd the monarch's heart; the big round drops
Roll'd down his manly cheeks, with bliss o'ercome.
One gen'ral pardon to the Danes he gave,
And peace, and lands, and safety.—
Loose to joy,
The sparkling goblet flew; the minstrel's song,
Struck to each harp, illumin'd every eye;
The verdant turf, with mazy dances beat,
Shook with wild extasy; the table's mirth
Re-echo'd from the hills; while proudly roll'd
The smoky columns from the bonfire's blaze.
Then other cares employ'd the monarch's thoughts.
War, with dread hand, had deeply drench'd the realm
In blood and carnage; beauteous fabrics raz'd,
And cities whelm'd in fire. These he repair'd;
On lofty hills the massy fortress built,
And train'd his hosts to war; for well he knew,
The palm hangs not on valour's arm alone.
Brave were his subjects; yet, untaught to fight,
Their bands would fall to skill an easy prey.

[*To be continued.*]

LORD SELKIRK ON EMIGRATION.

[Concluded from page 357.]

In the short sketch which we gave in our last number of some parts of lord Selkirk's publication, we stated the manifold advantages which this country holds out to the Highlander, leaving him no room for hesitation in giving it a decided preference to the manufacturing towns in the low country of Scotland. But, whether he shall enter upon a change of life to which all his feelings are repugnant, or by a better exertion of courage, economy and foresight, regain a prouder and more secure independence, is an alternative in which his choice must, after all, be determined by his ability. Accordingly, by their ability or inability to afford the expences of their passage to America, the choice of the Highlanders, with very few exceptions, has been entirely regulated. Even among those whom poverty compelled to go at first into the manufacturing towns, some of the most remarkable exertions of industry have been prompted, only by the desire of accumulating as much money as might enable them to join their friends beyond the Atlantic.

Thus it is evident in the subversion of the feudal economy and the gradual extension of the commercial system over the Highlands, emigration, forms a necessary part of the general change. The race of cotters, after filling up the demand for menial labour that is still required under the new arrangement, are withdrawn into the manufacturing districts. A few of the small tenants, who, with some amount of capital, combine industry and good management, take a part in this system, and grow up into farmers on a greater scale; but the rest of this class will be gradually and entirely drained off by emigration. To all who reflect impartially on this subject, all projects to avert the emigration of the Highlanders will appear unavailing, and all direct restrictions upon it by law, no better than violent injustice. Those who are themselves under no necessity of seeking another home, always

look upon emigration as an evil, and possibly, only because they imagine that it may have consequences that may some how or other impair their own perfect security and ease. They do not perceive that the real evil is the disturbance and dispossession of a class of citizens, quite as important and deserving as themselves; quite as desirous, too, of enjoying unimpaired security and ease; but whose habits and attachments are swept away in a sacrifice to the general wealth. Emigration is not the evil, but the remedy; the sad, but single resource of those by whom the real evil is suffered. It can never repair it to them, but inadequately; and it requires such a conquest over the strongest prejudices of the heart, that only the last necessity can inspire sufficient resolution for it. The family of an hereditary farmer, which for ages has been fastening innumerable roots into the spot on which it grew, may be torn up by force; but when cast out from its native earth, will seek for some other soil that is most nearly congenial. From causes already explained, and from circumstances accidental at first, and perpetuated by the natural disposition of the emigrants to follow their relations and friends, where almost another home was already formed, most of the emigrations are directed to settlements in the United States. Different districts in the highlands have different corresponding settlements to which their emigrants resort. The people in each district have a tolerably accurate knowledge of some particular settlements where their own connexions have gone, for the Highlanders distrust all information about America, that does not come from their own immediate connexions; and in a mountainous country, intelligence seldom spreads far beyond the valley where it is first received; and hence of every other settlement but their own, the people of each district are quite ignorant, or entertain very mistaken notions.

In order to induce the Highlanders to change the course of their emigration, lord Selkirk justly observes, that some very strong encouragement ought to be held out by govern-

ment. It must be sufficient to induce a considerable body of people, connected by the ties of blood and friendship, to try a new situation; and if such a settlement were once conducted through its first difficulty, till the adventurers felt confidence in their resources, the object might be considered as accomplished. In lord Selkirk's opinion, this might be done without increasing the spirit of emigration; but of this we apprehend considerable doubt will be entertained by many. The British government can change the destination of the emigrants only by holding out to them greater encouragement than they even expect in this country; and may it not be asked whether this superior encouragement will not both render intended emigrants more eager to quit their country, and induce others to emigrate, who would otherwise have remained contented with their situation at home?

On the description of the settlement in prince Edward's island, on the gulph of St. Lawrence, which forms the last chapter of this work, too much praise cannot be bestowed. It merits the serious attention of future settlers, and points out the means by which many difficulties may be overcome or avoided. An European review gives the following compressed account of the leading facts of this enterprise, observing that the candour with which the first obstacles are described, the practical and profound judgement with which the various means and arrangement appear to have been combined, and that tone of benevolence, without ostentation, yet thoroughly systematic, which pervades the whole design, render this part of the work the most pleasing and the most useful history, that has been given to the world, of the establishment of a new colony. "The settlers, which lord Selkirk took with him, reached prince Edward's island in August 1803; and the spot selected for the principal establishment, was almost desert, being separated by an arm of the sea and an interval of several miles from any older settlement. Before the middle of September

the people were dispersed upon their several lots, and began the cultivation of their farms. The lots were laid out in such a manner, that four or five families built their houses in a little knot together; the distance between the adjacent families seldom exceeding a mile. This social plan of settlement, besides other advantages to recommend it, resembled their style of living in their native country. They were allowed to purchase in fee simple, and, to a certain extent, on credit. From fifty to one hundred acres were allotted to each family at a moderate price, but none was given gratuitously. To accommodate those who had no superfluity of capital, they were not required to pay the price in full till the third or fourth year of their possession; and, in this time, an industrious man may have it in his power to discharge his debt out of the produce of the land. The same principle was adherred to in the distribution of provisions; though several of the poorer settlers could not go on without support, every assistance they received was as a loan, under strict obligations of re-payment with interest. They formed their first houses upon the model of the American woodsmen. Before the winter set in, they had not only lodged themselves, but made some progress in cutting down the trees; and, upon the opening of the spring, the land was finally prepared for the seed. In September, however, lord Selkirk quitted the island, leaving the settlement under the charge of a faithful agent, and did not return to it till the end of the same month in the following year. He found the settlers there engaged in securing their harvest; their crop of potatoes alone would have been sufficient for their entire support. Round the different hamlets, the extent of land in cultivation was, at an average, in the proportion of two acres to each able working hand. And several boats had been built, by means of which a considerable supply of fish had been obtained. In the whole settlement he met but two men who shewed the least appearance of despondency. The former progress of these colonists is now to be left to their own guidance. Most of them have already proceeded

to improve the construction of their houses, less perhaps from a personal desire of better accommodation, than from that pride of landed property which is natural to the human breast, and which though repressed among the Highland tenantry by recent circumstances, is ready to resume its spring as soon as their situation will permit."

Viewing lord Selkirk's work as a demonstration of the impolicy and injustice, as well as the futility of all attempts at impeding the progress of emigration, it must be considered an important acquisition to the science of political economy. It is calculated to be of permanent utility to every country, where the extension of commerce, and the advancement of society towards wealth and learning, must at one time or another produce those changes in the conditions of the inhabitants, which his lordship has so ably pointed out. As a masterly picture of the state of society and manners in the Highlands of Scotland, it will afford many valuable materials for the future historian; and from the perspicuous manner in which its different subjects are treated, and the vein of good sense which runs through the whole, will be perused by most readers with equal instruction and delight.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE LATE DOCTOR PALEY.

Doctor Paley, whose death happened about twelvemonths ago, was born at Peterborough, in 1743. His father who held a small living near that place, soon afterwards removed to Giggleswick in Yorkshire, where he was appointed to be master of a grammar school. Doctor Paley was educated under his father's care, until he became a student of Christ College, Cambridge, in 1759. About the middle of their third years, the senior sophs (as they are called) dispute in public schools on questions of natural and moral philosophy. In these exercises doctor Paley was distinguished, and whenever he was expected to dispute, the

schools were crowded with admirers. In the earnestness and intensity of thought he was sometimes led to dispose himself into unusual attitudes; and a drawing by Bunbury, who was a contemporary, is still remembered at Cambridge, in which one of these is described, and in which doctor Watson, the present bishop of Llandaff, who then presided in the schools, forms another very prominent figure. In 1763 he took the degree of batchelor of arts, and in the previous examination had the honor of appearing the first man of his year. His studies now being completed, and no other engagement offering, he went to be assistant in the school at Greenwich. In that situation he remained nearly three years, and then, upon being elected a fellow of Christ College, returned to a residence in the university. His election into a fellowship of the college, was very soon followed by an appointment to be one of the tutors. Doctor Paley did not content himself with repeating over, every year, the traditional learning of the college, but endeavoured to convert the opportunities that were afforded him into means of extending his reputation. His lectures on moral and political philosophy, and on the Greek Testament, contained the outlines of the works by which he has distinguished himself. During his residence at Cambridge, doctor Paley was intimately acquainted with almost every man who was at that time celebrated in the university. Through the friendship of doctor John Law, he became known to doctor Edmund Law, who was master of Peterhouse, and continued to reside almost wholly at Cambridge, after he was created bishop of Carlisle in 1769. This connection had a most important influence on doctor Paley's life, for he owed to it an establishment in the church, which induced him to abandon all the advantages of his academical situation.—Doctor Waring, the celebrated mathematician, and doctor John Jebb, were amongst his most particular friends. The bishop of Carlisle was always considered as very deficient in orthodoxy, and doctor Jebb was the most notorious innova-

tor, both in creeds and government of his time. The strict union and confidence in which doctor Paley lived with them, rendered his opinions suspected, and prepared many to discover dangerous tendencies in his moral and political speculations, when he had acquired reputation as a writer. After his return to the university he continued to live in it about ten years. During this time he was rather a hard worker than a hard student. To his engagements as a public tutor, he added others still more numerous, as a private one, and by these united labours was in the receipt of a very considerable income. In 1776, doctor Paley left college and married. He had at first a small benefice in Cumberland, then the living of Appleby in Westmoreland, worth about 300l. a-year; and in a short time he was promoted to a prebendal stall in the cathedral of Carlisle, together with the living of Dalston, in the neighbourhood of that city. In 1782, on the resignation of doctor John Law, who was created an Irish bishop, he was made archdeacon of the diocese; and, not long afterwards, succeeded doctor Burn, the author of the "Justice of Peace," &c. in the chancellorship. All these preferments were bestowed on him either by the bishop of Carlisle or by the dean and chapter of the cathedral church, in which doctor John Law, who was a prebend, had the leading influence. Men of genius have not often experienced such bountiful patronage from the friends whom their talents have procured them. It was while his residence was divided between Carlisle and Dalston, that doctor Paley undertook to write his first and most celebrated work "The Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy." It would, however perhaps never have been produced but by the instigations of doctor John Law; who having enjoyed frequent opportunities of looking into his lectures, had read them with the admiration they deserved, and had early conceived an idea that they might be expanded into a most useful treatise by the great abilities of the author. This he had often suggested and often urged him to carry into execution; but

doctor Paley always objected the little attention that was paid by the public to the most eminent writers on those subjects, and after his marriage thought it his duty not to print a book that would not be bought. A living therefore becoming vacant, doctor Law gave it to him on receiving a promise that he would consider it as a compensation for the hazard of printing, and immediately set about preparing his work for the press. In 1785, "The Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy" appeared. It was received with a degree of favour entirely unexpected by doctor Paley. It is upon this work that the reputation of doctor Paley is principally founded, though he has exerted the whole force of his mind in many others; and its merit is sufficient to establish an illustrious name. Doctor Paley's next publication was the "Horæ Paulinæ." It is an exposition and consideration of the evidences of the truth of the christian religion, which may be derived from the conversion and ministry of St. Paul. Not long after this work had made its appearance (in 1789) doctor James Yorke, the present bishop of Ely offered him the mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, of which he has the disposal in right of his see. This was a singular instance of honourable and disinterested patronage. His lordship had never seen doctor Paley, he had no knowledge of his friends, he was influenced solely and entirely by the reputation of his talents, and by a wish to render them serviceable in a high academical situation. His preferments in the north of England and the engagements they imposed upon him, induced him to decline the offer after a very long hesitation, which, he has been heard to say, would probably have terminated otherwise, if he had not accidentally overlooked a small field belonging to the master of Jesus College, and he expressed his gratitude to the bishop in a dedication of the "Evidences of Christianity." The "Evidences of Christianity" was published in 1794. This is one of doctor Paley's most successful performances. The publication of the "Evidences of Christianity" seems

to have roused those who had the disposal of the great preferments of the church, into some notice of doctor Paley; for excepting doctor Edward Law, the late bishop of Carlisle, doctor Vernon, the present bishop, who had given him a living before it took place, and the bishop of Ely, whose intentions in his favour have been mentioned, no one of the episcopal bench had hitherto shewn any sense of his merit. The bishop of Lincoln set an example and offered him the subdeanry of Lincoln, but with a condition that he should vacate his stall in the cathedral of Carlisle, and procure the bishop the liberty of naming his successor, with which doctor Vernon enabled him to comply. Soon afterwards the bishop of Durham promised the presentation to the valuable living of Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, if he should be allowed to present to two other livings then held by doctor Paley, and on that occasion doctor Vernon and the dean and chapter of Carlisle, who were the patrons, very readily transferred their rights to his lordship. What he owed to the bishops of Lincoln and Durham was the difference between what he received, and what they required the power of disposing of; and although that difference was considerable, the fact deserves mention; because it would be injustice to doctor Edward Law, doctor Yorke, doctor Vernon, and the dean and chapter of Carlisle, who were the only disinterested patrons of doctor Paley, to allow others to partake of that honour, who did not make the necessary sacrifices to deserve it. After doctor Paley had become sub-dean of Lincoln, and rector of Bishop-Wearmouth, his residence was divided between those two places, his summers being spent at the latter, and his winters at the former. He now undertook and proceeded slowly with his last work the "Natural Theology," which was not published until the end of the year 1802. He professes to have chosen this subject, because, with those he had already treated of, it formed a system which was complete, though its parts had been produced in an inverted order. In his Natural Theo-

logy, Horæ Paulinæ, and Evidences of Christianity, he proved the truth of religion, natural and revealed; and in his Moral and Political Philosophy taught the duties which result from and are sanctioned by the proof. He had undoubtedly another reason for the choice of this subject, that it was eminently adapted to his talents. To reason perspicuously and illustrate happily were the powers by which he was most distinguished. Doctor Paley is not remarkable for elegant periods, or splendid sentiments. He seems to have been less ambitious of pleasing the ear than of informing the understanding; for if we except the dedication of the "Moral and Political Philosophy," some chapters in the same work, (particularly that "On reverencing the Deity,") and the conclusion of the "Natural Theology," the general characteristic of his writings is plainness and simplicity. Doctor Paley was twice married, and has left eight children by his first wife, four sons and four daughters. In private life he had nothing of the philosopher. He entered into little amusements with a degree of ardour, which, when contrasted with the superiority of his mind, had a pleasing effect, and constituted a very amiable trait of his character. He was fond of company, which he had extraordinary powers of entertaining; nor was he at any time more happy, than when communicating the pleasure he could give by exerting his talents of wit and humour. No man was ever more beloved by his particular friends, or returned their affection with greater sincerity and ardour. That such a man and such a writer should not have been promoted to the bench of bishops cannot be esteemed creditable to the times in which we live. It is generally understood that Mr. Pitt recommended him to his majesty some years ago for a vacant bishopric, and that an opposition was made from a very high quarter of the church, which rendered the recommendation ineffectual. All those great services which demanded a large debt of gratitude both from his profession and from mankind were not, it seems, thought sufficient to atone for having advanced

some opinions, which those who condemned the author could not have proved to be worthy of reprobation.

FOR THE REGISTER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF

LORD VISCOUNT NELSON.

[Concluded from page 373.]

Besides the honours and rewards already mentioned, lord Nelson had a pension on the Irish establishment; he is also said to have received 10,000*l.* from the East India Company; from the Turkey Company a piece of plate of great value; from the city of London a sword most richly ornamented; from the mother of the Grand Signior a rose set with diamonds, valued at 1000*l.*; from the Emperor of Russia, a box set with diamonds, estimated at 2500*l.*; from the king of Sardinia a similar present, worth 1200*l.*; from the island of Zante a gold headed sword and cane, as an acknowledgment that had it not been for the battle of the Nile, they could not have been liberated from French cruelty; and from the city of Palermo a gold box and chain brought on a silver waiter; also the freedom of that city, which constitutes him a grandee of Spain.

Earl Nelson and Mr. Hazlewood are the executors. Lord Nelson has bequeathed 1000*l.* a year to his lady. There are but one hundred and seventy acres lying about the house at Merton; but it was the intention of the gallant hero, if he had been allowed to reap the harvest of wealth, to have created a noble place. The classical character of Merton Abbey, in our history, once the seat of our parliament, and the residence of our kings, with the river Wandle running through it, had peculiar charms for his heart; and he more than once formed the plan, and enjoyed the idea of sitting down here with his affectionate family upon an extensive

domain. In his last will he has expressed a desire that his body may be interred by the side of his revered father at Burnham Thorpe, *unless his majesty should be graciously pleased to direct otherwise.*

A few farther interesting particulars respecting the great victory in which lord Nelson lost his life have recently transpired.

Lord Nelson joined the fleet the 28th September, but at so late an hour in the evening, that he did not make the communication till the next morning. He wrote a letter to one of his most intimate friends on the 1st of October, in which there is the following passage:—"I believe my arrival was most welcome, not only to the commander of the fleet, but also to every individual in it; and when I came to explain to them my plan of attack, it was like an electric shock—some shed tears, all approved—*It was new; it was singular; it was simple;* and from admirals downwards it was repeated—it must succeed, if ever they will allow us to get at them."

On the 6th October he wrote a letter, in which he said—"I have not the smallest doubt that the enemy are determined to put to sea, and our battle must soon be fought, although they will be so very superior in number to my present force. yet I must do my best, and have no fears *but that I shall spoil their voyage;* but my wish is to do much more: and, therefore, hope that the Admiralty have been active in sending me ships, *for it is only numbers which can annihilate.* A decisive stroke on their fleet would make half a peace. If I can do that, I shall as soon as possible ask to come home and get my rest, at least for the winter. If no other inducement was wanting for my exertion, this would be sufficient, for what greater reward could the country bestow than to let me come to you, my friends, and to dear, dear Merton—and to come to you a victor would be victory thrice gained——"

October 7th.—"Since writing yesterday, I am more and more assured that the combined fleets will put to sea.—

Happy will they be who are present—and disappointed will those be who are absent."

His diamonds have been stated to be of great value. These things generally fall short of the estimate, and we are sure that all those who admire the valour of lord Nelson, will lament to hear, that before he went out to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet, he was obliged to dispose of such of his jewels as were not of a nature to be left to his family, as trophies to illustrate the titles conferred on him by his king, and the sovereigns in alliance with his country. He disposed of snuff boxes, and other articles, to Messrs. Rundell and Bridges; but the chief presents (including the chelengk and sword of the Grand Signior) he has left to descend with the title.

The king has granted to William Nelson, D. D. elder brother and heir to the late viscount Nelson, " who (as the patent runs) after a series of transcendant and heroic services, fell gloriously on the 21st of October last, in the moment of brilliant and decisive victory," the dignity of a viscount and earl, under the title of viscount Nelson and earl Nelson of Trafalgar and of Merton. The barony only descended to doctor Nelson by his brother's decease.

His majesty was extremely affected on receiving the account of the noble admiral's death, and omits no opportunity of testifying his regret at the mournful event. In his answer to the city address, he thus expresses himself. " The loss of the distinguished commander, under whom this great victory has been achieved, I most sincerely and deeply lament. His transcendant and heroic services will, I am persuaded, exist for ever in the recollection of my people, and whilst they tend to stimulate those who come after him to similar exertions, they will prove a lasting source of strength, security and glory to my dominions."

These are all the circumstances we have been enabled to collect respecting this illustrious character. The uncommon interest which he has excited in the public mind has tempted

us to exceed the limits to which we usually confine this department of our work. The history of his achievements will, doubtless, be conveyed to posterity in a more faithful and ample biography. The present sketch contains, we believe, the substance of all that is yet known concerning him.

FOR THE REGISTER.

BEATTIE AND BLAIR APPRECIATED.

BY COWPER.

"I have lately been employed in reading Beattie and Blair's Lectures. The latter I have not yet finished. I find the former the most agreeable of the two; indeed the most entertaining writer upon dry subjects, that I ever met with. His imagination is highly poetical, his language easy and elegant, and his manner so familiar, that we seem to be conversing with an old friend upon terms of the most sociable intercourse, while we read him. Blair is on the contrary rather stiff; not that his style is pedantic, but his air is formal. He is a sensible man, and understands his subjects; but too conscious that he is addressing the public, and too solicitious about his success, to indulge himself for a moment in that play of fancy which makes the other so agreeable. In Blair we find a scholar, in Beattie both a scholar and an amiable man; indeed so amiable, that I have wished for his acquaintance ever since I read his book.—Having never in my life perused a page of Aristotle, I am glad to have had an opportunity of learning more than (I suppose) he would have taught me, from the writings of two modern critics. I felt myself too a little disposed to compliment my own acumen upon this occasion: for though the art of writing and composing was never much my study, I did not find that they had any great news to tell me.—They have assisted me in putting my observations into some method, but have not suggested many of which I was not, by

some means or other, previously apprized. In fact, critics did not originally beget authors: but authors made critics. Common sense dictated to writers the necessity of method, connection, and thoughts congruous to the nature of their subject: genius prompted them with embellishments; and then came the critics. Observing the good effects of an attention to these items, they enacted laws for the observance of them in time to come; and having drawn their rules for good writing, from what was actually well written, boasted themselves the inventors of an art, which the authors of the day had already exemplified. They are however useful in their way; giving us at one view a map of the boundaries which propriety sets to fancy, and serving as judges to whom the public may at once appeal, when pestered with the vagaries of those who have the hardiness to transgress them.

"Beattie is the only author I have seen, whose critical and philosophical researches are diversified and embellished by a poetical imagination, that makes even the driest subject and the leanest a feast for an epicure in books. He is so much at his ease too, that his own character appears in every page; and, which is very rare, we not only see the writer but the man: and that man so gentle, so well tempered, so happy in his religion, and so humane in his philosophy, that it is necessary to love him, if one has any sense of what is lovely.

"I have read six of Blair's Lectures, and what do I say of Blair? that he is a sensible man, master of his subject, and, excepting here and there a Scotticism, a good writer, so far at least as perspicuity of expression and method contribute to make one. But oh! the sterility of that man's fancy: if indeed he has any such faculty belonging to him. Perhaps philosophers, or men designed for such, are sometimes born without one; or perhaps it withers for want of exercise. However that may be, doctor Blair has such a brain as

Shakespeare somewhere describes, "dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

"Since I dispatched my last, Blair has crept a little farther into my favour. As his subjects improve, he improves with them: but upon the whole I account him a dry writer; useful no doubt as an instructor, but as little entertaining as with so much knowledge it is possible to be. His language is, except Swift's, the least figurative I remember to have seen; and the few figures found in it, are not always happily employed. I take him to be a critic very little animated by what he reads; who rather reasons about the beauties of an author than really tastes them, and who finds that a passage is praise-worthy, not because it charms him, but because it is accommodated to the laws of criticism, in that case made and provided."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF CANINE SAGACITY.

Donald Archer, a grazier, near Paisley, in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service which he performed with the greatest vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it; but whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he was never able to discover his abode. About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, received the money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence as to cause him to look for a place of shelter;

but not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road, and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by crouching under the trees. It was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgment, though not without the fear of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighbouring country. A smoke that came from some bushes convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it prudent to go; in order that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment. Accordingly, he crossed a path, and came to the door, knocked and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated, in a room that wore but an indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with equal surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly meeting with him so many miles from home; he did not, however, think proper to enquire of the host, at that time, how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing around him rendered his situation very unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented itself to the unfortunate grazier, by which he might pursue his journey. He remembered, however, to enquire of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was fourteen miles from Paisley, and that if he ventured out again before day-light, it was almost impossible for him to find his way, as the night was so bad; but if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to act: he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family. But to go out in the wood during the dark, and to en-

counter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room, and left to take his repose. It is necessary to observe that, from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a minute, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller began to revolve in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed, and, by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror. The floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow out of a closet, that was secured by a lock, which he endeavoured to explore, but could not open it! No longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, and to perish in the attempt or effect his deliverance. With this determination, he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect, like the bristles of a boar bent on destruction. He reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation that was held by several persons whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention. The villainous landlord was informing them, in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for that purpose! Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded

that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life. He therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat. The rest of the gang were struck with astonishment at so sudden an attack, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran until day-light enabled him to perceive a house, and the main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party that were quartered on him, the sergeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more than ever rendered conspicuous, for by running before his company, and his singular behaviour, he led them to the desired spot. On entering the house not a living creature was to be seen; all had deserted it. They therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who had been advertised throughout the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fireplace with his feet, in such a manner as to raise the curiosity of all present. The sergeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap-door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches, in their quick retreat, had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fallen victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds, and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus was the life of a man preserved, by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped!

VARIETY.

From grave to gay, from lively to severe. . . . . POPE.

In the present number we are glad to find '*The Archer*' has employed his pen on a subject which, however fashion may chace it from the ears of the gay and unthinking, must at one time or another, force itself upon our thoughts with an awful authority which all the arts and subterfuges of pleasure and dissipation cannot resist. As the writer has confined himself to the *religious* observance of the Sabbath, we seize this opportunity of adding the following remarks on the *rest and repose* of this holy day, in the impressive words of doctor Porteus, the pious and venerable bishop of London.

"This rest is plainly infringed, whenever the lower classes of people continue their ordinary occupations on the Sabbath, and whenever the higher employ their servants and their cattle on this day in needless labour. This, however, we see too frequently done, more particularly by *selecting* Sunday as a day for travelling, for taking long journies, which might as well be performed at any other time. This is a direct violation of the fourth commandment, which expressly gives the Sabbath as a day of rest to our servants and to our cattle.

"This temporary suspension of labour, this refreshment and relief from incessant toil, is most graciously allowed even to the brute creation, by the great governor of the universe, whose mercy extends over *all* his works. It is the boon of heaven itself. It is a small drop of comfort thrown into their cup of misery; and to wrest them from this only privilege, this sweetest consolation of their wretched existence, is a degree of inhumanity for which there wants a name; and of which few people, I am persuaded, if they could be brought to reflect seriously upon it, would ever be guilty."

Interesting Anecdotes of the heroic conduct of women during the French revolution.—The following instances of conjugal and of filial affection, are translated from the French of M. Du Broca. They will be read with enthusiasm by all who delight to contemplate the dazzling sublimity of generous virtue, contrasted with the blackest horrors of atrocious vice; and who love to view the softer sex inspired by the calamity of the times, and rising above the pressure of affliction, with a degree of courage and energy, at the mention of which thousands of the redoubted heroes of our sex must "hide their diminished heads." To the ardent mind of youth such anecdotes are equally salutary and interesting; and callous indeed must be that heart which they are incapable of rousing from indifference.

"In one of the western departments, a man of the name of La Fort, accused of conspiring against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, trembling for his fate, used every means that courage and affection could inspire to restore him to liberty, but without success. She then bought, with a sum of money, permission to pay him a single visit in his prison.

"At the appointed hour she appeared before her husband, clothed in two suits of her own apparel. With the prudence of not allowing herself, at so critical a juncture, to give or receive useless demonstrations of tenderness, she hastily took off her upper suit of attire, prevailed on her husband to put them on, and to quit the prison, leaving her in his place.

"The disguise succeeded to her wish, La Fort escaped, and the stratagem was not discovered till the following day.

"Unhappy wretch (cried one of the enraged committee) what have you done?' 'My duty,' she replied; 'do thine."

"A prisoner, whose name was Delleglace, was ordered to be conveyed from Lyons to the Conciergerie at Paris. His daughter, who had never quitted him a moment from the time of his arrest, desired permission to travel with him in

the carriage prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love? Mademoiselle Delleglace, notwithstanding the weakness of her constitution, and laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, set off on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner for more than an hundred leagues; she sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed, and in the evening of every day, when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person a covering, to administer to her father's wants in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

"The gates of the Conciergerie, which she reached at the same time with her father, now excluded her from his sight. Still the fortitude of this extraordinary woman did not give way. She had been accustomed to subdue the ferocity of jailors, and she could not be persuaded that she should plead for justice in vain before magistrates. Every morning, for three months, she implored the justice and humanity of some who had influence, and her virtuous perseverance was rewarded with her father's liberation.

"What pen can express the excessive joy of this happy girl, when she carried the tidings to her father? Exulting in her success, she next thought of conducting him back to his home and family. She fell ill in an inn on the road, worn out, no doubt, with the excess of fatigue, during this unparallelled exertion. She had not the good fortune to witness the utmost benefit of her enterprize; she never quitted her bed, but died in her father's arms, still deeming herself happy to have saved his life at the expence of her own."

Another self instructed bard, Mr. Summersett, has started from the vale of obscurity, and promises to become a favourite with the British public. Admirers of poetical genius in whatever station it is placed, but especially where it

gilds the humble shed of poverty, we have seized the first opportunity which presented itself, of introducing this uneducated votary of the muse, to the acquaintance of our readers. In the poetical department of this month, we have given a charming little poem, "*the Pilgrim of Sorrow,*" from the small volume which Mr. Summersett has published, under the title of "*Maurice the Rustic; and other Poems.*" In one of these poems the following stanza, descriptive of the repose of nature, occurs: the lines in italics strike us as being uncommonly beautiful, and altogether new. It is possible that Shakespeare's admired line in the "Merchant of Venice,"

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon the bank!"

may have suggested the idea; but even in that case, the application is exquisitely felicitous, and is entitled to little less than the credit of an original thought.

"Clear is the sky; the wind is still,
The flow'ret's lightest beauties rest:
And down the vale, the playful rill
Steals, with the moon-beam on its breast."

Apology for Anglers.—What will not the enterpising spirit of poetry attempt? An European bard, *smit with the love of song*, has published "*The Angler;*" a didactic poem. Among other *novelties*, the following lines occur:

"Know that by kindred fangs devour'd each day,
Thousands of finny wand'rers fall. The trout,
Devours the brother trout: the rav'nous pike
Preys on each inmate of the teeming brook," &c.

Upon which the critic makes the following biting remarks:

"This is all very true, and we can confirm it by some verses equally sensible, and though in Latin, not destitute of the advantage of rhyme:

Naviga per undas
Æquoris profundas,
Piscibusque pisces
Victitare disces. *Crepundia Poetica.*

"But this is made an argument of the innocence of angling; and because the trout has a taste (and no bad taste, we will say) for trout, we are not to stand by without picking a bit also. Now what follows?

"The shark, alike the whole, e'en man destroys."

"By the same reasoning, then, we might angle for men out of our windows, and lugging them up by the gills, devour them. There would be no want of bait for this sport."

Burlesque Sonnet.—Of the modern rage for sonnetering on every subject however vulgar, the following is a tolerably good burlesque; and will have more effect, we doubt not, in putting these ridiculous effusions of moon-struck rhymers to flight, than all the remarks which the gravity of criticism could make on the subject.

THE SALMON.

I sing the strains of a voluptuous taste—
Oh Salmon! king of fish, attend the lays
Of him, who thus endeavours at thy praise;
Who wishes but for thee to constitute a feast.
When up the wavy stream of Severn's flat,*
Thou fliest, a victim to tormenting lice;
What, though thou'rt lousy then, as beggar's brat,
Yet art thou not more seasonable, nice.
Those, charm'd with Nature's face, I oft deride;
What is to me its silver-studded side,
Or when, in bow-like form, it leaps on high,
They, wond'ring, gape at its activity.
What are its leaps to me, not worth a groat,
Compar'd with that of leaping down my throat.

Lady Fretful—A sketch from real life.—Her general style of conversation runs on the inconveniencies to be expected from this or that circumstance; and no one is so ingenious in extracting unsuspected evil from plans of the fairest promise—Is the weather fine, and a walk mentioned—It is hot—it is dusty—the wind is in the east—there was rain in the

* Alluding to the vale of Severn.

morning—it will be dirty—or it will rain before we reach home. Is she to go out in the carriage; one road is too long for the horses—another is unpleasant—another unsafe—and, in short, none are exactly right. Yet she goes on these proposed expeditions, after all possibility of pleasure has been reasoned and anticipated away. If she is going out to dinner, she is sure the company will be unpleasant—the servants will get drunk—she shall be robbed, or overturned in coming home. If she is to have a party at home, she knows every thing will go wrong—nobody will be amusing—the time will hang heavy—the people will go away, execrating the stupidity of the visit. If she sees any lady employed about a piece of work, she prognosticates that it will be unfashionable before it is finished. If she sees any other reading, she never knew any good come of reading, but to make young people unfit for conversation. If her husband is going a hunting, she hates hunting, it is dangerous. If he goes for a ride, she is surprised he can take pleasure in sitting on his horse for hours together. If he is in his library, she never saw such a book-worm. If he sits in the parlour, she hates men always at their wife's apron strings. Thus does she sour every common occurrence of life by the most ingenious optical delusion, looking at every thing in the worst point of view.

What absurdity to imbitter one's allotted portion of happiness by so obstinately persisting to anticipate only inconvenience! Why not be disposed to think fair appearances promise fair conclusions? Why, if the sun shines in the morning, be unwilling to enjoy it then? And, if it rains, why not be always inclined to hope the weather will brighten?

Local attachment.—There is a silent chronicle of past hours in the inanimate things, amidst which they have been spent, that gives us back the affections, the regrets of our former days, that gives back their joys without tumult, their griefs without poignancy, and produces equally from both, a pen-

sive pleasure, which men, who have retired from the world, or whom particular circumstances have somewhat estranged from it, will be peculiarly fond of indulging. There is a certain attachment to place and things, by which the town, the house, the room, in which we live, have a powerful influence over us. He must be very dull, or a very dissipated man, who, after a month's absence, can open his own door without emotion, even though he has no relation or friends to welcome him within. It has been observed, that this attachment to inanimate objects discovering itself in a sort of silent converse with an old accumstomed chair, for instance, or bed, or any other piece of furniture, to which we have been long used, is characteristically British: but the Sirmio of Catullus seems to prove that the old Romans had hearts to feel the same domestic sympathies.

" Catullus saw, once more the lucid tide,
Around the green banks of his Sirmio roll,
And hail'd his tranquil home, now dim-descry'd;
Happy, at length, his labours laid aside,
Amid his oliv'd island to repose!
' Here, on my old couch,' the master cried,
' Shall I dismiss a train of wakeful woes;
' Here in delicious sleep, my heavy eye-lids close'."

Anecdote of sir Philip Sidney.—This celebrated character was governor of Flushing, and general of the horse, under his uncle the earl of Leicester. His valour, which was esteemed his most shining quality, was not exceeded by any of the heroes of his age; but even this was equalled by his humanity. After he had received his death wound at the battle of Zutphen, and was overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him. At the same time a poor soldier was carried along desperately wounded, who fixed his eager eyes upon the bottle, just as he was lifting it to his mouth; upon which he instantly delivered it to him, with these words: " Thy necessity is greater than mine."

This beautiful instance of humanity is worthy of the pencil of the greatest painter.

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER.

We have much satisfaction in laying the following elegant lines, the production of an obliging correspondent, before our readers; assured that they will find their way to every feeling and sensible heart. We have scarcely ever met with a more interesting object than fair Susan presents in this charming picture. "Poetry succeeds best in fiction," was the remark of Waller to king CHARLES the IId, of England: but our correspondent has proved that Poetry can give additional charms to truth itself. In this city we need not look long without meeting more than one instance of the kind benefactor stretching forth the hand of Charity to the "shorn lamb." We could point out several ladies whose deeds of benevolence confer honor on their country, and ennoble the character of our common nature; patterns of excellence, who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame!" May He, who is the Inspirer of every good and generous sentiment, reward them with that happiness, which it is their universal study to afford to others!

SUSAN, OR THE ORPHAN.

As when the sun withdraws his evening rays,
A lamb forsaken midst the forest strays,
With tender bleats in hopes the shepherd's ear
At length may chance the plaintive notes to hear;
So, the sweet babe rob'd of a father's care,
Pleads in each look some friendly cot to share,
In soft'ning accents makes its piteous moan,
Till some kind shepherd "marks it for his own."
And such was Susan, lovely orphan child,
On whom a father's fondness oft had smil'd;
Whose little form oft claim'd his doating eye,
Play'd round his knee, and check'd the rising sigh.
Oft would he press her to a lov'd embrace,
And dwell with rapture on her artless face,
Hear her sweet prattle with a ravish'd ear,
And pay to Heaven in gratitude—a tear,
Each op'ning virtue joyfully survey,
The dawning hope of his declining day,
Till fancy to his mind a picture drew,
Which but in vision was denied his view:
For yet, whilst glowing expectation smil'd,
And the fond father gaz'd upon his child,

Death from his hand the unerring jav'lin hurl'd,
And Susan stood an orphan on the world!
No sooner was the record borne on high,
Than Pity, heav'nly maid, with melting eye,
For the "shorn lamb" implor'd a shelt'ring fold,
To shield it, friendless, from the piercing cold.
Touch'd to the heart a shepherd soon she found,
Whose noble nature knew no narrow bound;
Pleas'd to his cot the tender lamb he led,
A welcome tenant of his humble shed,
Where, safe from harm, again those rays arise
Which late had set obscur'd in clouded skies;
And orphan Susan, lov'liest of her kind,
Grew a bright pattern for each female mind. INCOGNITA.

WITH feelings warmed and refined by the contemplation of the foregoing subject, we turn to the following stanzas, from the elegant pen of Mrs Opie. The taste and talents of this lady have been universally admired. Her interesting tale of "THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER," gave the world a decisive proof of her command over the passions, and of her exquisite skill in the pathetic. In the course of last year, she favoured the public with a charming novel, entitled "THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER." We have it not at present in our possession, but the strong impressions which we received from its perusal, will not be easily effaced. It abounds with fine touches of nature, and evinces the fair author to possess an uncommon share of good sense. As a novel it is highly interesting; and, containing in its moral a powerful antidote for the poison of such writers as Mary Woolstencraft, the disciple of the new philosophy, and champion of the rights of women, we cannot too strongly recommend it to the attention of our fair readers.

THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

"Mother! when these unsteady lines
Thy long averted eyes shall see,
This hand that writes, this heart that pines,
Will cold, quite cold, and tranquil be.

That guilty child, so long disowned,
Can then, blest thought! no more offend;
And, shouldst thou deem my crimes attoned,
O deign my orphan to befriend:—

That orphan who with trembling hand
To thee will give my dying prayer;
Canst thou my *dying* prayer withstand,
And from my child withhold thy care.

O raise the veil which hides her cheek,
Nor start her mother's face to see,
But let her look thy love bespeak,
For once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on, and thou'lt per chance forget
The long the mournful lapse of years,
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
And e'en the guilt which caused those tears.

And in my pure and artless child,
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view;
Such as she was when life first smiled,
And guilt by name alone she knew.

Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms
A look of fond affection cast;
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
And in the present lose the past.

But soon the dear illusion flies;
The sad reality returns;
My crimes again to memory rise;
And, ah! in vain my orphan mourns:

Till suddenly some keen remorse,
Some deep regret, her claims shall aid,
For wrath that held too long its course,
For words of peace too long delayed.

For pardon (most, alas, denied
When pardon might have snatched from shame)
And kindness, hadst thou kindness tried,
Had checked my guilt, and saved my fame.

And then thou'lt wish, as I do now,
Thy hand my humble bed had smoothed,
Wiped the chill moisture off my brow,
And all the wants of sickness soothed.

For, oh! the means to sooth my pain
My poverty has still denied;
And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,
Thy riches had those means supplied.

Thou'lt wish, with keen repentance wrung,
I'd closed my eyes upon thy breast
Expiring, while thy faltering tongue
Pardon in kindest tones express'd.

O sounds which I must never hear!
Through years of woe my fond desire!
O mother, spite of all most dear!
Must I, unblest by thee, expire?

Thy love alone I call to mind,
And all thy past disdain forget—
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,
That crush'd my hopes when last we met.

But when I saw that angry brow,
Both health and youth were still my own:
O mother! couldst thou see me now,
Thou wouldst not have the heart to frown.

But see! my orphan's cheek displays
Both youth and health's carnation dies,
Such as on mine, in happier days,
So fondly charmed thy partial eyes.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws,
Grief her loved parent's pang to see;
And when thou think'st upon the cause,
That paleness will have charms for thee.

And thou wilt fondly press that cheek,
Bid happiness its bloom restore,
And thus in tenderest accents speak,
"Sweet orphan, thou shalt mourn no more."

But wilt thou thus indulgent be?
O! am I not by hope beguiled?
The long, long anger shown to me,
Say, will it not pursue my child?

And must she suffer for my crime?
Ah! no—forbid it, gracious Heaven?
And grant, O grant! in thy good time,
That she be lov'd, and I forgiven?

THE PILGRIM OF SORROW.

A POEM: BY HENRY SUMMERSETT. *(Vide page 415.)*

"Oh, ask not, old Hermit, why hither I stray:
But grant, gentle Father, my lowly request:
See the beauties of Summer—they soon will away,
And ere long shall the Pilgrim of Sorrow find rest.

" In the vale I espied thee: I saw thee in prayer,
While the sun in the west illum'd thy pale face;
I mark'd thy bright cross, and thy thin, breezy hair,
And now in thy aspect mild Pity I trace.

" Here let me dwell with thee, reside in thy cell,
Make thy rushes my death-bed, and under thine eye,
Ere I rise with kind Angels, low murmur *Farewell!*
Oh, 'tis happy, most happy for wretches to die!

" But, Man of the Forest, Religion's mild Son,
Why I mourn, start, and tremble, seek never to know;
For swift-footed Plagues at my heels long have run,
Deriding the tears of the fountain of Woe.

" The sands of the sea and distresses of life
No mortal can number, no language declare;
In the Morn we have joy; Noon's molested by strife;
And Evening imposes vexation and care.

" Our Sons turn from duty, our Daughters to shame;
And the tongue that vows deeply is often foresworn.
Truth proves a thin vision:—false, false is her name;
And she takes the vile garb which e'en Slander has worn.

" Oh, my heart's sorely burthen'd!—Dear Father, thine aid;
Fierce thoughts of distraction are filling my mind!"
He enter'd the cell, on his knees lowly pray'd,
And to Heav'n his devotions were borne by the wind.

In silence and sadness he wasted each day,
His eyes often moisten'd, and oft heav'd his breast;
And ere Summer's beauties were all swept away,
In a grave near yon willows the Pilgrim found rest."

FOR THE REGISTER.

For the following neat Allegory, the anonymous author has our thanks. To enlist the muses on the side of virtue, and to enliven the moral strain by the fascinating powers of fancy, are aims worthy of the sons of genius, and will ever command our respect, and ensure our best exertions for their success.

CONTENT. AN ALLEGORY.

False *Fortune*, the jilt whom so long I had woo'd,
Still treated my love with disdain;
With eager affection, tho' close I pursu'd,
Yet still she rejoic'd at my pain.

From far, she'd alluringly show me the prize,
And fire ev'ry vein with delight;
Then, quick as I follow'd with languishing eyes,
She'd vanish away from my sight.

Henceforth, I no longer will credit the jade,
Nor be by her smiling undone:
I've married *Content*, a more beautiful maid;
My wild chase of *Fortune* is run.

Our friends, nay indeed our acquaintance, are few:
Tho' few, they are good and benign,
To grandeur unfawning, to penury true,
Where meekness and virtue combine.

Religion, our mild eldest sister was there,
When first my *Content* was a bride;
Indeed her kind friendship obtain'd me the fair,
And still shall thro' life be my guide.

Gay *Taste* and grave *Learning* will frequent convene
To spend an enlivening hour,
While cheerful *Philosophy*, modest, serene,
Imparts her celestial pow'r.

Now *Poetry*, touching her soul soothing lyre,
Bids exquisite feelings prevail;
Now *Hist'ry* impartial, with language of fire,
Relates her illumining tale.

Sweet *Pity* oft drops in our cottage a tear;
Bewailing the woes of mankind,
And *Hope*, pointing forward with ardour sincere,
Confirms the resolves of the mind.

And now I will never embarrass my life
In quest of vain pleasures to roam;
I'm blest beyond hope in the choice of a wife;
Content has imparadis'd home!

Tho' stormy misfortune beat over my head,
Thus blest I can feel no alarms;
The ruin of worlds would not strike me with dread,
The charmer, *Content*, in my arms. Z.

Charleston, August, 5th, 1806.